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VOLUME LXVI.

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THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

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ART. I. — THE MORAVIAN BRETHREN.

1. *The Ancient and Modern History of the Brethren.* By DAVID CRANZ. Translated by BENJAMIN LA TROBE. London: W. and A. Strahan.
2. *History of the Protestant Church of the United Brethren.* By REV. JOHN HOLMES. London: Printed by the Author.
3. *The History of Greenland, including an Account of the Mission carried on by the United Brethren.* By DAVID CRANZ.
4. *History of the Mission of the United Brethren's Church to the Negroes in the Island of Jamaica.* By J. H. BUCHNER. London: Longman, Brown, & Co. *J. H. Buchner.*

"THERE the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts," in solemn tones repeated Christian David, as, with an energy full of faith, and a spirit clothed with lofty courage, he struck his axe into a tree. He, with a few pious emigrants, had come forth from Moravia, many of them literally forsaking houses and brethren and lands to go among strangers and build a Bethel and a home. Their leader, who thus struck the first blow, was bred a carpenter. He was cradled in poverty and inured to work. His mind, though empty of science and destitute of learning, had, through inward agony and struggle, prayed itself into peace. Not content to receive religion at second hand, he would have it as a real possession of the soul. He earnestly craved a faith

which strikes its roots into a living experience and vital conviction. At first nurtured in the Roman Catholic Church, in the performance of his devotions, he tells us, "he crept on his knees round the images of the blessed Virgin, till his whole body burnt like an oven." Filled with an appalling conviction of sin, he was unable to find satisfaction in his traditional faith. For the first lapse from image-worship he was thrown into a cellar. In its gloom and dampness he found his God. Day and night he sang and prayed. When about twenty he first saw a Bible, and as he read, the Divine truth flashed into his soul. Cast off from the faith of his childhood, his mind first turned to Lutheranism; but here he found no rest. Hunted by Jesuit and hotly pursued by priest, he at last threw himself into the arms of the United Brethren and embraced their faith. With a natural energy stamped on his soul, and a zeal which danger, toil, and death could not quench or cool, he and his companions went forth among strangers to build a new altar, and place upon it the renewed devotion of their hearts. On the 17th of June, 1722, the axe struck the tree and the church arose. In the dreary wilderness on the high-road from Löbau to Zittau a new settlement sprang up, and ere it grew into the proportions of a village, they called it Herrnhut, to remind them on the one hand "that the Lord is our protector and keeper, and on the other that it is our duty to stand on the watchtower and keep ward." * Upon this pivot the old Bohemian Protestants turned into the Moravian Brethren.

The building of Herrnhut marks the revival of the Brethren's Church. Although this settlement was begun by Christian David, it soon enlisted the aid of Count Zinzendorf. In fact, in this whole movement he stands out conspicuous, and though we fail to see in him that marvellous power of organization, or the striking impress of his mind on men and ecclesiastical polity, which belong to Wesley, yet he did leave his mark on the Church, and it is but just to recognize his services, the constancy of his zeal, and the influence of his piety. A nobleman by birth, he gave marks in his childhood of his disposition, by writing letters to the Saviour and throwing

* Holmes.

them out of the window, with the hope that the Lord would find them. His pietism caused his friends much solicitude lest it should unfit him for practical life. While a youth, he mourned in his solitary chamber over the degeneracy of the Church, and after Christian David and a few exiles from Moravia had begun the settlement of Herrnhut, he came to their assistance, and from that time his name and labors were given to the building up of the Brethren's Church. To this cause he gave his wealth and strength. He relinquished worldly honors, and consecrated his all to Christ. This was no transient enthusiasm, but the constant purpose of his life. His writings number a hundred volumes. In the efforts of the Brethren to establish a religious community, he was the directing spirit. Hence a history of these will be in part his biography.

The Moravian Church was revived early in the eighteenth century. But in all the essential features of ecclesiastical government and polity it could point to an existence of many generations. It recorded in its early annals the name of John Huss, whose chief misfortune was that he was in advance of his age, and whose martyrdom has thrown a glory over his memory. It cherished the recollection of Jerome of Prague, the enthusiastic promoter of science and learning, the chivalric knight, — "a man possessed of a gift of discourse which bore everything before it," — who gave himself heart and hand with Huss to the cause of religious reform, and after a momentary recantation, which he lived to regret, laid himself also upon the altar of martyrdom. This form of Protestantism, born before its time, or rather cradled in hardship, early felt the severe grasp of the bigot. It survived and grew amid a trial of fire and a baptism of blood. But we have now to do with the Brethren's Church after its renewal, and shall aim only to give a brief outline of its features, the peculiarities for which it is distinguished, and the nature and extent of the work it has accomplished.

We do this from the persuasion that a candid survey of every form of thought or mode of church life will aid us in evolving the permanent truth and life of Christianity out of the perishable framework in which it has been held. Every

phase of thought and church life has contributed something to make up our common Christendom. And as the attainment of a more consistent and rational theology, a more spiritual and true Christology, as well as a more correct and philosophical anthropology and genuine ecclesiasticism, — as all these, before they can be constructed with harmonious proportions, must gradually grow out of that which is vital in the past, one step is gained when we retain that which has this quality. The Holy Spirit has diversities of operations. At one time it acts upon the soul through the fervors of Methodism; at another, it works through the hard dogmatic system of Calvin. Again it is seen clearing our thoughts of error through the pure, cold light of rationalism. The Spirit of God operates in the varied phases which the human mind has assumed, and the different hues of the religious experience. Hence, as far as we get at the heart of every religious movement, we shall gain some valuable and positive contributions to religious truth.

The Moravian Brethren are not distinguished for any striking peculiarities of theological opinion. When the emigrants left Bohemia and Moravia to form the new settlements in Saxony, they had no fixed and definite doctrines concerning church organization. The revival had awakened them to life, but at first they were in a transition state. They felt the fresh impulse of religious fervor. Roused to holy aspiration, their souls glowed with the love of God. With little knowledge, and less culture and science, religion was a personal experience, and life was regarded as very much more important than opinion. They were in the condition of a large class of the converts of our late revival. The spirit and power of religious sentiment moved their hearts, and they glowed with the inspirations of Divine love. Piety seized hold of their emotions, but as yet had not rooted itself in calm and rational conviction. It was the blossoming of spring. In fact they were chiefly influenced through their affections. But this cannot always continue. Thus was it with the Brethren. As the emigrants who were continually coming to Herrnhut were made up of the different elements of the churches of the Reformation, a variety of opinions soon became manifest.

Primarily no effort was made for a doctrinal statement. Even the aim of the first statutes was "to promote true godliness; to remove, or at least lessen, future causes of discord; quicken brotherly love, and preserve the unity of the spirit with Christians of every name and profession."

On the question of church constitution opinion also became divided as soon as they began the practical work of ecclesiastical organization. There were two distinct parties; a portion, and among them was Count Zinzendorf, favored the adoption of the discipline and constitution of the Lutheran Church; another preferred a reconstruction upon the basis of the ancient Church of the United Brethren. As new emigrants were continually arriving from Bohemia and Moravia, bringing with them their traditional prepossessions, the force of opinion for the polity and ecclesiastical constitution of the ancient Moravian Brethren gathered increased momentum, until it overpowered all opposition. The episcopal ordination was restored, and as the line of bishops in the Moravian branch of the Church had ended with Amos Comenius, recourse was had to the Polish branch, which had preserved its episcopal integrity, and from one of its dignitaries the Brethren renewed their episcopal succession. By this act they connected themselves with the Church of their fathers, which extended back at least three centuries.

Besides this ecclesiastical organization, a necessity arose for a distinct doctrinal statement. A sect or party which would make converts to its faith and principles must bring these out in bold affirmations. The moment an apologetic tone prevails among the advocates of a cause, it is smitten with decay. As soon as the Moravians had organized their Church on the basis of that of their fathers, the Reformed sects raised the cry of schism. Now in what were then regarded as the essential doctrines of Christianity, the Moravians did not differ materially either from the Lutheran or the Reformed Church. To put this in its true light, they resolved "to receive the doctrinal articles of the Augustan Confession, so as they were read on the 25th of June, 1530, in the German language, before the electors, princes, and [deputies of] cities, and delivered to his Imperial Majesty, Charles V., because

they are accordant with the Holy Scriptures." In substance the Augsburg Confession agrees with the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England.

The peculiarities of the Moravians will be seen more in their Church polity than in their doctrines. The spirit which underlies them is practical piety. Calvinism founded on dogma is one of the most intolerant of faiths. When logically consistent, it will hold no fellowship with any opinion but its own; when received in its pure essence, it will never parley, yield an inch to others' prejudices, or compromise with traditional feelings. It is a rigid system of belief, made up of parts compactly welded together by the strength of Calvin's intellect and the force of his genius. The virtues of his system are on the side of stern, uncompromising intellect. Hence it guards its formulas of faith with unceasing watchfulness. But with the Moravian Brethren it was different. Though these are not open to the charge of latitudinarianism, they are so filled with the practical aspect of the Gospel as to be animated by an all-embracing charity. Christianity does not address their minds as a conviction, so much as animate their hearts with zeal, and their lives to self-sacrificing labors. Their excesses are on the side of mysticism, not from the scepticism which attends a questioning intellect. They have always been reluctant to make confessions of faith and statements of belief, but have gone forth with an apostolic earnestness and devotion which were superior to toil and death. No body of Christians who have organized themselves into a church have had so little of the spirit of a sect; none have more illustrious examples of Christian love and disinterested consecration. Their organization was admirably fitted for work. Although in the original features of their ecclesiasticism they retained the form of episcopacy, even this was permeated with the spirit of active usefulness. All the officers of the Church were called laborers. No superiority by virtue of ecclesiastical function was allowed. The Church was the family of God, and all were bound together by the most sacred ties of fraternal love. Even bishops are not distinguished by external rank or larger incomes. They cannot ordain a minister without commission from the Elders' Conference of

the Unity, or from a Provincial Conference of Superintendents acting by the authority of the Synod. In fact, the whole government of the Church is vested in General Synods. These to a great degree are representative bodies, made up of bishops, other public officers, and deputies from the congregation. The subjects treated relate to the doctrine and constitution of the Church, the ritual of worship, missionary and educational institutions, and temporal and financial concerns of the congregations as communities. They also elect bishops and other church officers,—the consecration of whom must take place in their presence.

But the most distinguishing feature of the Moravians is the blending together of a religious society and a civil community. This it does most effectively in their settlements. Here for the sake of precision it will be necessary to discriminate and keep in mind the difference between the Settlements, Town and City Congregations, Missions among the heathen, and Societies in Christian states.

A *Settlement* is a colony formed solely by the members of the Moravian Brethren's Church. It embodies to a much fuller and better extent the idea of an Emigrant Aid Society, and is admirably adapted for the colonization of a new country, and for carrying the light of civilization and religion among the heathen. A settlement consists of family houses, public buildings, such as chapels with adjoining dwellings for ministers and elders, a Single Brethren's House, and a Single Sisters' House; frequently also a house for the widows of ministers, school-houses for girls and boys, and an inn for travellers. Those who live in the Single Brethren's House, being mostly mechanics, carry on their trades in a workshop attached to the house. Connected with this house is also a hall for social worship, a public refectory and dormitory, and with separate accommodations for the infirm and sick. The same is the case with the Sisters' House. As they engage in needlework and other female avocations, manufactories for weaving are established. Each one receives the whole of his earnings, and pays a moderate sum for board and lodging. It is left to the option of the individual whether he will live in these Choir Houses. Nothing like

a community of goods exists. For a little while the settlement of Bethlehem in Pennsylvania formed an exception, and here it was soon given up. Each one follows his vocation on his own account, and is expected to take a voluntary share in defraying the necessary public expenses. No one is compelled to remain, and, if of good character, does not endanger his connection with the Church by a removal. The principle of association is used for religious ends. The ministers and other public officers live in familiar and confidential intercourse with the members of the settlements, and especial care is taken for the scientific and religious education of the children. Thus, without a community of goods in spirit, they live as members one of another.

Next to Settlements come *Town and City Congregations*. These are established in towns or cities. They do not form a separate colony, but have a chapel, and perhaps a school-house. In many of these, boarding-schools have been established, open to all. Often they have been means of usefulness in quickening the young and awakening within them a religious life. The business affairs, both of the congregation and settlement, are committed to mercantile concerns called *Diaconies*. These, in the early period of the Church, were very useful, but subsequently, in many instances, have not proved so.

Again, what is termed a *Society* is a religious association in connection with the Moravian Church, the members of which attend the public ministry and sacraments of another church, but have private meetings among themselves for edification, and, as far as circumstances permit, adopt the Brethren's constitution. Thus small numbers band together and keep up their connection with the Moravian Church. The superintendence of these societies is committed to the elders of the nearest settlements, or to the Elders' Conference of the Unity.

Among the Moravians we see the best illustration which the Church affords of the communion of saints. Special care is taken of the poor. While they do not refuse to receive aid from public institutions for their relief, they are very careful to mitigate the hardships of poverty, as well as to aid the indigent. Visitors are appointed, both in their settlements

and congregations, to collect information and report to the elders, who provide for the needy. Provision is made for the support of aged ministers; also for the support of their widows, and the care and education of their children. Thus mutual good-will permeates all their intercourse, domestic economy, and religious organizations.

The type of religion among the Moravians bears a strong likeness, both in spirit and outward form, to that of the primitive Church. The inspirations of piety are deep and constant. Their hearts are strongly moved by a love of the Saviour. Primarily, they aimed after the conversion of men, and were averse to polemical controversy. Both from their ecclesiastical organization and devoted zeal they were peculiarly fitted to become missionaries. From the varied settlements there went forth humble men to proclaim in the four quarters of the globe a Saviour's dying love. On the frozen shores of Greenland, under the scorching sun of the tropics, among the savage tribes of North America, or in the cabins of the negro, these lowly disciples were found with prayer and Bible. The spirit by which the Moravian Brethren were influenced, and the methods they adopted in their missionary labors, let us into the secret of their power. Their missionary movements were on a wide scale. When we remember the little they possessed of wealth or learning, and then witness the magnitude of their labors, we have a striking illustration of the power of zeal and singleness of purpose. From the beginning, the hearts of these loving disciples flowed forth with strong yearnings to bless the heathen with the light of the Gospel. The imagination of Zinzendorf, even while at the University, drew pictures of the condition of the benighted savage who had not heard the glorious message of redemption, and his affections were deeply stirred with desires for his conversion. The same spirit dwelt in the hearts of the Brethren. No sooner were a few settlements formed, than many of the preachers panted after a missionary life. They asked for no pay, but only a shelter for their heads, the sanction of the public functionaries, and the prayers of the Church. Accustomed to support themselves by the labor of their own hands, their necessary wants were very few. The story of their la-

bors is one of the most touching and inspiring chapters in the annals of missions. Nothing could daunt their heroic resolution. What though disease swept them away in the climate of the West Indies! Were they not giving their lives to the Saviour's cause? What though they were suspected by the white man, driven out at midnight, and guided in their flight by the light from their own blazing dwellings! Was not a greater despised and rejected of men? For eight years they labored in Greenland amid the severest privations, yet they maintained their faith in the ultimate success of their efforts. Misunderstood, jeered, brought to the verge of starvation and saved from death only by eating sea-weed and shell-fish, threatened with assault even in their own homes, often in their journeys buried in snow, driven from the shore and tossed among the rolling ice as it was shaken by the raging sea,—amid all these scenes they calmly gazed up to heaven, and above the frowning cloud, and beyond the piercing and pitiless storm, they saw the face of G 'd, with its sweet and approving smile. The love of Calvary warmed their hearts, though they slept in snow or were stiffened with cold. There is something truly sublime in the calm persistency of these unpretending men. When all seemed to fail, and they were solicited to give up exertion, "at the evening it shall be light" was their reply. In the darkest hour of discouragement their hope did not set in despair. God will use the simple to carry out his wise purposes. This was the controlling thought of their lives, and the very humility which led them to refer all things to a higher power, gave them an invincible courage and an unconquerable strength. But to feel the full force of this, it will be necessary to glance a little more in detail at their missionary labors. As these cover so many points, a few of the most important will best serve as an illustration.

Judged by the light of worldly prudence, the first attempts at the conversion of the Greenlanders seem little better than visionary. That a few men, unaccustomed to intellectual training, with little aptness for learning a new language, destitute of wealth, and with slight experience, should venture into the land of savages unprovided to any great degree against the exposures of a severe frigid climate,—that men thus

equipped, or rather with such lack of equipments, should make any progress in the conversion of the heathen, — must, to the merchant at Copenhagen or the official at the Danish court, have indeed seemed hopeless. No wonder, then, that, wherever these pious preachers proposed the plan among the titled or wealthy, they should meet with discouragement. But the men who were filled with this idea, though meek and lowly, had a love which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

While Count Zinzendorf was a witness of the splendors of the court, and the gay and brilliant festivities attending the coronation of Christian VI. at Copenhagen, he chanced to meet two Greenlanders who had been baptized by the venerable Egede. The labors of this holy man had not met with a show of success, and his mission was about being given up. With this aspect of affairs, the forlorn condition of the natives haunted the pious nobleman. What to him was the pageantry of the court or the noise of mirth! Were not the heathen perishing? While thus amid the wealth and magnificence of royalty the titled Count was filled with schemes for the conversion of the Greenlanders, two young men at Herrnhut were at work preparing the ground for a burial-place. As they plied the spade, they unbosomed their thoughts in confidential confessions. Unknown to each other, the desire had arisen to go to Greenland as missionaries. They proposed themselves for the service; but as there was a delay before the offer was accepted, one of them could not wait, and went to other fields of labor. The other, Matthew Stach, his cousin, led on by the veteran Christian David, prepared for the work. On making application to the chamberlain of the king of Denmark, he inquired how they would maintain themselves in that bleak and sterile country? "By our own hands and God's blessing," was the answer. An objection being raised that they would find no wood in that land for a house, "Then," replied they, "we will dig in the earth, and lodge there." The spirit thus manifested stirred the heart of the royal official, and he added, with the warmth of generous feeling, "No, to that necessity you shall not be reduced; you shall take timber suited to your house." And with a deed corresponding to the

word, he gave them at once fifty dollars, and so interested others that they were able to procure a few tools, a scanty supply of provisions, seeds, and household furniture. Still the provision for their journey at best did not extend beyond the barest necessities. Thus equipped, and with the prayers of the brethren, they gave themselves to the mercy of the waves and the care of God.

On their arrival, the scene which met their eyes was dreary enough. They immediately set themselves at work building a shelter. The rain, wind, and cold were so severe that the earth froze upon their hands while digging. Nothing daunted, they finished their rough house. Then came famine. At times they were on the verge of starvation. Soon the small-pox broke out among the natives, who accused the new-comers as the cause of this. For eight years they labored without any apparent results. The language was to be learned, the natives interested and taught. To add to their difficulties, they began wrong in striving to reach the heathen mind by teaching the existence and attributes of God, and their accountableness to him. To these instructions the natives listened, and then went away unaffected. They confronted the missionary with their own crude ideas, saying, "If you will not believe us upon our word, you must not require us to believe what we cannot comprehend upon yours." Little impression was made by this mode of instruction. Still the hearts of the missionaries did not fail. "We commit our ways to the Lord," they write in their journal; "we know not what he intends to do with us, and as little do we comprehend what his secret hand is doing among the heathen. We can only observe that other trials await us; yet we believe that the issue will be truly prosperous, and that, when he has proved us thoroughly, and found us faithful, he will not fail to let us see his glory." Still they kept their minds on the alert. By experience they learned that religion, presented through the imagination and emotions, arrested the attention of the Greenlanders. The graphic narrative of the Saviour's life in the Gospels, the story of the cross and of his dying love, in fact, the scenic, imaginative, and passionate in religion, most effectively led them to Christ. Abstract statements of doctrine

avail only when they address minds of reflection, if indeed they avail then. The masses — and this is emphatically true of the heathen — must be reached through the imagination and the heart. It is only in an advanced stage of intellectual cultivation that men are swayed by pure ideas. The philosopher thinks, the man feels and lives. Hence it was Christ as pictured in the Gospels, his life in Judæa, and especially the passionate representations of his death as an exhibition of amazing love and an offering for man's redemption, — it was this personification of truth, dressing it up in flesh and blood, which touched the heathen. After years of unflagging toil the seed germinated and sprang up. Watered by the Brethren's tears, and enriched by their prayers, it blossomed and bore fruit. Congregations were gathered, schools established, and churches formed. The spirit of brotherly love, the community of affection, if not of goods, began to spread, and now in Greenland and Labrador there are several missionary settlements scattering the seeds of Divine truth over that bleak and inhospitable land. Dr. Kane, when at Lichtenfels, dined in the house built in the days of Matthew Stach, and at New Herrnhut, the mother colony, the missionaries live and worship in the house and church built by Christian David, and here the glorious Gospel is still proclaimed to the descendants of the first Christian congregations. A missionary, writing from this place last year, says: "Heathenism among the Greenlanders in this part of the country has died out long since. The last heathens who were baptized here, which was in 1821, came from the vicinity of Friedrichstal, which station was begun in 1824. Indeed, it is not improper to say that the whole of Greenland is a Christian land; for on the coast, from north to south, there are no heathens remaining." This statement is to be understood of the natives of Greenland proper. In the new region, to which we do not yet know if we are to give the name of Greenland, Dr. Kane discovered a heathen tribe, somewhere between 78° and 79° north latitude, living in the grossest superstition, and entertaining the crudest notions of God. These number, however, in all only a hundred and fifty souls, and were unknown to the missionaries, as to the rest of the world, until after his explorations. But one fact all the

Brethren lament, and that is the demoralizing influence of the luxuries of civilized society; in fact, some of the missionaries fear lest the vices and new wants introduced by contact with civilization may undo the work of the Gospel, and prove the ruin of these Christian colonies. If so, what a sad comment on the heathenism which nestles at the heart, and is so rampant on the outskirts of what we sometimes call our Christian civilization!

If we turn from the frozen coasts of Greenland to the scorching sun of the West Indies, we shall witness more striking results of Moravian missionary effort. The African by nature has religious susceptibilities to an unusual degree. He more readily, from disposition, accepts the passive virtues of the Gospel. Besides, he is strongly emotional, and rises to transports. His feelings burn with a tropical intensity, and he is alive to every passionate appeal. Hence the type of religion peculiar to the Moravians is admirably adapted to his nature and condition. The Greenlander, though not perhaps preeminently stupid, is more slow of mind. His blood does not course through his veins with so much swiftness, and his intellect does not so rapidly act. In all this the negro is a contrast. He is easily roused, lively and excitable in his feelings, more imitative than inventive, more passionate than reflective, and more readily takes the impressions with which he is surrounded. We see all this verified in the Brethren's mission in Jamaica.

A brief notice of this has an additional interest, because it opens up before us Christianity in contact with slavery, and shows us how many features of this system modify even missionary effort. In 1754, at the earnest request of a few proprietors, Zecharias Caries, Thomas Shallcross, and Gottlieb Haberecht sailed for Jamaica. Most of the proprietors of the large estates were absentees, and committed the management of their plantations to attorneys and overseers. Rev. J. H. Buchner, who spent fifteen years on the island, and has written a work on "*The Moravians in Jamaica*," tells us, that, at the time the mission began its labors, the slaves were little cared for. Obstacles were thrown in the way of the missionary. When he visited the sick-house the overseer followed, and re-

quired him to lecture those afflicted with diseases on the sins of deception and idleness, and though doubtless the slaves often feigned sickness, still this course placed the missionary in the position of a police-officer. The missionaries were watched with jealousy, and sometimes treated with indignity. Even when the proprietors were informed of these things, and sent orders to their agents to have the evil corrected, they were of little avail. The agents found ways to evade the command, and to prevent the absentees from knowing the real condition of things. The first Moravian mission was begun in the parish of St. Elizabeth, on the Bogue estate. The missionary house was placed close by the huts of the slaves, and to know the hinderances in their way we must picture the life of the chattel.

“ Every morning, with the first dawn of day, the shell was blown to call the slaves to their work, and every one was expected to appear immediately and join his party; each gang of negroes walked off to the field under the direction of the driver, likewise a negro, armed with a long whip. The children from six to twelve years of age, under the care of an elderly negress, likewise armed with a rod, formed another gang, and proceeded to clean the pasture, or any other work suited to their strength. These negro drivers were steeled against pity and compassion, being generally as much brutalized as man could be. The gangs went to work and toiled all day in the sun, their only covering being a cloth tied round the loins. In digging cane-holes they were expected to keep the line, and any one not keeping it with the rest felt the driver's whip. There was no remission of work, except in the middle of the day to take their meals. Late in the evening, after the setting of the sun, they returned weak and faint, and, not unfrequently, were forced, for hours together, to continue their labor by the light of the moon. And then, their work having been examined by the overseer, those with whom he was dissatisfied, whether man or woman, were ordered to be flogged. They were laid on the ground, and before the whip had descended the third time were covered with blood. I am informed by a missionary who resided in this locality, that not an evening passed without his hearing the crack of the whip and the shrieks of the victim. Aged and weak persons would frequently run in despair to the missionary's house, fall upon their knees before him, and, with uplifted hands, beg him to have pity and intercede for them. But what could he do? He was as much despised as the slaves. He could write a line to the overseer, begging him to have mercy; and sometimes, but

not frequently, his intercession prevailed to save the poor creature. Day after day the same toil, the same scenes, continued, until Sunday, when the slaves went to market to bring home a supply for the week, or to their provision-grounds, to labor for their own support." — pp. 25, 26.

Thus wearied with toil, the negroes were in no condition to hear the Gospel. Two hours in the week were allowed the slaves to attend the ministrations of the word. The missionary used this fraction of time to the best advantage, and made the best amends in his power for this state of things. At night, when the slaves returned from their work, he would go through their houses, sit down at the fire while they cooked, and thus mingle together conversation and instruction. All their preaching was crowded into the afternoon of Sunday. But this devotion was not lost on these wronged and enslaved people. They could not fail being touched by the pity and love of the missionary. In their misery and degradation they listened as the pious Brethren often with tears in their eyes portrayed the Saviour's dying love. "What!" said these ignorant negroes, "did Christ live, labor, and die for such as we, for the slave in his cabin, for him who is treated like cattle?" "Have I a soul to be saved?" "Yes," replied these godly men, "Christ lived and died for you." No wonder, then, the ignorant slave welcomed the truth with the feeling of transport; no wonder that in the excitement of his devotion he rose to ecstasy, and that before the second year the catechumens were numbered by the hundred. Till this period the negroes were unacquainted with Christianity, and were attached to their Fetish worship. They believed in sorcery, or, as it was called, Obeah. The adepts in this frequently obtained great power over the superstitious and credulous. The mode of proceeding was to bury, at the gate or in the residence of the person who was to be dealt with, a box or cloth, containing earth from a grave, feathers of a fowl, and other articles, which in their belief would produce sickness and death, or an entire change of mind; "an indescribable fear came over them when they believed themselves under the influence of supernatural powers. I have myself known persons who, under this fear, sickened and died, and some who even committed suicide."*

* Buchner, p. 139.

The Myalmen pretended to possess still greater powers. They could not only overcome Obeahism, but were sent to purge the world of wickedness. They claimed an immediate intercourse with God and divine revelations, and could procure rest for the wandering spirits. These superstitions had so deep a hold of the negro mind, that the missionaries found it extremely difficult to eradicate them. At times they would break out anew, and for a brief period gain an ascendancy. As the conviction of the Africans is intense rather than permanent, they are borne along by the impulse which for the moment controls them. As late as 1842 there was a revival of heathenism, but with a few exceptions it did not seduce the converts. After the excitement passed away, the Brethren were more careful to guard their minds against these delusions.

We have said the overseers were at first jealous of the missionaries. They feared they might excite the slaves to insurrection. But after the mission was established and the influence of Christianity bore fruits, they were obliged to confess that they had been wrong in their first judgment. It is true, in the rebellion of 1832, which spread consternation on every side, the missionaries were in some instances charged with aiding this movement, and in one case imprisoned and threatened with death. But as reflection came, and the fact was established that very few if any of the converts were among the disaffected, the tide of opinion set in favor of the Moravian Church. Thus encouraged, the Brethren enlarged the sphere of their labors. They taught and expounded the Scriptures, and gathered children into schools. As soon as they began to enforce the commandments and precepts of Christ, they came in conflict with the "peculiar institution." During the early period of the mission, marriages among slaves were illegal, and polygamy was practised. What could they do? To obviate the difficulty, the members of the congregation who wished to be married were formally joined together, and, though this was not recognized by the laws, it was considered as binding in the Church. If husband and wife proved unfaithful, they were excluded from the congregation. In 1835 the marriages of slaves, solemnized by ministers, were declared to be legal, and the Brethren then called on all in

their connection who had been privately united to have their marriages formally legalized. And here we must add, that, in the early period of the mission in Jamaica, the Brethren owned slaves. But this did not continue, and they now look back upon that act with shame and contrition. One fact in connection with this is significant. The estate on which the slaves labored, in number not exceeding forty, was the mission at Old Carmel. These slaves refused to attend the ministry of their masters. The diaries of that period contain this record: "We have ventured, in the name of the Lord, to command our negroes to attend the meetings; for a period of four years not more than four or five would attend, and we think we have a right to command them to come in." The antagonism between slavery and Christianity was not long in making itself known to these sincere men; so the mission at Old Carmel was broken up, the place sold, and the slaves liberated, and thus the Brethren's Church cleared itself of this legalized sin.

In 1853 there were thirteen stations in Jamaica, with congregations numbering over twelve thousand. The missionaries, besides preaching the Gospel, give their attention to the education of the young. From 1836 to 1843 thirteen school-houses were built. These have been crowded with the children of the free colored people. The greatest difficulty connected with this branch of effort has been to obtain properly qualified teachers. In some cases young women who have been educated in the Female Refuge School have been employed. But still the lack of teachers was so great that a Normal School for the training of this class has been established. In 1853 this institution was opened, with twenty-four scholars, and is one of the noble fruits of the Brethren's Mission.

The various stations on this island are owned by the Moravian Church. They consist generally of a chapel, the minister's house, the school-house, and several out-houses, with from thirty to sixty acres of land. All the stock and furniture is the property of the Mission. Around these stations the members of the congregation live scattered within a circle of ten miles' diameter. The services on the Sabbath day are attended by

from seven hundred to a thousand hearers. During the week the missionary preaches twice at out-stations, examines schools, and performs the various duties involved in his pastoral charge. As the Moravians include females among their laborers, the missionary's wife ministers to her own sex. Every member of the congregation must be individually known by the minister, and he is brought into personal relations to his flock. The wife is his helper in taking the females under her charge. Besides these specific duties, there are a multitude of others incident to his position, all of which make his life one of arduous and incessant toil. But at this he rejoices, if thereby Christ is received and the Gospel finds new converts.

In estimating the results of the Mission in Jamaica, we prefer to let the missionaries speak for themselves.

"If we compare Jamaica as it is at present (1854) with what it was only twenty-five years ago, the change which the Gospel has wrought is truly astonishing. It is not merely a political reformation. At that time darkness covered the land; the number of those who inquired after the Lord and desired the knowledge of God was indeed very small; the people lived without God in the world, his commandments were unknown, or wholly disregarded; the Sabbath was no day of rest or worship; and as to all social relations, the mass of the people lived as the beast of the field. How different is it now! Every Sabbath day witnesses crowds assembled in the house of God, decently, orderly, and devoutly offering up hymns of praise and prayer, and listening to lessons from God's holy word; while the children are under the instruction of faithful teachers. Now, when we go through the land, we find but few who in the face of day dare set at naught the commandments of God. Concubinage, which was then the sin and curse of the country, though still persisted in by some of the negroes, and not a few of the whites, is an exception, and is looked upon with scorn and contempt; the social relations being well ordered and respected. Still more surprising is the change which has taken place with regard to the intellect and character of the people. The low, stupid, and cunning slave has become a man, feeling the responsibility he is under as a subject and a Christian; his outward deportment and actions bear testimony to his altered position. Jamaica has become a Christian country; supplied with the means of grace, the Gospel has exercised its civilizing and elevating power, and will, it is hoped, continue to do so. All this we may safely assert has been accomplished, though we do not

deny that there are still many in a very degraded and ignorant state, and that even profligacy and crime are, in some parts, in the ascendant." — pp. 164, 165.

There are various other missions of the Moravians, equally deserving of notice; but we have preferred to give a detailed account of two, instead of a general sketch of all, because in this way we can better get an insight into the peculiarities of the Brethren's Church. They have stations in all parts of the world, 70 in number, with which are connected 300 missionaries, and congregations amounting to more than 70,000. As far as possible, these stations are self-supporting. It is surprising to see how much the Moravians accomplish with so little actual outlay of money. This in part is owing to their frugality and industry. The wants of the missionary are very few and simple. He usually works with his own hands. He ploughs and plants. Then, too, as provision is made for him in old age, as well as for his widow and the education of his children, he has no need to provide beyond his immediate necessities. Living, too, in a community with mutual affection and common interests, he and the members of his congregation assist each other. Beyond all this, he engages in his labors with a self-sacrificing spirit, and gives himself wholly up, with great singleness of purpose, to the service of Christ. In fact, the idea of consecration upon the altar of God is one of the most fundamental in the Moravian faith. To this is joined the sentiment of a religious community bound together by fraternal fellowship. It is what its name imports, a holy brotherhood, and the annals of the Church afford no nobler example nor more beautiful illustration than this of the command of Christ, — "Love one another."

But the hand of time has touched the United Brethren. There are forces outside of the Church that are constantly acting to modify its opinions. Hence, in the expansion of their ecclesiastical organizations, a change in the constitution of the Church became necessary. The American branch for several years desired a provisional self-government. By this they did not wish a separate organization, but only more power independent of the General Synod to regulate their ecclesiastical affairs. Such was the action of the Provincial Synod in

1855, that the Brethren in England and Germany feared a schism. A warm discussion had arisen in reference to a change in the constitution. But although the Moravians have often differed, they have always found it exceedingly difficult to quarrel. In the original controversy, if it deserves that name, when the Renewed Brethren decided to organize anew on the basis of the ancient Church, all was calm and peaceful after a decision had been made. So is it now. Last year, in obedience to the necessities to which altered circumstances gave rise, the General Synod agreed to an essential change in the constitution of the Church. Additional power was thus vested in the Provincial Synods, and the American Provinces were allowed a larger representation in the General Synod. This was one of those cases in which, by the changes of population, the distribution of power should also change. In almost all such instances, whether in the church or the state, an adjustment of this nature is not made without a fierce and bitter struggle. Those holding power are always reluctant to yield it up, and it is a noble tribute to the piety and wisdom of the Moravians, that with them this change has been wrought without jar or discord. Guided by a fraternal spirit, they have effected one of the most difficult things, — the modification of an ecclesiastical organization, so as to take power out of old hands and put it into new. The result has been highly beneficial. It prevented a schism which would have been detrimental to the Brethren's Church, and in taking away all occasion for complaint, by throwing the control of the American churches into the hands of their own Provincial Synods, all responsibility rested upon them. Hence, as a practical result, there is more life in the American branch of the Moravian Church. They are giving renewed attention to home missions. The church at Bethlehem supports four, other churches one each. In this way they are at work in New York and Philadelphia, and in all the new States. In fact, in Great Britain and Germany attention is now being given by the Brethren to the heathen at our own doors.

But the moment they begin an enlargement of their labors, either in home missions or church extension, the familiar cry comes up of lack of men for the work. To obviate this, they

have taken the initiatory step in the formation of a college, by the establishment of "The College and Theological Seminary" at Bethlehem. They have other schools designed as nurseries of the Church, and also have a Missionary Association very like in organization to the Young Men's Christian Union. This in a few years has furnished about twenty ministers. During the last year appeals have been made, and a more effective organization completed, by the appointment of a special board; and a new spirit has been roused in the cause of home missions.

"What is to be done," asks *The Moravian*, "to secure the proper men? Our own churches cannot supply the requisite number, our brethren in Europe say they have few or none to spare. Shall, then, the progress of the work cease? Shall we be satisfied with what has been accomplished, and make no further efforts to send the Gospel to destitute parts of the land? God forbid! The Church must do the work which it has found to do, with its might; and we hope to see the missionaries increasing until they become 'two bands,' and the number of preaching places and churches until there remaineth no more land to be possessed. In our humble estimation, there is but one way of getting out of this dilemma, and we hope the Church will learn to know and to go this way. It may be defined in these words: *The Moravian Church must train its own home missionaries.*"

Thus on all sides there is vitality still among these lowly and devoted Christians. The spirit which nerved Christian David, and the other fathers of the faith, has not died out. In the altered condition of the world it may take new forms; yet it lives, and is animating the Brethren to renewed efforts and a holier consecration.

If we were asked what positive contributions the Moravians have made to Christendom, the reply would be, they have illustrated, on a limited scale, the Christian spirit as organized in a religious community. The special peculiarities of their social and ecclesiastical institutions may not be adapted to all states of society and the ever-shifting phases of civilization, but the spirit which gave them vitality is as permanent as Christianity. Among them is illustrated the best fulfilment the world has yet seen of the Saviour's prayer, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Among the

varied attempts at communism, from monasticism to the last effort of the Phalanstery, this in all its features comes nearest to realizing the true idea of the City of God. But as all ecclesiasticism — that is, the organization of Christianity in institutions — must grow out of the faith of believers, and as this always takes its form from the traditions, extent of culture, mental habits, degree of moral attainment, and civil institutions which prevail, a church organization which springs up out of the vital conviction of the mind will always to a great degree be affected by these varied influences. The Roman Catholic priest of Boston or Chicago lives in more of the real life of his time than his brother at Rome or Vienna. So his Church, though retaining its old forms, must in these American latitudes have a quicker sympathy with the real, throbbing American heart. If this be true of the oldest, most compact, and enduring ecclesiastical organization, the real Church — that ecclesiasticism which shall spring up out of the vital convictions, and be a genuine product of the religious life — must have all the features of mind and society which go to form the real elements of civilization. Hence, to advocate the establishment of a church upon the outward form of that of the United Brethren's, would be as unwise as it certainly would be futile. But as Christianity gains a lodgement in the minds and hearts of men, they must in all their institutions, whatever their outward form, be pervaded by the beautiful spirit of the Moravians. This has the very aroma of Christ.

Because this is so, the contributions which the Moravian poets have made to the literature of the Church have been welcomed by every Protestant communion, and perhaps we may say by every Christian communion, with such enthusiasm. We have given some little idea of the range of its organized missions, — which have achieved so much with such limited means. But it is impossible to give any idea of the power with which the hymns of the Moravian poets have soothed, encouraged, and strengthened Christian hearts, the world over.

This influence outside its own body is to be remembered, when we remark, that the Moravian organization, like all

other movements in the Church, takes up a limited class of minds. We are far from disparaging the serene and holy piety it has produced, when we say it is the religion of the cottage. It is pre-eminently adapted for humble life, but fails to reach the college or the exchange. The minds who write history, make contributions to philosophy, mould the thought of the age, and enact laws,—the hands which build cities, make railroads, and unite the continents by the electric wires,—need a faith which has a deeper hold on the intellect. Moravianism gives rise to the sweet and beautiful graces of the Christian character. It is eminently successful to carry the light of religion to the darkened mind of the heathen and the slave. In the sphere of missionary labor it can point to signal trophies of faith; but never feeling the twinge of doubt by the force of an awakened intellect, it is not troubled with, and is wholly unfitted to cope with, the deepest struggles of the age after a more positive and rational faith. Ever distrustful of knowledge which does not roll forward in the worn ruts of thought, it is not even aware of the real conflicts of faith with the higher and deeper phases of life. Hence, it makes no contributions on the side of truth, but glows with radiant beauty, the light of glowing and devoted love. It is rich in the holiest sentiments and practical illustrations of disinterested piety. If it does not assist us in solving the deeper problems of faith, it teaches us to love one another, and to strive to build up a society on the basis of religious fellowship. The world greatly needs the sweet and holy tones of fraternity. Torn and agitated by the intense fret and personal rivalries of trade and politics; through the varied forces of our rough and vigorous life developing into a hard, sharp, and cold rationalism; deeply affected by a negative criticism in literature and theology,—there is need of some warm and kindling influences. In a time like ours, when sects are breaking into fragments, and each phase of reform must have its narrow platform and intense bigotry, so as not to tolerate a shade of departure from its own outlook upon evil,—in such a period it is refreshing to study an organization which combines so much that is good and true. We are in no croaking mood. The age is not barren of good. God has not wholly emptied himself into the past. All now

is not going to wreck and ruin. Out of all this conflict there will come a higher social life and a more living gospel. The beatitudes are yet to be more faithfully lived. The present struggles in the Church and world are but birth-throes. Still, in a wise outlook upon society, there is no good unmixed with evil. Hence, in the present features of the age there are dangers to be shunned. One of the perils incident to the liberal phase of modern thought and reform is its intense and excessive individualism. With personal competitions in trade, and fierce antagonisms in the intellectual and moral struggles, we may lose much through anarchy. In the reaction against associations, we must remember man is not an isolated being. He is social as well as individual. If wicked institutions blight and curse, so do those which are good bless and ennoble. In either case they are a power. And as ideas act most efficiently through them, let us learn to organize our ideas, that is, strive to form institutions on their basis.

The iconoclast, it is true, is needed in the world. Sometimes a great wrong is so old, and so overgrown with a sacred reverence, that even good men sustain and defend it. Thus it becomes entwined with hallowed associations, and naught but the strong destructive arm will lay bare its rottenness and batter it into fragments. But this is only a negative work. If this is all, the scattered seeds of the old plant may spring up with a tenfold luxuriant growth of evil. A nobler work is to construct. Alas for humanity and progress, if we all become iconoclasts! Yet the severest radical must admit that this is our danger. There is no lack of criticism and denial. These have their uses; but, if not followed by a more genial and positive faith, will spread blight and death. Far better than always to criticise and find fault, is it to approve and create. The past is not an entire failure. Out of its germinating seeds there will spring a new order and a larger growth. The lesson, then, the Moravian Church has for the liberal Christian is the value of organized action, and the power of institutions constructed upon positive ideas and vital sentiments. It emphatically teaches the worth of a church organization. As man cannot carry out the idea of freedom without civil institutions, so religion, to have an abid-

ing home and a controlling power, must be embodied in an ecclesiasticism. We may theorize, but God makes history, and his Holy Spirit, operating through men, gives rise to faiths which have stamped the world with organizations that have survived for centuries. Thus have we an organized Christendom. Among these, for moral beauty and spiritual devotion and lofty self-sacrifice, stands out in distinct and beautiful outline the Renewed Church of the Moravian Brethren.

ART. II. — FRANCIS QUARLES.

1. *Judgment and Mercy for Afflicted Souls; or Meditations, Soliloquies, and Prayers.* By FRANCIS QUARLES. *A new Edition, with a Biographical and Critical Introduction, by REGINALD WOLFE, ESQ.* London. 1807.
2. *Enchiridion; containing Institutions, — Divine, Contemplative, Practical, Ethical, Economical, Political.* By FRANCIS QUARLES. London. 1658.
3. *Emblems, Divine and Moral.* By FRANCIS QUARLES. Chiswick. 1825.

WE deem it not irreverent to claim for Quarles the name and character of a SACRED POET, and to place him among those who have added to the opulence of English literature many beautiful productions of genuine poetry, and honored the Christian religion by their endeavors to render it subservient to the salvation and happiness of mankind. His name and his works have been treated with unmerited and unaccountable neglect; we find no allusion to either in the *Lives and Works of the British Poets* by Johnson, Aikin, Chalmers, or Southey. We shall not attempt to account for this cold exclusiveness, still less to offer an apology for what appears to be contemptuous disregard. Our purpose is to call the attention of our readers to the life and character of a man of pure mind and a generous heart, a sincere and passionate Christian; and to set before them some of the evidences, furnished in his works, of his more than ordinary genius and

undoubted piety. The peculiarities of his style subjected him to the sneers of critics, and his religious principles exposed him to the derision of scoffers. He suffered cruel indignity from some of his contemporaries; but, like his great Exemplar, he forgave his calumniators, and prayed for those who had plotted his disgrace and ruin. Everywhere his writings are manifestations of perfect good-will to man, and of intense longing for spiritual communion with his Redeemer and his God. "A Short Relation of the Life and Death of Mr. Francis Quarles, by his Sorrowful Widow," was prefixed to an edition of his "Meditations, Soliloquies, and Prayers," published by his friends, a year or two after his death. It is a modest and touching memorial of pure affection and respect; and as it contains nearly all that we are able to collect concerning his life, we present it to the readers of the *Examiner*, slightly abridged. We have altered the orthography to correspond with modern usage, but the simple and appropriate language of the widow is scrupulously retained.

"Though it be inconsistent with the duty of a wife to be injurious, in any respect, to her husband, yet, in this, my bold undertaking, I fear I shall be so in mine; which I doubt not but he would have forgiven if he had been living, as proceeding from love; and I hope his friends will pardon (now he is dead), as being the last duty I can perform to so loving a husband.

"He was a gentleman both by birth and desert; descended from an ancient family, and yet (which is rare in these last and worst times) he was an ornament to his ancestors. [He was born in the spring of 1592.] His father was James Quarles, of Rumford, Esquire, Clerk of the Green Cloth, and Purveyor of the Navy to Queen Elizabeth. His education was suitable to his birth; first at school in the country, where, his schoolfellows will say, he surpassed all his equals; afterwards at Christ's College, Cambridge, where how he profited I am not able to judge, but am fully assured by men of much learning and judgment, that his works in very many places do sufficiently testify more than ordinary fruits of his University studies. Last of all, he was transplanted from thence to Lincoln's Inn, where, for some years, he studied the laws of England; not so much out of desire to benefit himself thereby, as his friends and neighbors, but (showing therein his continual inclination to peace) to compose suits and differences amongst them.

"After he came to maturity, he was not desirous to put himself into the world, otherwise he might have had greater preferment than he had. He was neither so unfit for court preferment, nor so ill-beloved there, but that he might have raised his fortunes thereby, if he had had any inclination that way. But his mind was chiefly set upon his *devotion* and *study*; yet not altogether so much but that he faithfully discharged the place of Cupbearer to the Queen of Bohemia, and the office of Secretary to the reverend and learned Lord Primate of Ireland, that now is, and of Chronologer to the famous city of London; which place he held to his death, and would have given that city (and the world) a testimony that he was their faithful servant therein, if it had pleased God to bless him with life to perfect what he had begun. He was the husband of one wife, by whom he was *the father of eighteen children*, and how faithful and loving a husband and father he was, the joint tears of his widow and fatherless children will better express than my pen is able to do.

"In all his duties to God and man he was conscionable and orderly. He preferred God and religion to the *first* place in his thoughts, his king and country to the *second*, his family and studies he reserved to the *last*. For his religion, he was *a true son of the Church of England, an even Protestant*, not in the least degree biased to the name of superstition or that of schism, though both these factions were ready to cry him down for his inclination to the contrary. His love to his king and country in these late unhappy times of distraction was manifest, in that he used his pen and poured out his continual prayers and tears to quench this miserable fire of dissension, while too many others added daily fuel unto it. And when he was at home, his exhortations to us to continue in virtue and godly life were so pious and frequent; his admonitions so grave and piercing; his reprehensions so mild and gentle; and (above all) his own example in every religious and moral duty so constant and manifest, that his equal may be desired, but can hardly be met withal. Neither was his example of a godly life contained only within his own family. For he was not addicted to any notorious vice whatsoever. Though it be too frequent a fault (as we see by experience) in gentlemen, whose dispositions incline them to the study of poetry, to be loose and debauched in their lives and conversations, yet it was very far from him. *Their* delight could not be greater in the *tavern*, than *his* was in his study; to which he devoted himself late and early, *usually by three o'clock in the morning*. The fruits thereof are best tasted by those who have most perused his works, and therefore I shall be silent in that particular; seeing that neither the judgment of my sex can be thought

competent, nor (if it were) would the nearness of my relation to him suffer me to praise that, at commendations whereof from others I have often blushed.

"I shall therefore rather desire leave to speak a word or two concerning the blessed end of my dear husband, which was every way answerable to his godly life; or rather (indeed) surpassed it. . . . His patience was wonderful, insomuch as he would confess no pain, even when all his friends perceived his disease to be mortal, but still rendered thanks to God for his especial love. . . . He expressed great sorrow for his sins; and when it was told him that his friends conceived he did thereby much harm himself, he answered, *They were not his friends that would not give him leave to be penitent.* . . . His exhortations to his friends were most divine. . . . His charity was extraordinary in freely forgiving his greatest enemies, even those who were the cause of his sickness, and, by consequence, of his death. For whereas a petition, full of unjust aspersions, was preferred against him by eight men (whereas he knew not any two, nor they him, save only by sight), the first news of it struck him so to the heart, that he never recovered from it, but said plainly *it would be his death.* When his friends told him that the chief promoter [of this petition] was called to account for it, and would go near to be punished, his answer was, *God forbid; I seek not revenge; I freely forgive him and the rest; only I desire to be vindicated from their unjust aspersions; especially that* (that for aught they know I may be a Papist) *whereas I never spake word to any of them in my life.* . . . These were the most remarkable passages in him during his sickness. . . . A friend of his exhorting him to apply himself to finish his course here and prepare himself for the world to come, he spake in Latin to this effect (as I am told): * *O sweet Saviour of the world, let thy last words upon the cross be my last words in the world: Into thy hands, Lord, I commend my spirit; and what I cannot utter with my mouth, accept from my heart and soul.* Which words being uttered distinctly, to the understanding of his friend, he fell into his former contemplations and prayers; and so quietly gave up his soul to God, the eighth day of September, 1644, after he had lived two and fifty years, and lieth buried in the parish church of St. Leonard's in Foster Lane.

"Thus departed that blessed soul, whose loss I have great reason to bewail. But my particular comfort is in his dying words, that *God will be a husband to the widow.* And that which may comfort others as well

* O dulcis Salvator mundi, sint tua ultima verba in cruce mea ultima verba in luce: "In manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum. Et quæ ore meo fore non possint, ab animo et corde sint a te accepta."

as me, is (what a reverend divine wrote to a friend concerning his death), that *our loss is gain to him, who could not live in a worse age, nor die in a better time.*

"URSULA QUARLES."

There is but little that can be added to illustrate this biography of Quarles. In all the notices of his life that we have seen, there is a singular deficiency of dates; nor are the peculiar duties of the several appointments which he received stated with distinctness, but all is left to conjecture. It is also remarkable, that the "unjust aspersions" contained in the "petition preferred against him by eight men," have not been detailed by the writers who have alluded to that matter. One has said that "his sufferings both in mind and body, during the civil wars, were considerable." Another tells us, "he was plundered of his books and some rare manuscripts, which he intended for the press." There is an unexplained obscurity connected with these statements, which outruns conjecture. He was too loyal to arouse the suspicion of the king's most royal adherents; and he was too pious a Calvinist to excite distrust in the mind of the most rigid Puritan. It would seem that his life, in all its phases, was too blameless to provoke resentment, his temper too meek and gentle to move malevolence. We find nothing on record to discredit the unpretending "Relation" of the affectionate widow, — the truth and honesty of which are undisputed, and the artless tenderness and simplicity of which cannot fail to awaken universal sympathy and respect.

The style of Quarles's writings, both in prose and poetry, is quaint and piercing, — sometimes rough and uncouth and feeble, but oftener strong, artistic, and elegant. His uncouthness is amusing, and his quaintness delightful. Some have thought that his excessive love of antithesis, which he displays on almost every page, "produces an artificial effect, that should never arise from perusing the effusions of the heart." Mr. Wolfe, in his Introduction to the Meditations, Soliloquies, and Prayers, says: —

"The periods of Quarles are sometimes balanced with a nicety and precision, which Johnson might not have disdained to adopt, and his images of virtue and vice are so happily conceived and forcibly ex-

pressed, that we immediately turn with rapture towards the former, and with disgust from the latter. Perhaps there is no other writer before Milton, who may be more justly called a 'warbler of poetic prose.' It may be difficult to discover, in the whole compass of English literature, the characteristics of vice or of weakness more forcibly displayed, or the consolations of religion more efficaciously administered."

A few years ago, a work was published in England entitled "Lives of the English Sacred Poets," by R. A. Willmot, of Trinity College, which contains a discriminating review of Quarles's Works. Mr. Willmot says:—

"No man had a correcter notion of the beauty of style, or presented a more striking exception to his own rule. 'Clothe not thy language,' he says, 'either with obscurity or affectation; in the one thou discoverest too much darkness, in the other too much lightness. He that speaks to the understanding is the best interpreter.' It would have been good for his fame if he had practised what he thought. . . . His eccentricity was the ruin of his genius. . . . He was sublime and vulgar at the impulse of the moment. . . . As a writer of prose, he deserves very high applause. Without the copious richness of Taylor, or the mystical eloquence of Brown, or the poignant terseness of South, he possesses sufficient force and sweetness to entitle him to be named with the masters of our language."

We shall be disappointed if, in the extracts we are about to offer to the reader, there should not be found a justification of these discriminating and humane criticisms. Our selections are made almost at random, and may not be the best specimens. They are the effusions of a devout and pious mind,—the overflowings of a poetical imagination,—abounding in original imagery; noble thoughts and elevated sentiments clad in fit and congruous expressions; and singularly happy combinations of words and metaphors. The compounded epithets, of which there is a liberal use, often supersede the necessity of circumlocution, and give us a distinct idea which might otherwise require a multiplicity of words to define; such as "grief-engendering joys," "crown-distempered fools," "leadened-hearted cowards," "palsy-smitten spirit," "marrow-melting fires," &c. No words can better express the fear and prospect of shipwreck than the line, "O shall my rock-bethreatened soul be drowned!" and there is a volume of poetry in the following:—"O what a *crocodilian* world is this!"

Respecting the charge of vulgarity, which has been preferred against Quarles, look at his excuse, in a note to the reader of his "History of Sampson, — "wherein," he says, "if thy extreme severity check at anything which thou conceivest may not stand with the majesty of this sacred subject, know that my intention was not to offend my brother. The wisest of kings, inspired by the King of wisdom, thought it no detraction from the gravity of his holy Proverbs, to describe a harlot like a harlot. If my descriptions in the like kind offend, I make no question but the validity of my warrant will give a reasonable satisfaction. He that lifts not his feet high enough may easily stumble. Foul hands will muddle the clearest waters, and base minds will corrupt the purest text. I write to *bees*, and not to *spiders*; they will suck pleasing honey from such flowers; those may burst with their own poison; but you, whose well-seasoned hearts are not distempered with either of these extremities, but have the better relish of a sacred understanding, draw near and read."

The work first mentioned at the head of this article is, we apprehend, but little known, but its want of popularity is no proof that it is not of sufficient value to entitle it to a place in the library of the moralist and the saint. It is properly a monodrame, and the characters introduced are strictly dramatic, — each performing his own part, each presenting his own individual character, in meditation, soliloquy, and prayer. It is divided into two parts. In the first part, various immoral and notoriously vicious characters are introduced, indulging themselves in arrogant commendations of their wickedness and depravity, and in plausible apologies for their peculiar habits and pursuits, till they are arrested by the recollection of some denunciatory passages of Scripture, which produce conviction and repentance. Then follows a soliloquy on the terrific consequences of their sins, and then a prayer for pardon. It would be difficult to find in all the dehortatory writings of moralists and reformers, or the enthusiastic exhortations of the creators and promoters of "revivals," more repulsive delineations of the vices which corrupt the minds and imperil the souls of men, than Quarles's imaginary personages put forth in extenuation of their respective vices. Thus the Drunkard, in his "Jubilee," exclaims: —

"Let dry-brained zealots spend their idle breaths ; my *cups* shall be my *cordials* to restore my care-befeebled heart to the true temper of a well-complexioned mirth. My solid brains are potent, and can bear enough, without the least offence to my distempered senses, or interruption of my boon companions. My tongue can, in the very zenith of my cups, deliver the expressions of my composed thoughts with better sense than these my grave reformers can their best-advised prayers. My constitution is pot-proof, and strong enough to make a fierce encounter with the most stupendous vessel that ever sailed upon the tides of Bacchus. My reason shrinks not ; my passions burn not."

"The Liar" is made to find excuse for his falsehoods in "Fallacies" like these : —

"Nay, if religion be so strict a law to bind my tongue to the necessity of a truth on all occasions, at all times, and in all places, the gate is too strait for me to enter. Or, if the general rules of downright truth will admit no *few* exceptions, farewell all honest mirth, farewell all trading, farewell the whole converse betwixt man and man. . . . Shall Jacob and his too indulgent mother conspire in a lie to purchase a perpetual blessing in the false name and habit of a supplanted brother, and shall I question to preserve the granted blessing of a life or livelihood with a harmless lie? Come, come, my soul, let not thy timorous conscience check at such poor things as these. So long as thy officious tongue aims at a just end, a lie is no offence. So long as thy perjurious lips confirm not thy untruth with an audacious brow, thou needst not fear. The weight of the cause relieves the burden of the crime. Is thy centre good? No matter how crooked the lines of the circumference be ; policy allows it. If thy journey's *end* be heaven, it matters not how full of hell thy *journey* may be. Divinity allows it. Wilt thou condemn the Egyptian midwives for saving the infant Israelites by so merciful a lie? No : circumstances *excuse* as well as *make* a lie. . . . Had Cæsar, Scipio, or Alexander been regulated by such strict divinity, their names had been as silent as their dust. A lie is but a fair put-off ; the sanctuary of a secret ; the riddle of a lover ; the stratagem of a soldier ; the policy of a statesman ; and a salve for many desperate sores. . . . But hark, my soul ! there's something sounding in mine ear, and calls my language to a recantation. The Lord hath spoken it : *Liar's shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.*"

The second part of this work is constructed on the same model as the first, but the *dramatis personæ* are of a different

character. They represent persons suffering despondency and distress under a weight of physical calamity, or a painful sense of weakness, imperfection, and guilt. It is introduced by a prefatory note from the widow, which we so much admire for the beautiful simplicity of its style, that we cannot withhold it from our readers : —

“ COURTEOUS READER : —

“ Now, when the theme of every man’s discourse is his sad losses in these times, your author bids me tell you, that in these he had not the least share ; for, from *him* his very religion was stolen away. Nay, yet more cruel, even then when he had most need of it, — in the time of his sickness, — I mean *this small Essay* (the epitome of his ejaculatory soul) was then taken from him by a sly hand, and presently printed without knowledge ; so that, as in like cases it always happens, it came forth much unsuitable to the author’s mind, both in the form and matter of it. I, therefore, though I cannot restore to him his lost treasure, being now dead, yet in this edition have restored his treasure to itself again, putting it out so that it now answers his own directions, and reforms many mistakes of the former plagiarist : so that now thou mayest fully find *him* whom his sad widow hath lost.

“ URSULA QUARLES.”

The Reflections, Soliloquies, and Prayers which are comprised in this second part, we have no doubt, are faithful representations of the author’s own emotions. It is said that his life was an unhappy one. If so, and if “ those paint sorrow best who feel it most,” it may well be supposed that his sorrows would find utterance in expressions like those which he uses to describe the miseries of “ The Persecuted Man ” : —

“ Are these the gains of godliness ? Are these the wages of a holy life ? Hath the ungrateful world no other thanks for him that honors his Creator, but scorn, contempt, and persecution ? While I prized the world, I wanted nothing that the world calls good ; neglected honor followed me ; unsought-for pleasure coveted me ; unpurchased fortunes fell upon me. I could not wish the happiness I had not ; I could want the happiness the earth had. . . . Thus, while I prized the world, the world prized me ; if I were sad, her mirthful smiles would cheer me ; if sick, her mournful sons would visit me ; if weary, her wanton lap would dandle me, — where, rocked into a slumber, I dreamed all this was but a dream, and, waking, found it so. Not willing to be fed with shadows, I changed my thoughts, and my affections altered ; and,

finding earth too strait for my desires, I cast mine eye to heaven, and, after many conflicts, even there I fixed! The jealous earth grew angry, frowned, and called me fool; withdrew her honors, withheld her pleasures, recalled her favors; and now I live despised, contemned, and poor. O sad condition of mankind! how plausible are his ways to death! how unpleasant are his paths to life! No sooner had I made a covenant with my God, but the world made a covenant against me, scandalled my name, slandered my actions, derided my simplicity, and despised my integrity. For my profession's sake I have been reproached, and the reproaches of the world have fallen upon me. If I chastened my soul with fasting, it styled me with the name of hypocrite; if I refrained from the vanity of the times, it derided me with the style of Puritan. I am become a stranger to my brethren and an alien to my mother's son. I go mourning all the day long, and my bosom friends are estranged from me; they afflict my body with open punishment, and make a pastime of my affliction. They that sit in the gate speak evil of me, and drunkards make their songs against me.

"But be not thou dismayed, my soul; hear what the Spirit saith: *Blessed are they that are persecuted for my name's sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*"

The following Prayer of the "Humble Man" is remarkable for the beauty and correctness of the language, and for the neat and elegant brevity in the construction of sentences. It is also an evidence of the all-absorbing sincerity and piety of the author.

"Eternal God, who scatterest the proud in the imagination of their hearts, and givest grace to the humble and contrite spirit, bow down thy gracious ear to my vile dust and ashes, whose misery thus casts itself before thy mercy. Lord, if thy mercy exceed not my misery, I could look for no compassion; and if thy grace transcended not my sin, I could expect nothing but confusion. O Thou that madest me of nothing, renew me, that have made myself far less than nothing; revive those sparkles in my soul which lust hath quenched; cleanse thine image in me which my sin hath blurred; enlighten my understanding with thy truth; rectify my judgment with thy word; direct my will with thy spirit; strengthen my memory to retain good things; order my affections that I may love thee above all things; increase my faith; encourage my hope; quicken my charity; sweeten my thoughts with thy grace; season my words with thy spirit; sanctify my actions with thy wisdom; subdue the insolence of my rebellious flesh; restrain the fury of my unbridled passions; reform the frailty of my corrupted

nature ; incline my heart to desire what is good, and bless my endeavors that I may be what I desire. Give me a true knowledge of myself, and make me sensible of mine own infirmities. Let not the sense of those mercies which I enjoy blot out of my remembrance those miseries which I deserve, — that I may be truly thankful for the one and humbly penitent for the other. In all my afflictions, keep me from despair ; in all my deliverances, preserve me from ingratitude ; that, being timely quickened with the sense of thy goodness, and truly humbled by the sight of mine own weakness, I may be here exalted by the virtue of thy grace, and hereafter advance to the kingdom of thy glory.”

The “*Enchiridion*” consists of select observations, moral and political, in five books. The first book is dedicated “To the glorious object of our expectations, Charles, Prince of Wales,” in sentiments of high-toned loyalty. “I have presumed,” says the author, “to consecrate these few lines to your illustrious name, as *rudiments* to ripen with your growing youth, if they but feel the sunshine of your gracious eye. Your highness is the expectation of the present age, and the point of future hopes ; and cursed be he that both with pen and prayers shall not be studious to advantage such a high-prized blessing. Long live our Prince ! and when your royal father shall convert his regal diadem into a crown of glory, inherit his *virtues* with his *throne*, and prove another *phœnix* to succeeding generations.” In an Address to the Reader, he says : “The subject of policy is civil government ; the subject of government is men ; the variableness of those men disabsolutes all rules and limits all examples : expect not, therefore, in these, or any of the like nature, such impregnable generals that no exception can shake.” And the soundness of this maxim and the propriety of its application he illustrates by affirming that “the discipline of the Church, established and confirmed by the infallible choice, is not tied to all times or to all places.” Of course, kings and hierarchs may give dispensations, as passions or whims may dictate.

The second book is dedicated to Elizabeth, the daughter of Archbishop Usher. The dedicatory letter is too elegantly affectionate to be omitted : —

“SWEET LADY : —

“I present your fair hands with this my *Enchiridion*, to begin a new

decade of our blest account. If it add nothing to your well-instructed knowledge, it may bring something to your well-disposed remembrance ; if either, *I* have my end and *you* my endeavor. The service which I owe and the affection which I bear your most incomparable parents challenge the utmost of my ability ; wherein if I could light you but the least step towards the happiness you aim at, how happy should I be ? Go forward in the way you have chosen ; wherein if my hand cannot lead you, my heart shall follow you ; and when the weakness of my power shows defect, then the vigor of my will shall make supply. Who am covetous of your happiness in both kingdoms and worlds,

“ FRA. QUARLES.”

The following paragraphs are sufficient to exhibit the style and manifest the piety of the “ Institutions, divine, practical, and contemplative ” : —

“ God is Alpha and Omega in the great world ; endeavor to make him so in the little world ; make him thy evening epilogue and thy morning prologue ; practise to make him thy last thought at night, when thou sleepest, and thy first thought in the morning, when thou awakest : so shall thy fancy be sanctified in the night, and thy understanding rectified in the day ; so shall thy rest be peaceful, thy labors prosperous, thy life pious, and thy death glorious.”

“ Think of God (especially in thy devotions) in the abstract rather than the concrete. If thou conceive him good, thy finite thoughts are ready to terminate that good in a conceived subject ; if thou think him great, thy bounded conceit is apt to cast him into a comprehensible figure : conceive him, therefore, a diffused goodness, without quality, and represent him an incomprehensible greatness without quantity.”

“ When thou doest evil that good may come thereby, the evil is surely thine. If good should happen to ensue upon the evil which thou hast done, the good proceeds from God ; if, therefore, thou do evil, thereby to occasionate a good, thou layest a bad foundation for a good building, and servest the Devil that God may serve thee : when the end of evil is good in the intention, then the end of good is evil in the extension.”

“ Anthology is the way to Theology : until thou seest thyself empty, thou wilt not desire to be filled. He can never truly relish the sweetness of God’s mercy, that never tasted the bitterness of his own misery.”

“ If any man’s affliction hath surprised thee, cast one eye on the hand that sent it, and the other upon the sin that brought it. If thou thankfully receive the message, he that sent it will discharge the messenger.”

The other three books are without any special dedication.

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Quarles's "Emblems" were published in 1634. In a dedication to his "much honored and no less truly beloved friend, Edward Benlowes, Esq.," he writes : —

"You have put the Theorbo into my hand, and I have played. You gave the musician the first encouragement; the music returneth to you for patronage. Had it been a light air, no doubt but it had taken the most, and among them the worst; but being a grave strain, my hopes are that it will please the best, and among them you. Toyish airs please trivial ears; they kiss the fancy and betray it. They cry, Hail, first; and after, Crucify. Sir, you have art and candor; let the one judge, let the other excuse

"Your most affectionate friend,

"FRA. QUARLES."

From this we may safely conclude, that the Emblems were composed after (and in consequence of) a suggestion from his friend Benlowes, although it has been said that Quarles took the first hint from a book of Emblems, by Herman Hugo, published at Antwerp in 1633; and that the greater number of the *cuts* were exactly copied from Hugo. These cuts add nothing to the value of the poetry, and possess no merit whatever. They may amuse children, but, considered as illustrations of sentiment or doctrine, they are contemptible and ridiculous. It is not improbable that Quarles was conscious of this want of correspondence between the pictorial embellishments and the subjects before which they were placed, or perhaps, some critic had reminded him of their defectiveness; for, in a note to the reader, he says : —

"An emblem is but a silent parable. Let not the tender eye check, to see the allusion to our blessed Saviour figured in these types. In Holy Scripture he is sometimes called a Sower; sometimes a Fisher; sometimes a Physician. And why not presented so, as well to the eye as to the ear? Before the knowledge of letters, God was known by hieroglyphics. And, indeed, what are the heavens, the earth, nay, every creature, but hieroglyphics and emblems of his glory?"

The approbation of the Licenser was given in verse, as follows : —

"By fathers backed, by holy writ led on,
Thou show'st the way to Heaven by Helicon :

The Muses' font is consecrate by thee,
 And Poesy baptized Divinity.
 Blest soul, that here embark'st, thou sail'st apace,
 'Tis hard to say, moved more by wit or grace,
 Each Muse so plies her oar : but O the sail
 Is filled from Heaven with a diviner gale :
 When poets prove divines, why should not I
 Approve in verse this divine poetry ?

Let this suffice to license thee the press :
 I must no more ; nor could the truth say less.

" Sic approbavit

Ric. Love, *Procan. Cant.*"

The vanity of the world was a subject on which Quarles wrote with all the exuberance and force of his genius. One of the best of his graphic illustrations represents Christ holding a balance ; in one scale a child has blown a bubble, which Cupid is endeavoring to outweigh with a globe in the other. The motto, " To be tried in the balance, it is altogether lighter than vanity," is thus amplified : —

" Put in another weight ; 'tis yet too light :
 And yet, fond Cupid, put another in ;
 And yet another ; still there 's under weight :
 Put in another hundred ; put again ;
 Add world to world ; then heap a thousand more
 To that ; then, to renew thy store,
 Take up more worlds on trust, to draw thy balance lower.

" Put in the flesh, with all her loads of pleasure ;
 Put in great Mammon's inventory ;
 Put in the ponderous acts of mighty Cæsar ;
 Put in the greater weight of Sweden's glory ;
 Add Scipio's gauntlet ; put in Plato's gown ;
 Put Circe's charms ; put in the triple crown.
 Thy balance will not draw ; thy balance will not down.

" Lord ! what a world is this, which, day and night,
 Men seek with so much toil, with so much trouble !
 Which, weighed in equal scales, is found so light,
 So poorly overbalanced with a bubble !
 Good God ! that frantic mortals should destroy
 Their higher hopes, and place their idle joy
 Upon such airy trash, upon so light a toy !

"O what a crocodilian world is this,
 Composed of treacheries and ensnaring wiles!
 She clothes destruction in a formal kiss,
 And lodges death in her deceitful smiles;
 She hugs the soul she hates; and there does prove
 The veriest tyrant, where she vows to love;
 And is a serpent most, when most she seems a dove.

"Thrice happy he, whose nobler thoughts despise
 To make an object of so easy gains;
 Thrice happy he, who scorns so poor a prize
 Should be the crown of his heroic pains.
 Thrice happy he, who ne'er was born to try
 Her frowns or smiles; or, being born, did lie
 In his sad nurse's arms an hour or two, and die."

Another emblem is the picture of a child knocking on a globe and placing his ear upon it, listening for the sound. Upon the motto, "She is empty and void and waste," the poet has constructed a most beautiful commentary, — beautiful in thought, beautiful to the ear, by the reiteration of the leading sentiment: —

"She's empty: hark, she sounds: there's nothing there
 But noise to fill thy ear;
 The vain inquiry can at length but find
 A blast of murmuring wind:
 It is a cask, that seems as full as fair,
 But merely tunned with air:
 Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds:
 The soul that vainly founds
 Her joys upon this world, but feeds on empty sounds.

"She's empty: hark, she sounds: there's nothing in 't;
 The spark-engendering flint
 Shall sooner melt, and hardest raunce shall first
 Dissolve, and quench thy thirst,
 Ere this false world shall still thy stormy breast
 With smooth-faced calms of rest.
 Thou mayst as well expect meridian light
 From shades of black-mouthed night,
 As in this empty world to find a full delight.

"She's empty: hark, she sounds: 't is void and vast;
 What if some flattering blast
 Of flatuous honor should perchance be there,
 And whisper in thine ear!

It is but wind, and blows but where it list,
 And vanisheth like mist.
 Poor honor earth can give ! What generous mind
 Would be so base to bind
 Her heaven-bred soul a slave to serve a blast of wind ?

“ She ’s empty : hark, she sounds : ’t is but a ball
 For fools to play withal :
 The painted film but of a stronger bubble,
 That ’s lined with silken trouble :
 It is a world, whose work and recreation
 Is vanity and vexation ;
 A hag, repaired with vice-complexioned paint,
 A quest-house of complaint ;
 It is a saint, a fiend ; worse fiend when most a saint.

“ She ’s empty : hark, she sounds : ’t is vain and void ;
 What ’s here to be enjoyed
 But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,
 Drawn now, and crossed to-morrow !
 Or what are men, but puffs of dying breath,
 Revived with living death ?
 Fond lad, O build thy hopes on surer grounds
 Than what dull flesh propounds ;
 Trust not this hollow world : she ’s empty : hark, she sounds.”

Each of these little poems is followed by quotations, corresponding in sentiment, chiefly from ancient authors, and by an epigram of four lines, by Quarles himself. That which follows the piece last quoted has been imitated, with a meaning very different from that of the pious author. We give the original : —

“ This house is to be let for life or years ;
 Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears :
 Cupid, ’t has long stood void ; her bills make known,
 She must be dearly let, or let alone.”

The difficulty of overcoming the natural inclination to possess and enjoy the profits, pleasures, and honors of the world is emphatically *emblemized* in the following verses : —

“ If time-beguiling Pleasure but advance
 Her lustful trump, and blow her bold alarms,
 O how my sportful soul can frisk and dance,
 And hug that siren in her twined arms !
 The sprightly voice of sinew-strengthening pleasure
 Can lend my bed-rid soul both legs and leisure.

" But when I come to thee, my God, that art
 The royal mine of everlasting treasure,
 The real honor of my better part,
 And living fountain of eternal pleasure,
 How nerveless are my limbs ! how faint and slow !
 I have no wings to fly, nor legs to go.

" So when the streams of swift-foot Rhine convey
 Her upland riches to the Belgic shore,
 The idle vessel slides the watery way,
 Without the blast or tug of wind or oar :
 Her slippery keel divides the silver foam
 With ease ; so facile is the way from home !

" But when the home-bound vessel turns her sails
 Against the breast of the resisting stream,
 O then she slugs ; nor sail nor oar prevails ;
 The stream is sturdy, and her tide 's extreme :
 Each stroke is loss, and every tug is vain ;
 A boat-length's purchase is a league of pain.

" Great ALL IN ALL, that art my rest, my home,
 My way is tedious, and my steps are slow ;
 Reach forth thy helpful hand, or bid me come ;
 I am thy child, O teach thy child to go !
 Conjoin thy sweet commands to my desire,
 And I will venture, though I fall or tire."

The text, " Let not the water-flood overflow me, neither let the deep swallow me up," suggests to the poet a series of comparisons, which he has so arranged and aggregated as to form an apt and beautiful allegory, equal, if not superior, to any composition of that character that can be found in the writings of any other poet. We know not which most to admire, its poetry, piety, or pathos :—

" The world 's a sea ; my flesh a ship, that 's manned
 With laboring thoughts, and steered by reason's hand :
 My heart 's the seaman's card, whereby she sails ;
 My loose affections are the greater sails ;
 The top-sail is my fancy ; and the gusts,
 That fill these wanton sheets, are worldly lusts.
 Prayer is the cable, at whose end appears
 The anchor Hope, ne'er slipped but in our fears :
 My will 's the inconstant pilot, that commands
 The staggering keel ; my sins are like the sands :
 Repentance is the bucket, and mine eye
 The pump unused (but in extremes) and dry :

My conscience is the plummet, that does press
 The deeps, but seldom cries, O fathomless !
 Smooth calm 's security ; the gulf, despair ;
 My freight 's corruption, and this life 's my fare :
 My soul 's the passenger, confusedly driven
 From fear to fright ; her landing port is Heaven.
 My seas are stormy, and my ship doth leak ;
 My sailors rude ; my steersman faint and weak :
 My canvas torn, it flaps from side to side :
 My cable 's cracked, my anchor 's slightly tied,
 My pilot 's crazed ; my shipwreck sands are cloaked ;
 My bucket 's broken, and my pump is choked ;
 My calm 's deceitful ; and my gulf too near ;
 My wares are slubbered, and my fare 's too dear :
 My plummet 's light, it cannot sink nor sound ;
 O, shall my rock-bethreatened soul be drowned ?
 Lord, still the seas, and shield my ship from harm ;
 Instruct my sailors, guide my steersman's arm :
 Touch thou my compass, and renew my sails,
 Send stiffer courage, or send milder gales ;
 Make strong my cable, bind my anchor faster ;
 Direct my pilot, and be thou his master ;
 Object the sands to my most serious view,
 Make sound my bucket, bore my pump anew ;
 New cast my plummet, make it apt to try
 Where the rocks lurk, and where the quicksands lie ;
 Guard thou the gulf with love, my calms with care ;
 Cleanse thou my freight ; accept my slender fare ;
 Refresh the sea-sick passenger ; cut short
 His voyage ; land him in his wished-for port :
 Thou, Thou, whom winds and stormy seas obey,
 That through the deep gav'st grumbling Israel way,
 Say to my soul, Be safe ; and then mine eye
 Shall scorn grim death, although grim death stand by.
 O Thou, whose strength-reviving arm did cherish
 Thy sinking Peter, at the point to perish,
 Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the wave ;
 I 'll come, I 'll come : the voice that calls will save."

There is frequently a peculiar fitness in the epithet by which
 Quarles addresses the Deity, corresponding to the office as-
 cribed to him ; as thus he concludes his emblem, " Thou
 hast made me as the clay " : —

" Eternal POTTER ! whose blest hands did lay
 My coarse foundation from a sod of clay,
 Thou know'st my slender vessel 's apt to leak ;
 Thou know'st my brittle temper 's prone to break ;

Are my bones brazil, or my flesh of oak !
 O mend what thou hast made, what I have broke !
 Look, look with gentle eyes, and in thy day
 Of vengeance, Lord, remember I am clay."

Besides the three works from which the preceding extracts have been taken, Quarles published at various times, "The Feast of Worms, or History of Jonah," supposed to be the earliest effusion of his pen, and which he called his Morning Muse; — "The Quintessence of Meditation"; — "The History of Queen Esther"; — a "Paraphrase upon Job, interspersed with Original Meditations"; — "Sion's Elegies, a Paraphrase upon the Songs of Mourning wept by Jeremie the Prophet"; — the "History of Samson"; — and an Elegy on his friend Wilson. By the plague in 1635 he lost a most esteemed friend, Dr. Ailmer, Archdeacon of London, whose memory he honored with a collection of elegies, — "precious tributes of sincere affection," — which he quaintly called an "Alphabet of Elegies," — they being composed in such a manner that each begins with the letter of the alphabet in succession as far as Y. Here is one of them : —

"Had virtue, learning, the diviner arts,
 Wit, judgment, wisdom, (or what other parts
 That make perfection, and return the mind
 As great as earth can suffer,) been confined
 To earth, — had they the patent to abide
 Secure from change, — our Ailmer ne'er had died.
 Fond Earth, forbear, and let thy childish eyes
 Ne'er weep for him thou ne'er knew'st how to prize;
 Shed not a tear, blind Earth, for it appears
 Thou never lovedst our Ailmer, by thy tears;
 Or, if thy floods must needs o'erflow the brim,
 Lament, lament thy blindness, and not him."

These lines are from another : —

"In life he taught to die; and he did give,
 In death, a great example how to live," —

which will remind many readers of a well-known couplet in Tickell's Monody on the Death of Addison : —

"He taught us how to live; and (O too high
 A price for knowledge !) taught us how to die."

He also published "Hieroglyphics," poems much resembling the Emblems. In an Epistle to the Reader, he calls them "an Egyptian dish, drest in the English fashion. The Egyptians, at their feasts, used to present a death's-head at the second course; this will serve for both." The following is affixed to a picture of the winds blowing the flame of a taper, with this motto,—*"The wind passeth over it, and it is gone"*:—

"No sooner is this lighted taper set
Upon the transitory stage
Of eye-bedarkening night,
But it is straight subjected to the threat
Of envious winds, whose wasteful range
Disturbs her peaceful light,
And makes her substance waste, and makes her flame less bright.

"No sooner are we born, no sooner come
To take possession of this vast,
This soul-afflicting earth,
But danger meets us at the very womb;
And sorrow, with her full-mouthed blast,
Salutes our painful birth,
To put out all our joys, and puff out all our mirth.

"Tost to and fro, our frightened thoughts are driven
With every puff, with every tide
Of life-consuming care;
Our peaceful flame, that would point up to heaven,
Is still disturbed and turned aside;
And every blast of air
Commits such waste in man, as man cannot repair."

Beautifully and tenderly wrought out is the comparison of the long-suffering of God to the affectionate care of a nurse, in these lines, from one of the Meditations:—

"Even as a nurse, whose child's imperfect pace
Can hardly lead his foot from place to place,
Leaves her fond kissing, sets him down to go,
Nor does uphold him for a step or two,
But when she finds that he begins to fall,
She holds him up, and kisses him withal;—
So God from man sometimes withdraws his hand
Awhile, to teach his infant faith to stand;
But when he sees his feeble strength begin
To fail, he gently takes him up again."

The following Prayer for Divine Inspiration is from "Sion's Elegies":—

"Thou Alpha and Omega, before whom
Things past and present, and things yet to come,
Are all alike! O prosper my designs:
And let thy Spirit enrich my feeble lines.
Revive my passion; let mine eye behold
Those sorrows present which were wept of old;
Strike my sad soul, and give my pen the art
To move, and me an understanding heart.
O let the accent of each word make known
I mix the tears of Sion with my own."

The "Virgin Widow," a dramatic poem, the "Shepherd's Oracle," and a "Paraphrase on Ecclesiastes," were published after the death of Quarles. We know not when the following first appeared. It is among the specimens of his poetry in Mr. Wolfe's preface to "Judgment and Mercy":—

"MORS TUA.

"Can he be fair that withers at a blast?
Or he be strong, that airy breath can cast?
Can he be wise, that knows not how to live?
Or he be rich, that nothing hath to give?
Can he be young, that's feeble, weak, and wan?
So fair, strong, wise, so rich, so young is man.
So fair is man, that death (a floating blast)
Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth at last;
So strong is man, that, with a gasping breath,
He totters, and bequeaths his strength to death;
So wise is man, that, if with death he strive,
His wisdom cannot teach him how to live;
So rich is man, that (all his debts being paid)
His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid;
So young is man, that, broke with care and sorrow,
He's old enough to-day to die to-morrow:
Why bragg'st thou then, thou worm of five feet long?
Thou'rt neither fair, nor strong, nor wise, nor rich, nor young."

But this agreeable discussion must be closed. The extracts we have presented are sufficient to develop the character of Quarles as a "sacred poet," and the facts (few and barren as they are), we trust, will justify our conclusion that his life was inoffensive, and that he was a man "more sinned against than sinning." We have no disposition to magnify the merit of his

writings beyond what honesty and truth will approve. It must be admitted, that he often disregards the requirements of good taste, and violates our notions of refinement. He was not "the faultless monster which the world ne'er saw"; but his faults were the faults of nearly all the writers of his age, and the crime of their commission may be visited with equal severity on most (if not all) of his contemporaries. If the specimens of his piety and poetry given in the preceding pages should impart to our readers a pleasure like that we have enjoyed in transcribing them, our labor will not have been in vain.

ART. III. — IMAGINATION IN THEOLOGY.

1. *Ueber das Wesen des Christenthums in Beziehung auf den Einzigen und sein Eigenthum.* Von LUDWIG FEUERBACH. Ludwig Feuerbach's Sämmtliche Werke. Leipzig. 1846.
2. *Historical and Artistic Illustrations of the Trinity, showing the Rise, Progress, and Decline of the Doctrine. With Elucidating Engravings.* By the REV. J. R. BEARD, D. D. London. 1846.
3. *Lehrbuch der Dogmengeschichte.* Von DR. K. R. HAGENBACH, Prof. der Theol. in Basel. Dritte Verbesserte Auflage. Leipzig. 1853.

O. B. Frothingham

WE have long been persuaded that he would do the greatest service to Christian theology who should aid us in separating that portion of it which owes its existence to the play of the human imagination, from that portion which has been created out of the facts of the Christian consciousness by the severe labor of consecrated thought. We are prepared to see the line boldly drawn between mythology and truth. We are even anxious to distinguish the bare and rugged peaks of the Rock of ages from the pinnacles of cloud, however sunlit and beautiful, whose piled-up majesty impresses us, — whose soft loveliness delights us more. The age is asking for verities in the place of visions, and, among the painted illusions of the past, is feeling round after solid thoughts. "Disenchant me," it cries, "that I may see fairly where I am, and be sure of my

footing, and estimate honestly the sum of my knowledge." We find no difficulty in believing that even Ludwig Feuerbach's cruel and demolishing book, entitled "The Essence of Christianity," a book which has been well described as containing the essence of nothing, least of all of religion, may afford satisfaction and a stern sort of comfort to multitudes of readers, who, having long suspected the genuineness of the diamonds set in the Urim and Thummim of the Church, take a grim pleasure in seeing them reduced to charcoal, which is, at all events, useful for heating their irons and warming their hands, though it will not put them in possession of Aladdin's palace. Illusions are charming; but let them confine themselves to their natural duty of beautifying stern realities. We would not be robbed of our poems, but we choose that our books of history and science and political economy should be written in prose.

To distinguish between the artistic work of the imagination and the solid foundations of reason in theology, is to distinguish between the transient and the permanent theism; — between pictures painted in fresco upon crumbling mortar, and the stone walls which support the mansion of faith. But how shall we distinguish between imagination and reason? The task viewed in its whole compass is difficult and delicate. A few words of definition, however, will be enough for our immediate purpose. Reason investigates, discovers, combines, arranges, knits cause and effect together, and constructs complete systems from separate phenomena. Imagination takes the scheme thus furnished, softens its rough outlines, beautifies its details, adds to it the embellishments of fancy and the decorations of art, and presents the whole in a dress of loveliness to the admiring eyes of those who know nothing of the substance of its composition or the skill of its design. Reason declares to us what is true, according to the iron laws of thought; imagination adorns what is true, and wreathes the laws of thought with flowers. Reason addresses reason in calm prose, fitted to the needs of the understanding. Imagination addresses sense and feeling, the sentiment of wonder, reverence, mystery, the desire for grand and beautiful forms. It crystallizes creeds into symbols, transforms ideas into emblems,

sets forth principles in parables, experience in allegory, memories in the shape of myths, and delights in publishing from time to time new illustrated and illuminated editions of very old matter-of-fact and sober beliefs. In one word, its function is to tint, dramatize, and versify, for the purpose of conveying instruction indirectly to the sensuous understanding. So much for the theory. But the difficulty lies in making application of the theory to the perplexing matters of our present discussion. Feuerbach, in the book above mentioned, appears to ascribe the entire body of Christian belief to the action of the imagination. His notion is, that all the great ideas of religion are but fancy sketches, done in water-colors upon such perishable paper as Mr. Ruskin complains of, — sketches of the air-castles which men build out of their dreams. He pronounces the mystical word “anthropomorphism,” and expects to see the adamantine pillars of human faith melt away in vapor, the ancient heavens shrivel like a scroll, and the living God of our adoration disappear from his world. His assertion that “the fundamental dogmas of Christendom are the satisfied longings of the heart,” makes all beliefs the children of fancy, and denies the right of reason to claim any of them as its own. Now that some of the prominent doctrines of so-called Christianity are the children of fancy, we admit, and mean to maintain. And we are ready to lend a willing and approving ear to any one who will show us the little grain of truth from which certain magnificent fictions have sprung. But all ground beliefs we hold to be in their simple form real and rational. Feuerbach sometimes elicits applause, often wins assent, frequently provokes a smile, but rarely rouses opposition, by his attempts to reduce the cloud pictures of Catholic theology to their original pigment and canvas. We make no very earnest protest, though we may shake our heads with some little distrust, when he announces, as the simple sense at the bottom of the great doctrine of Incarnation, the belief that the heart of man is divine, that love, the heart’s core, is the highest we conceive; — when he would have us see in the mystery of the suffering God a figurative and enigmatical statement of the familiar truth that compassion is heavenly, that to suffer for others is godlike; — when he

tells us that the trinity father, mother, and son is only a bold dramatic representation of the heart's desire for companionship, of the conviction that the social affections are divine, that social life, family life, is the necessary, true, satisfactory, and celestial life; — when he finds in the dogma of the "Mother of God" a beautiful, touching, but very highly wrought fiction, based on the reverence the good heart feels for the divine in woman; — or when he whispers to us, as the secret of the Logos doctrine, the doctrine of the Creative Word, the labored truism that human speech is transcendent in power and worth. The Word of God, the Son, a symbol of the divineness of language! That certainly is going very far to seek the key of a mystery, and is laying upon the imagination something more than its share of work. But we can endure all this with only an occasional expression of discontent, because the doctrines which he thus treats as symbols *are* symbols, though his interpretation of them may be more subtle than sound. But when he comes to doctrines really fundamental, and resolves them also into symbolical forms of thought; when he declares that God is only a reflected image of man beheld in the sea of eternity, man's outspoken self-hood, man's intelligence personified, man's reason made objective to itself, — "the commonplace-book of man's highest thoughts and experiences, the album in which the dearest and most sacred names are written"; when he contends that the consciousness of God is the mind's consciousness of its own perfections, and the knowledge of God is the mind's knowledge of its own capacity, — that in meditating on God as the first cause from which all things flow, we in fact only meditate on our own thoughts, as the ground and law of the world, the human intelligence being the sole *ens realissimum*, — we join serious issue with him at once, and charge him with confounding the function of reason with that of the imagination. For though it is perfectly true that man must measure God by the capacity of his own intelligence, and ascribe to him attributes which are but his own attributes carried to infinity, does it follow that God has no real existence apart from the mind of man? Because every object that we see is modified in every way by the peculiarities of our organs of sight, is it a fair conclusion

that the external world is a world of mere phenomena, having no substantial being outside of the human senses, no *being* in fact at all, but only an illusive show of being as the creation of our fancy? Feuerbach's principle would seem to lead to the purest idealism, to the denial of all objective existence. For the reality of nature and of natural objects — of sun, moon, stars, of rocks, trees, houses, men — is only a quick and inevitable inference from sensations of which we are conscious. From these sensations, which we call color, shape, size, hardness, smoothness, or whatever else it may be, we jump intuitively at the judgment that solid things, of various gravity and form, confront us. And this judgment no reasoning can shake. "If Bishop Berkeley says there is no matter, it is no matter what Bishop Berkeley says." But to these facts of consciousness, which constrain us to believe in the actual existence of an eternal world, there are corresponding facts of consciousness, which constrain us, by an equal necessity, to believe in a spiritual world, and a real God. Notions of the Absolute, the Infinite, the Eternal, — ideas of will, power, and cause, — sentiments of veneration, devoutness, gratitude, — suggest immediately the existence of a being to whom, as an object, they point. It is not imagination that conjures up the phantom of Living Deity. It is Kant's "intuitive reason," it is Reid's "common sense," that presents him to us, and puts us face to face with him. Of course each man's deity is the reflection of himself upon the face of the skies, and anthropomorphism is unavoidable; so is every man's *world* a reflection of himself, and errors of perception are unavoidable. But to each person the world, though wearing an aspect unlike that which it wears to other men, is *real*; and God is real, though peculiarly outlined to every soul. We contend, then, that the belief in a personal God comes to us honestly through the reason. And, as if to convince us that fancy has nothing to do with the matter at this stage, reason, having given us the belief, labors with all its industry to destroy its human shape. It denies to him limitations, form, individuality; it describes him as transcending space and time, as dwelling in the eternal Now, and the infinite Here; it refuses to think of him as inventing, planning, designing, reasoning, thinking, according

to the imperfect modes in which the human intelligence acts ; it insists that he is everything that man is *not*, — that he is the negation of the human, — that he is pure being, pure wisdom, will, love, spirit, — that he is infinitely more rare and perfect than the most rare and perfect that man can conceive of ; it declares, to use the language of Hooker, that “our soundest knowledge is to know that we know him not as indeed he is, neither can know him, and that our safest eloquence concerning him is our silence, whereby we confess without confession that his glory is inexplicable, his greatness beyond our capacity and reach.” Thus, and thus sublimely, speaks reason concerning deity. But with this conception so subtle, ethereal, attenuated, imagination is not content. It must have an image. It must have a God with a body and bodily organs, with hands and feet, with brain and eye. And very speedily it invents one. The formless spirit is invested with material attributes. In India he is the frightful Siva, with his girdle of snakes, and his necklace of bones, spouting forked flames from his hideous mouth, and brandishing murderous weapons in his multitudinous cruel hands. He is Brahma, sitting upon a swan, a long beard pendent from each of his four chins, tracing the divine word upon a palm-leaf, holding in one of his four hands a vase, and bearing upon his lotus-crowned heads a shell from which issues a jet of flame. He is Vishnu couched upon a bed of lotus, carried in the folds of the great serpent Ananta, whose seven heads, forming a sort of canopy, rear themselves above the meditating God. The lotus that grows from his bosom, richly decorated with a collar of stars and a crown of precious stones, bears the four-headed Brahma in its calix. Lakchmi, sitting at the feet of her divine husband, is sunk in thought. In Persia the imagination transforms the Absolute Deity into Mithras, and paints him as a youth in Phrygian bonnet, flowing garment, and loose trousers, seated upon a prostrate bull, into whose side he plunges a sword. The monuments of Egypt exhibit to us the monster shapes of Isis and Osiris, of Ptha and Neith, in every form of grotesque representation. Hideous images of Baal and Moloch, grim with every symbol of horror, tell how imagination worked in Palestine among the Phœnicians and Canaanites. The more

chastened imagination of Greece and ancient Italy covered entablatures, filled temples, porticos, baths, and all public places — yes, peopled the woods, the hills, the streams, all the spacious domains of nature — with the repulsive or the beautiful forms of deity, changing the Infinite into human shape, ascribing to it human attributes, and giving to each of those an individuality and substance which the sensuous eye of the mind could gaze on and take in at a glance. The Hebrew writings are vast chambers of imagery, sometimes coarse, sensual, and disagreeable, sometimes surpassingly majestic and noble. Their pictures of Jehovah in his pavilion of clouds, — riding on the wings of the wind, — seated upon the firmament surrounded with the angelic host, and sending forth the blasts as his messengers and the lightnings as his servants, — walking over the hills wrapped in the awful mantle of the tempest, and making the mountains tremble beneath the weight of his footsteps, — withering nations by the drawing in of his breath, and by the outflow of his spirit causing animated beings to spring up from the dust, — are more magnificent than have elsewhere been conceived, and exalt anthropomorphism not only into the grandest proportions, but into a dignity which reason itself bows to in respect. But even such forms as these, if allowed to stand undisturbed in the intellectual halls of the race, dishonor or conceal the being they were meant to represent, and glorify and increase the huge collection of idols which the imagination has carved and set up to the misleading of man's aspirations.

The influence of imagination in theology is well illustrated by the doctrine of the Devil. The existence of a personal, that is, of an active, intelligent spirit of evil, is a necessary inference from the belief that evil is a positive entity in the world. The Devil represents the ungracious powers of nature, the adverse influences that rule in mortal existence, the gloomy aspects of human experience. He is the reflection of man's sombre thoughts and shadowy apprehensions, of his uneasy conscience and his dismal forebodings of doom. As a God stands over against us the embodied fulness of all our ideas of good, so Satan stands over against us the embodied fulness of all our ideas of evil. To the people who regard evil as a

substantial principle and an energetic power in the universe, Satan is undoubtedly a being real as God,—an all but absolute, infinite, omniscient, and omnipotent being, the object of an awful worship, the malignant half of God; for man projects his whole nature upon the concave mirror of the skies, which magnifies the entire surface of his clouded and disfigured being. Diabolic men believe only in the Devil. Spiritual men believe only in a God. There is, however, this great difference in the two beliefs. As the human mind, becoming enlarged and enlightened, obtains a broader view of Providence, and gets a deeper insight into the constitution of things, especially as its conceptions of goodness become expanded and pure, the element of malignity loses its imposing bulk, resolves itself into thin vapor, and finally remains the unsubstantial shadow which the angel of benignity casts upon the earth's floor. Thus, while the being of God is continually rising as a living truth, and gaining an increasing clearness, splendor, and supremacy in the human mind, the being of Satan has been steadily vanishing away. To multitudes he is purely a creature of the imagination, and but for the pictorial genius of the imagination would have ceased, even as a mythic ghost, to haunt the purlieus of human fancy. But that dusky shape is not so easily conjured away. The principle may have dissolved in the embrace of reason, but that terrible form of Lucifer blighting creation with the shadow of his deadly wings,—that form which Persia outlined and colored, as Ahriman, with the swarthy tints of hell, and which every heathen nation exaggerated by the addition of some new horror,—that form which Dante has moulded in palpable flesh, and which Milton has sketched with such amazing breadth of proportion and vividness of character,—that form, horned, hoofed, fanged, dragon-tailed, and viper-tongued, compounded of beast, man, and angel, earth-spirit, air-spirit, evil genius, Mephistopheles,—will not soon be expelled from the domain of the vulgar credence; and long after the geologist shall have hunted him through all the epochs of the globe, and extirpated his last remnant of progeny from the ruins of the primeval earth,—long after the astronomer shall have purged of his baleful presence the abysses of the air, and snatched from his hand the meteor

and the comet, — long after the chemist shall have forced him to retreat before his sharp analysis from the subtile elements which compose the substance of all visible things, — long after the philosopher shall have reclaimed the waste places of doubt and error where he had prowled for centuries, devouring the honest seeker after truth, — long after the theologian shall have appropriated and rebaptized as “God’s acre” the burial-grounds among whose tombs he wandered and raved, — will men start and tremble as that phantom of the popular mythology looms up in the midnight of their loneliness, their sorrow, their scepticism, or their sin.

We are dwelling too long upon the general topic; but we must find room for one illustration more, before proceeding directly to the influence which the imagination has exerted upon the theological beliefs of Christendom. The immortality of the soul appears to be one of the everlasting truths which come to us intuitively, in accordance with those fixed laws of reason which we act upon, but do not stop to verify. We have no fear of being misapprehended, when we say that the belief in the immortal life is the projection into the future of our natural affections and our strongest hopes. It is the anticipated fulfilment in a celestial sphere of our heart’s prophecy. It is the spiritual life conditioned in space and time. “Faith in the after-existence,” to use again the language of Feuerbach, “is faith in the present existence made *true*.” “The Hereafter is the lost and recovered Now.” And for this very reason, because the belief answers to a profound need of our spirits, we hold it to be an authorized and indestructible belief, and not a pleasing fiction of the fancy. The very grounds upon which some in our day are led to suspect it as a fond illusion created by man’s selfish wishes, are the grounds upon which we build our confidence in it as the coming Actual of our Possible. But reason is satisfied when it has affirmed that there is another state of being. A detailed account of that state it does not profess to give. It declares that the principles of the moral law will be justified and enacted there, — that the good will be happy, that the bad will be unhappy, — and there its revelation ceases. A very attenuated and unimpressive revelation, truly, says the carnal mind. What! a

life without flesh and blood, without pleasant sights and sounds, and good things in plenty to eat and drink! A country without a landscape, no hills, no rivers, no sylvan shades, — a city without houses and streets, — an unfurnished house, — a society of ghosts! Happiness for the good, without cakes and ale, fine clothes, soft couches, music, love, and flowers! Misery for the bad, and no physical torments to beget misery, — no fire and fagots, no dungeons and chains, no boiling lakes or frozen pools, no dun, sulphureous devils with pitchforks and gridirons! A hell without an Inferno, — a heaven without a Paradiso! Nothing could be more absurd. And so the imagination of man went at once to work, laying out its Elysian Fields and excavating its Sheol, — digging dungeons under ground, and building palaces among the clouds, — inventing new patterns of harps, bracelets, and coronets for the virtuous, and devising the ingenious instruments of torture for the wicked, — turning the subterranean fires to the best account, and making such use as it could of the blunders of uninstructed science. The result we know. The future life has certainly been made sufficiently "objective" for the most practical purposes. A large variety of celestial habitations is offered for our inspection. Between the rather uncomfortable prospect of perpetual travelling, with the additional inconvenience of bad inns and poor company, held out by the ancient doctrine of transmigration, and the dismally prosaic existence which Swedenborg's leaden fancy describes, here is room enough for the most liberal exercise of taste. Happily, reason spares us the task of making our selection, and saves us from the sin of wishing that there might be no immortality of any kind, by blowing these air-castles all away, and leaving the hereafter shrouded in a starlit darkness more salutary and impressive than any glare of day.

If reason would but exert itself as vigorously as it might, to break this nightmare of the distempered fancy! If it would only dispel the illusion before it had succeeded in establishing itself as a reality in our minds! But, as was before remarked, the gay vestment of fancy covers so as to conceal the simple truth of fact, and is hung up for veneration as a sacred relic possessing miraculous virtue, when the verity it was manufactured to clothe has disappeared from human recollection. The

metaphor first illustrates the thought, then stands in its place, then outlives it. The theologies of the world are mainly myths and symbols, whose meaning is often beyond the reach of the deepest learning. What labor has been expended upon the all but desperate task of bringing to light the original meaning first revealed, then buried, in ancient mythologies and mysteries! What lives of thought have been consumed in the endeavor to recast the wild allegories, the elaborate fables, the gorgeous poems, of the old-world religions into intelligible forms of faith! Must the student of some distant age, as he attempts to discover what may have been the original ground-beliefs of Christianity, find himself engaged in a search equally hard and thankless?

We shall avoid this misfortune, and shall do adequate justice to the doctrines of the early Christian period, only by contemplating them as works of art. Jesus himself dressed his deepest thoughts in the robes of a highly imaginative diction, and would have been honored of all men as the loftiest of poets, had he not been worshipped as the holiest of Gods. We follow the teachings in the first three Gospels through halls and chambers crowded with the loveliest imagery, parable following parable with a fertility of invention, an affluence of graceful forms, a richness and delicacy of coloring, a wealth and variety of scenic effect, to which the modern Pre-Raphaelites, with all their pious feeling, fail to render justice. His similitudes were mostly fresh creations, which took the shape of natural objects and borrowed their tints from the glowing world around him. Only in one conspicuous instance does he seem to have taken scenery that was already furnished by the poets of his nation, and then the use he made of it was so original, the additions were so striking, the combinations so grand, that we are almost justified in ascribing to him its creation. Those gorgeous descriptions of the end of the world, when the Son of Man should come in his glory and all the holy angels with him, and should assemble all nations for judgment, are the bodying forth in bold poetic imagery of that which could not adequately be conveyed in prosaic speech,—some idea of the triumphant energy with which his spiritual truths were to work upon the social condition of mankind.

Christ taught the doctrine of the approaching end of the world. He did so, in *form*. But what did he teach in *substance*? Nothing more than that the old order of things was to be succeeded by a new order? Nothing more than that the ancient empires were to vanish, and give place to a new Jewish theocracy of somewhat ethereal or ghostly stamp, — that, instead of the coarse material world, men should behold a world of finer and more attenuated substance? That indeed were a small matter. No, he taught that the kingdom of heaven was a heavenly kingdom, — the reign of righteousness, truth, and love over all unrighteousness, falsity, and hate, — the supremacy of the spiritual over the material forces in man and in the world; and so intense was his faith in the speedy advent of this divine rule, that he saw it at once as a fact in history, — saw in imagination the visible earth fleeing away before the radiant faces of the angels, the walls of empires falling at the blast of celestial trumpets, and the consummation of all things crowded into a brief mortal life. History demolished that “baseless fabric of a vision,” which the literal interpretation of this language had raised in the minds of believers. But history never falsified, but has only proceeded to confirm, the *truth* which dramatized itself with such splendid effect before the eyes of a generation.

Paul, too, had ideas which could find no adequate expression in common prose, but failed to mould them into shapes of poetic beauty. One cannot read the genuine Epistles without seeing how inadequate his logical processes were to arrange his thoughts harmoniously and perspicuously in systematic order, and how imperfectly his imagination was able to furnish them with suitable expression, in parable, symbol, or mythus. He wished to say that Christianity was a new law of spiritual life, freely sent to operate in all men, on condition of their faithful obedience to its moral requirements. And in commending this idea to the Jews, his reasoning was a swift succession of allegories, run together as fast as his heated fancy could devise them. The Old Testament became in his hands a book of emblems. Adam was lifted up into a providential position, as the representative and parent of the carnal element in humanity, in opposition to Christ, who was imaged forth

as the heavenly man; old Abraham was dragged out of the meagre chronicle, and set up as a grand figure in a mystical tableau personifying the principle of faith; Hagar and Sarah cease to be mere historical personages, and assume new significance as types of the two imaginary covenants; Isaac and Rebecca, Jacob and Esau, all play a part in the Apostle's theological representation; the cloud and the sea, the lurid Sinai, with its threats and its law, and the wonderful rock which "followed" the Israelites in their wanderings, with the water flowing from its cloven side, were all compelled to do service, as symbols of religious thoughts, which must find expression in some way, and, lacking other material, seized upon the cabalistic lore which filled the mind of the learned disciple of Gamaliel. Paul, too, was a poet, but a poet of the wild, Titanic sort, grotesque rather than beautiful, crowding his images upon us with tumultuous disorder, regardless of the artistic rules by which they might have been arranged with more certain and agreeable effect. They who stop, as so many do, at the Apostle's similitudes, mistaking his tropes for his truths, can never truly appreciate him as the great creative mind of Christendom. But if, bearing in mind that they *are* similitudes, and very awkward similitudes too, for the most part, we look beneath them for the burning thoughts, we shall find no difficulty in conceding his full title to the position awarded to him by the Church.

To appreciate the artistic treatment of the Christian theology, we must remember that there was a time when Christianity, with all its possibilities of thought and energy, lay folded up in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. So long as he lived, he was his religion, as well in form as in substance. Words fell from his lips; influences flowed from his character; deeds were done by his hands. The words were dimly apprehended; the influences were imperfectly measured; the deeds were not estimated at their full weight of significance. The dwellers at a mountain's foot have no conception of its form or grandeur; and they who were contemporaries with Jesus, who saw him daily, who lived on terms of intimacy with him and were called his friends, on account of their very proximity failed to understand him. He filled their minds with thoughts

too vast and deep for their mastery. He made their hearts swell with emotions too great for utterance, too vague for comprehension. The successors of the disciples, who stood at the distance of a generation from this wonderful being, were still unable to analyze the impression he had made upon them, — could only speak of him in the glowing metaphors of their Eastern clime, and throw out hints of the glory that dwelt in him, in the expressive language of symbol. Many years had elapsed after his death, before men could calmly contemplate and coolly analyze the ideas suggested to them by Christ's extraordinary character and career; many years, — how many it is impossible to tell with exactness, — before their crowding, undefined sentiments crystallized themselves into beliefs. When at last they did so, there were found deposited in the Christian consciousness these three fundamental persuasions: —

I. That God had shown himself immanent in humanity.

II. That the Divine love was urgent in its wish to reclaim men from evil.

III. That the reconciling principle which had been manifested in the life of Jesus, was nothing less than the Absolute Being himself.

But how were the men of that generation to grasp, themselves, or to present to others, ideas so absolute and subtle as these, — ideas to be seized and unfolded only by cultivated and philosophical minds? Plainly it was impossible. Recourse must be had to the friendly offices of the imagination, or rather the imagination quietly volunteered its own services, to mould these intellectual beliefs into shapes that would attract and fascinate the sensuous feeling of mankind.

The first belief found its symbolical expression in the doctrine of the *Logos*, the Incarnate Word. Nowhere have we a more wonderful product of the pure imagination, than is offered to us in Plato's doctrine of Ideas; — a doctrine which represented the mind of God as a vast gallery crowded with the images of all possible things in heaven and earth, a chamber of models which were also living creatures doing the actual work of creation. This great picture found at last a worthy exhibition-room in the art hall of the grand exposition of the theological industry of all nations, that was held at Alex-

andria just previous to the coming of Christ. Here were collected all the forms of religious conception, and the motley city of Alexander the Great became the home of Allegory and Mythus. Philosophy and Faith walked together under the same mantle of Fable. The new thoughts that dared not show themselves in their proper shape, or were too delicate to be apprehended by the coarser mind, passed unchallenged, and were welcomed eagerly in the guise of symbol. Chief among the admirers of Plato's masterpiece was Philo. A devout Hebrew and believer in the inspiration of the Old Testament, an enthusiastic entertainer of the new Greek wisdom, he readily discovered the way in which these two apparently hostile intellectual movements might be reconciled and combined in a common formula. To him and to the rest of his school it seemed as if all the truth which they found in the systems of the Greek sages might have been derived from their sacred books. What were these ideal forms of Plato, these eternal images of things,—what was this Platonic Demiurgus, this mythical shape, personifying the creative Ideas, and gathering up into one hypostasis the numerous powers of the popular polytheistic idolatry,—what was this Logos,—but the Word by which Jehovah created the heaven and the earth? And upon this hint Philo proceeded to collect in the ancient books the bold passages in which Wisdom is described to the eye as a personal being, occupying a conspicuous place in the formation and regulation of the world. How he developed the shape of these poetical figures, how he rounded their features, turned their limbs, colored and arranged their drapery, is familiarly known to all. The imagination was now fairly at work furnishing abstract ideas with forms and bodies. The more abstruse the doctrine, the more shapely the bodies in which they come to life, the more picturesque the costumes in which they are draped. The Gnostics, legitimate children of the Alexandrine Allegory, changed every notion into a bright-faced Æon, and filled the entire void of space with spirits as fantastic in behavior as in name. Instead of saying, "The Absolute Being, exerting his supreme intelligence and goodness, by an act of volition called the outward universe into existence,"—they would say, "The Absolute Being dwelt in eternity with his companion Silence,—he

the All-Father, she the All-Mother. But being himself perfect Love, and wishing to possess objects of love, — feeling in himself the impulse to produce all that was fairest and most perfect in his nature, — he begat Nous and Aletheia. Nous and Aletheia then begat Logos and Zoe; these two begat Anthropos and Ecclesia"; — and so on. Here, then, was this world of winged thoughts, with glorious names, which seized the pious fancy, — Light, Life, Fulness, Grace, Truth, and the crowning Logos, the living, working, manifested God; and here were the Christian people anxious to embody in some fitting form of speech or image the mighty, nebulous thought whose excessive glory darkened their minds; here were the Christians looking for a symbol in which they might enshrine their truth, that the divine and the human had shown themselves to be one, that the godlike had exhibited itself as human, that the human had blazed out as the godlike, revealing the immanence of Deity in humanity, the vital concourse of God with man, — a truth which they could not comprehend, take in pieces, or explain, which they could not hold steadily before their own minds, much less present clearly to the understanding of others, but which they could personify; and what symbol so adequate and so ready to their hand, so majestic and so familiar, so sacred and so universally respected, as this symbol of the Logos? How could they more happily and forcibly express their thought, than by saying that Jesus, the person who had displayed this wonderful combination, was the Logos become a man, the Word made flesh? We know as a fact that they did this. History fills in with rich material the outline sketch that we have drawn, and divulges the secret that Christendom found expression for its grandest thought in the mythology which a foreign imagination had constructed. And history likewise discloses the fact, that this mythus of the God-man presently hid from view the thought of which it was the vehicle, and finally became completely a substitute for it, insomuch that men entirely forgot what the symbolized meaning had been, and denied it when it was suggested to them.

The second of the fundamental beliefs of Christianity, the belief that the Divine Love was urgent in its wish to reclaim

men from evil, found symbolical expression in the doctrine of Atonement. Ancient systems had represented God as withdrawing himself from the wicked, compelling them to seek him with offerings and pacify him with sacrifices, and granting no favor save to tears and blood. The life of Jesus taught men, or rather forced them to see, that the being who seemed to them divine in purity and truth did not expect sinners to crawl to him on their knees, and beat the ground at his feet with their forehead, but went himself forth to meet them, sat at their tables, taught in their streets, blessed their children, healed their diseases, comforted their sorrows, pitied their miseries, forgave their wickedness, and wept over their graves. The perfect Sanctity had a fellow-feeling with guilt; the perfect Purity compassionated leprosy and uncleanness; the perfect Truth was willing to instruct error and falsehood; the Divine, in one word, exhibited its incontrollable love in suffering with and for mankind. Christendom, its voice choked with tears, could find no language for the utterance of a persuasion like this. It assumed proportions too vast for the ancient confines of logic, and the limited vocabulary of speech. Even metaphor and hyperbole labored in the attempt to do it justice. Figures of speech were stiff and colorless to express it. The fancy of the early Fathers wrestled and writhed and revelled in extravagance, under the effort to bring this belief within reach of the sensuous apprehension of men. One paints a grotesque picture of Christ and Satan engaging in deadly duel for the possession of the earth. Another gives us a scene, in which Christ is portrayed in the act of closing a bargain with Satan, by the terms of which he himself is to be taken in exchange for the human race. A companion sketch carries out the idea, showing us Satan in a state of great discomfiture at having overreached himself and secured only the human nature of Jesus, the divine nature escaping his hands. Origen is the author of a composition depicting Christ in the attitude of treating with Satan for the ransom of humanity, the price to be paid being his own blood. A group representing Christ as a high-priest offering himself as a sacrifice for the sins of the world, is also attributed to Origen. Gregory of Nyssa elaborated into a complete little drama the story that Jesus,

concealing his divinity behind his humanity, took in his unsuspecting adversary by an ingenious fraud; and Ambrose invented an ingenious fiction, wherein Christ is represented as an angler fishing for the Devil with a hook baited with his own attractive but deceptive flesh. But the favorite image under which the doctrine of reconciliation was symbolized,—an image familiar to the minds of all Christians, and dear to them from its associations with the ancient religion from which their own sprung,—an image fraught with deep significance, charged with rich and tender expression, and capable of fine artistic treatment,—was the Lamb. For ages it had been the type of sacrifice; for it was the emblem of innocence, patience, and meekness, and the keen edge of the knife terminated its existence in blood. Among all the primitive nations this uncomplaining victim had stood as the sign of reconciliation between man and God. The Hebrew imagination invested it with mysterious attributes, and knew no holier form under which to present the sacred, redeeming sufferings of prophets. The very name of the creature was connected with unmerited sorrows borne for others' weal,—with the substitution of spotlessness for guilt,—with the forgiveness of the wicked through the mediatorial agonies of the good. Jesus was the Lamb, volunteering his own sacrifice for the sins of the world. The idea, however naturally and simply conceived, immediately surrounded Christ with all the apparatus of sacrifice, and arranged all the scenery for an imposing ceremony, in which heaven and earth were to take part. To lay down the programme for this grand occasion, to plan its details, to complete its appointments, tasked the inventive fancy of more than one generation of believing Christians. The mythology of the Atonement is indeed a marvellous thing to contemplate. The celestial council-chamber, where the fate of humanity is under discussion; the self-consecration of the Divine Son; the virgin birth and incarnation; the altar-cross, whose beams never grew in forest, nor were reared by mortal hands, standing ghastly and lurid in the centre of the earth; the victim "slain before the foundation of the world" bearing the agonies of a cursed and hell-doomed race, and pouring from his gaping side streams of blood to wash away the sins of generations steeped in guilt; the howl-

ing fiends sweeping away discomfited on their black wings; the earthquake; the darkness of night miraculously shrouding the anguish of the dying God; the sheathed sword, the satisfied justice; the heaving hell moving to meet the Deliverer at his coming; the gate of heaven swinging open on its hinges, — certainly furnish the elements of a most impressive drama. Never did the poetic faculty take bolder flight. We might admire it, if we were not perpetually reminded of the fact, that this drama is read as if it were a plain historical narrative; that this highly wrought poetic fiction is accepted by millions as the most literal prose; that this work of an unchastened and semi-barbarous imagination is pointed at as a solid structure built up out of eternal verities. How few now understand what the great truth was which ages have decked out with such gorgeous phantasmagoria! How few will recognize it when it is presented to them! The symbol has become the tomb of the idea. To accept the emblem is faith; to break the emblem, and cleave simply to the truth behind it, is infidelity. Christendom adores a painted canvas.

The third belief which lay vaguely in the mind of Christendom, the belief in the absoluteness of the reconciling principle, was more abstruse, if possible, than either of the other two. It is a belief that only the most enlightened minds can hold in all its purity, even with the help they derive from an extended knowledge of the beneficent and wonderful adaptation of means to ends in the natural world, and from the most comprehensive survey of ancient and modern history. The early Christians possessed none of these advantages. The Creator's footprints upon the sands of time were hidden from the men of their age. The conception of God as living and working, guiding, reconciling, redeeming, throughout the course of human history, was feebly and doubtfully held. The Deity lived in a theological heaven, an object to be gazed at by eyes of abstract speculation; and it was only in the way of mythus and allegory that he was to be brought into direct contact with the earth. It was felt now by these worshippers of Christ that the Infinite itself had come down and walked among men under the disguise of that blessed shape. The love which had met them so cordially, smiled upon them so

radiantly, forgiven them so freely, bled for them so magnanimously, was no love of mere mortal, — beautiful and blessed while it was exhibited, but limited in its operations and transient in its effects ; it was, in their view, something more than the self-devotion of hero, martyr, or prophet, spending himself with noble patriotism for the well-being of his tribe, his nation, or his race. It was the pitying condescension of Heaven's Lord ; it was the yearning desire of the Eternal towards his alienated offspring ; it was God's benignity attracting *all the world* to himself. But how could such a thing as this be conceived of ? Did the Absolute Being entertain anxious thoughts about anything ? Could he in any sense be said to suffer or die in behalf of the beings he had created ? Impossible ! and yet this was what, according to their persuasion, he had done, and this was what they wished to declare that he had done. They wished to say that God, once for all time and for all mankind, had made his peace with the world, — had overleaped the barriers of every kind that lay between, and permitted his mercy to overrule his wrathful justice. But no ornamental figures of speech were capable of holding so vast and subtle a conception as this. It must have flowed away and been dissipated, but for an opportune image which had been looming up, shadowy with grandeur, among the monuments of human thought, and now stood ready to receive this breath of truth. This image was the Trinity. From time immemorial it had made tangible to the human intellect the idea of a living God, — a God who had roused himself from the brooding meditations in which he had from all eternity been sunk, and, arriving at consciousness, had projected his thought upon the outlying immensity ; thus becoming, as it were, self-reflecting, and double, — himself the thinker and the object thought of, — a twofold being, as every man is twofold. The single Deity was now a Deity existing in a duplex personality. The original being, infinite, absolute, unapproachable, incommunicable, unfathomable, — his attributes no attributes, but rather the utter negation of attributes, the absence of everything like thought, feeling, desire, — this Everlasting Nothing containing the possibilities of everything, was the *Father*. The second being, or quasi-being, the God awake, alive, creative, the thinker and

active worker, was the *Son*; by the Hindoos called *Brahma*; by the Persians, *Ormuzd*; by the Phœnicians, *Jeoud*; by the Alexandrine Jews, *Logos*, or *Word*, the active principle of the Godhead. These two figures, with a third representing the connecting link between them, the feminine principle, the mother, *Mithra*, *Maja*, or by whatever name beside it may have been known, standing in a group for the complete Godhead, had become familiar to all eyes. They were stamped on coins, painted on ceilings, sculptured upon temple walls, carved into huge statues. It was a venerable symbol, surrounded with hallowed mystery and suggestive of the deepest thoughts. How old it was, and how universal! Indian, Egyptian, Sabæan, Greek, had in turn used it as they were able, — sometimes fantastically, but always sacredly, — sometimes grossly, but ever with their best reverence. It was a consecrated image, and the only one that expressed the revealed, the communicative God. It was what the Christians wanted; why should they not use it for their purpose, as other religionists had used it for theirs? Their holy Redeemer was this. Eternal Son, — the true Deity, not absolute, but manifested, — the God with a heart. Thus they were able, without injury to their conception of Deity, to conceive of the absoluteness of the mission of Christ. We believe that the history of the doctrine of Trinity in the Church will bear us out in giving to it this interpretation, and in attributing to it this origin. Surely in no other sense than as a symbol would the Christians, with their strong gentile antipathies, have adopted a dogma so saturated as this ever was with Pagan speculations. As a dogma, however, they did not accept it, but as a shell into which they could introduce their own thought. In everything but the bare form of the emblem, the Christian Trinity is unlike that of India or Egypt. The same imagination has been at work in it, but not the same intellect; and if we were to destroy the casket which contains that jewel of the Christian consciousness, we should be wholly unable to identify the gem within it as that which was treasured by the Ganges or the Nile. The Unitarian polemics against the Trinity would have been more effective, as well as more just, if they had borne in mind this distinction between the substance and the form.

In confounding these, they have committed the same blunder into which their adversaries fell, in which they have persisted in abiding even to this day ; and thus their criticism, striking against a solid fact in the Christian consciousness, glanced harmless away. For the Trinitarians are persuaded that the heart of their doctrine is a radical Christian truth, which cannot be dispensed with ; and so deep is this persuasion, that all the plates in Creuzer's *Symbolik*, and all the learning of Bähr, Movers, and Nork fails to shake their faith. They cleave to the mythus, as men cleave to an antique vase that at some dateless period held a precious elixir. They have lost the name of the marvellous liquid ; they have only fables to repeat about its virtues. Possibly, by breaking the jar, the chemist's analysis of the deposit in the bottom might disclose the nature of its miraculous contents ; but they prefer to keep the porcelain, not as a curious specimen of the ancient art of pottery, but as a sacred vessel, — the Holy Grail over which the guardian spirits watch, and whose possession brings to its owner the certainty of salvation.

It is the imagination, then, that has created for us the great forms of faith, — Deity of Christ, Atonement, Trinity ; and in building these sacred shrines of thought, it accomplished a good work for Christianity. Alas that we must think him deserving of an equal praise from Christianity, who does most faithfully now the work of an iconoclast in shattering them !

The Christian mythology, if we may call it so, bears witness to a singular depth and richness of feeling in the early believers, and to the power with which the influences that proceeded from Jesus operated upon the soul of the succeeding ages. Only Titanic spiritual forces could thus have made a sacred epic of the world's history, and piled up the mists of cloud-land in structures that have braved the tempests of ten centuries. One of the most striking evidences that a new spiritual era had dawned on the world, is the profound sense of guilt which tormented the early and late ages of Christendom. They were afflicted by a "conscience of sin," which filled the air with groans and penitential music. An oppressive conviction of the distance between the earthly and the heavenly life, and of man's inability to fulfil the perfect law

that had been revealed to them in Christ,—of the worthlessness of morality and all the spontaneous goodness of the happy temperament,—bore the believers down into the dust. This sense of sin had a backward and a forward look. In the first place, this crushing power of evil, which they struggled against so vainly, and before which they fell so helplessly, seemed to be pushing them from behind; their terrified fancy recognized it as an hereditary taint or malady, which was passed along from generation to generation, and bequeathed as a fatal legacy from fathers to children. They felt as if they were swept along by an irresistible current. Their frightened imaginations, taking the hint thrown out by their moral powerlessness, with rapid flight sped back into the legendary period, and there from the slenderest materials—a scrap of tradition, allegory, or fable from the book of Genesis, a few phrases of rather mystical import from the writings of Paul, some bits of Jewish rabbinical lore—constructed a wonderful spectacle. In the enchanted garden of Paradise they saw living the first man, a demigod complete in all derived attributes of knowledge, grace, and innocence,—complete also in happiness. The fruitful soil was glad to give him its spontaneous increase; the trees dropped their luscious fruits into his lap; flowers bloomed around him without culture; the animals knew him and delighted to call him master. No evil thoughts clouded the serenity of his mind, no unclean desires stained the spotlessness of his heart. For him there was no pain, no want, no infirmity, decay, or death, but a blessedness of long uninterrupted ages, and then a glorified transition to the existence of the angels. The brightness of the scene is darkened now by outspread wings. Lucifer hovers near, bent upon the destruction of the Creator's most perfect work. The serpent becomes a tempter. The tree of knowledge holds invitingly forth the fatal fruit; the woman eats, the man eats, and the face of the world is changed in a moment. Beasts become fierce; reptiles hiss and sting; the myrtle gives place to the brier, and the fir-tree to the thorn; streams no longer sing with splash and ripple, but moan and murmur as they roll along; winds no longer laugh, but sigh. That single transgression has doomed a race to labor, sadness, fear, and death. From that point the course of mankind is

downward, through vast spaces of misery, bloodshed, and crime, into the pit of moral degradation, where the law of sin instituted by Adam holds them in its deadly folds. Clearly all this is the work of imagination. Reason never justified it, in philosophy or theology; science never admitted it as fact. There is nothing in Scripture to warrant it. It is pure mythology.

The same sense of sin which looked backward in such alarm, with an equal alarm looked forward, in terrible anticipation of a coming judgment; and the fancy that had painted this picture of the origin of guilt, busied itself in painting a companion picture of its final doom, entitled, *The Doctrine of Last Things*. The eschatology of Christendom is but a scenic representation of the belief that all actions are to be judged by the moral law of the Gospel, that wickedness will bring with it suffering proportionate to its depth, that goodness will be followed by happiness corresponding to its character. The artist-mind of Christendom, kindling with the conception of these spiritual laws of retribution and recompense in their supremacy and triumph, stands, palette in hand, before a canvas knit at the corners to the four ends of the earth, and covering with its surface the whole expanse of the future. With bold pencil, the artist sketches his figures, and lays on the colors in broad masses of light and shade. In the centre, upon a plateau of clouds, stands a burning throne, and one sits thereon, clad in spotless raiment, his mien majestic, his countenance radiant with a consuming justice blended with compassion. Around him are the apostles and patriarchs, the martyrs and the saints. The hosts of the blessed, beyond these, rise rank above rank. Herald angels with long trumpets sound to the four quarters of the earth the summons for the dead to rise, while the recording angel holds the ponderous book whose leaves contain the dark records of transgression. Below, the earth is darkening and rushing back into chaos. The sea is giving up its dead; the graves empty themselves of their tenants; the shadowy forms assemble, clothed in the garment of their mortal flesh, and take their places at either hand of the terrible Judge. On the right, the accepted range themselves in happy groups, mingling with the joyous company of those who long before

died in peace. On the left, the wicked crowd in horrid confusion, wrathful, writhing, blasphemous, and leave the awful presence only to be dragged headlong into the fires of everlasting perdition, by fiends impatient to torment their prey. Let the picture be painted by theologians in language of flame; by poets, chanting in musical Latin their *dies iræ*; by artists of every grade, from Orcagno and Michel Angelo to Ary Scheffer and Martin; it is always the same thing, — a representation in form and color, under conditions of space and time and within the rules of artistic propriety, of simple ethical principles which all Christian men revere. But in gazing upon these creations, sometimes noble and sometimes grotesque, men are apt to forget that they are gazing upon pictures which may perish with the crumbling of a ceiling, or the fading of a pigment, or the obscurity of words becoming obsolete, and fancy that they are beholding an actual scene, from which prophetic vision has withdrawn the veil.

Christian art surpasses all other art in the variety of its forms, the reach of its landscape, the richness of its decoration. Every other mythology, however complete in grace and beauty of finish, in compactness of shape, or in picturesqueness of detailed effects, seems constructed on a small scale, as compared with the stupendous creations of this. With what gorgeousness of conception the anticipation of a kingdom of God on the earth painted itself upon the evening clouds of a dying world in Chiliasm! With what exuberance of joyous power, the soul, sensible of a newly imparted life, snatched the glowing pencil from Eastern and Western hands, and covered the skies with the grand frescos of redemption. With what audacity of conception the freshly acquired sense of moral dignity drew the whole heavens into sympathy with its need and longing, and made angels sing over a cradle, and archangels watch over a grave!

In the Middle Ages, the imagination delighted in symbolical forms. Not content to paint word-pictures of their thoughts, the Christians carved them in wood and stone, cast them into the shape of sacramental ordinances, and even dramatized them in scenic performances. The cross, simple emblem of the Redeemer's passion, is gradually so elaborated as to speak

a whole theology to the eye. First a lamb is painted, lying at the foot of it. Next, Christ, clothed, is placed on it, with hands uplifted in prayer, not fastened to the beam. After this, fancy nails Christ with four nails to the cross, but leaves him, with open eyes, alive. It was not until the tenth or eleventh century that the dead Christ, thorn-crowned and in agony, preached the doctrine of a dying God to the senses of men. The Church set its mysteries before barbarian eyes in the shape of splendid spectacles, and enacted them for the edification of the vulgar in miracle plays. For the coarsest tastes buffoonery was resorted to. Thus we have a St. Francis of Assisi acting out the Incarnation in pantomime like the following. He arranges a stable to resemble that in which the Saviour was born; there is the ox, the ass, the hay; and as the enthusiast preaches, he bleats at the mention of Bethlehem, and licks his lips when speaking the sweet name of Jesus. Not satisfied with exhibiting in this way the birth of Christ, and in similar fashion dramatizing his life, he must needs exhibit the Passion with an equal grossness in conception and detail, as if the people could not take in the thought of the Redeemer's sacrificial pains unless they saw a wretched fanatic pouring out blood from his side, and imitating the writhings of the Crucified.

The sacramental forms of the Church are but ideas represented in emblems. What is baptism, but a symbol of interior purification? What is communion, but a symbol of spiritual union of the disciples with the Master, and of the disciples among themselves? What were confirmation and penance, but symbolical ceremonies expressing, one the self-devotion of the earnest Christian heart, the other the wish to mortify the body of sin? The sensuous passionateness of the Middle Ages required to feel all its ideas with its fingers, to lay its waking eyes on them. It even *built* its beliefs into massive cathedrals, piling turret upon turret with the fairy hands of its imagination, till they reached the skies. To use the language of Michelet, "Stone became bread, bread became God, matter became spirit, on the day when the great sacrifice honored, justified, transfigured, transubstantiated them. Incarnation, passion, synonymous words, are explained by a third, — tran-

substantiation. By three different stages, here is the struggle, the hymen, the identification of the two substances: a dramatic and dismal hymen, in which spirit sinks and matter suffers. The Mediator is the sacrifice; the death, a voluntary death. There is blood on these nuptials. That terrible, that memorable day, — it was yesterday, it is to-day, it will be to-morrow and ever. The everlasting drama is daily played in the church. The church is itself this drama, a petrified mystery, a passion of stone. The whole edifice, in the severity of its architectural geometry, is a living body, a man. The nave, extending its two arms, is the man on the cross; the crypt, the subterranean church, is the man in the tomb; the tower, the steeple, is still he, but upright and rising to heaven. In the choir, which inclines from the direction of the nave, you see his head drooping down in agony; you recognize his blood in the glowing purple of the windows."

We have flown with rapid wing over an extensive reach of territory. Our object has been, not to explore any single department, nor to examine the surface of any single field, but to give bird's-eye glimpses of a very large and interesting region, merely to show how much Art had done in fashioning what seem to be its great natural features.

But why now, it may be asked, should we wish to abolish, to alter, or even to disturb these venerable mythologies, these symbolical doctrines and altar forms, which grew so naturally out of the needs of the Christian mind, and have established themselves so firmly in the revering affections of the Christian heart? We answer, Simply because the significance of them has been completely lost, because the symbols no longer symbolize the truth, because the emblems entomb the ideas they were designed to exhibit.

What Ruskin says respecting the tendency of Perugino's or Raffaello's art to produce unbelief, or, worse yet, a superstitious disbelief in all sacred verities, we would say respecting these Christian mythologies and symbols. However beautiful to the eye they may be, the mind is only confused, darkened, and misled by them. The doctrine of the Deity of Christ, originally sketched with the design of representing the truth that God had become immanent in humanity, now completely shuts

out that truth from the intellectual vision, and substitutes for it an inconsistent conception. The doctrine of Atonement, devoutly framed to represent God's longing after reconciliation with his children, so narrows that grand idea as utterly to distort and falsify it. And only on close inspection do we perceive that it is not a description of a very different thought. The doctrine of Trinity has long ceased to delineate anything to the discerning intellect, and resembles more than anything the curtain painted by an old artist, with such consummate skill, that every beholder put forth a hand to withdraw it, in order to see the picture which was *not* behind.

The Christian mythology fails to convey to us modern people the truths of the Christian religion, because it was the natural product of a foreign soil. Born in the remote East, in climes whose spirit has passed away, in cities whose names recall nothing but a splendid tradition, it is not at home in these cold regions of the West. Is it strange that symbols which had their origin in Persia, Egypt, or Palestine, that allegories and emblems which bloomed in the fancy of ancient Alexandria, should be meaningless to the practical understanding of England or America? The churches in which they found favor were churches of the Orient,—churches in Asia Minor, Macedonia, and Syria, in Phœnicia, Arabia, Palestine, Egypt, and Mesopotamia, in Thrace, Achaia, and Epirus, where the prevailing temper was warm, enthusiastic, mystical, and sensuous. The Fathers by whose suggestion or with whose countenance they were adopted were, without a marked exception, men of Eastern extraction and Oriental genius. Justin Martyr was a Palestinian; Tatian was a Syrian; Theophilus was born at Antioch; Irenæus is supposed to have been an Asiatic Greek; Clement of Alexandria was a native either of that city or of Athens; Origen was an Egyptian; Athanasius was Bishop of Alexandria; Gregory of Nyssa was a bishop in Cappadocia. In fact, Christianity was, during the formative period of its theology, altogether Eastern in its cast of mind. Its most powerful bishoprics lay beneath an Eastern sky, close by the borders, nay, within the very precincts, of the land of enchantment and mystery, whose air was full of the floating legends

of primeval religions. They extended themselves into Persia, and even as far as Scythia. Considering all this, and weighing it well in its full significance, no one surely can wonder that the forms of thought which were highly expressive and popular then and there should appear foreign, enigmatical, and void of tangible sense, to the men of age so remote and climate so uncongenial as ours. If we could be transported into one of those ancient Christian communities in Ephesus, Antioch, Corinth, or even Rome, we should find ourselves in an intellectual atmosphere which it would be extremely difficult to inhale. The literature would be unattractive, if not unintelligible to us; especially the poetical literature would be found repulsive to our taste, and grotesque to our imagination. A barbaric splendor of ornament would bewilder and oppress us; strange figures of speech would lead sober thought away till it was lost. The very language of common life would so perplex us by the peculiarities of its idiom as to put us in continual need of an interpreter. If the genius of Germany, France, or even England, two or three hundred years ago, clothed human thoughts in a style of dress that to us seems only an odd disguise; if we find ourselves lost in the elder literature of Northern or Southern Europe,—among the wild Sagas, or the flowery Troubadours,—how can we expect without much trouble to read the meaning carefully hidden away beneath Asiatic hyperbole or Greek metaphor? The chief portion of our theological symbolism had its origin in India,—the land of pure poetry, the land of emblem, allegory, and dream. “The spiritual life of the Hindoo,” says Rhode, “expressed itself in genuine poetic forms; the distinguishing characteristic of his temperament is the predominance of the imagination over the reason;—in direct contrast with the European style of mind, whose general character appears in the predominance of the reason over the imagination.” Of course, then, it is only natural that the European should fail to relish the peculiar productions of the Indian mind. Why should not every nation construct its own mythology, if it must have a mythology, according to the cast of its peculiar genius? Art, in all its other forms, is a free outbirth from the national mind. Why should it be less so in

religion? We never think of adopting on our canvas or in our marble, — in our histories, fictions, poems, — the Byzantine style of decoration, or the rules of composition which were held to be of authority in ancient Gaul or Italy. Why should we adopt in our doctrinal treatises the designs and devices belonging to the same period and clime? The decorator of the new halls in the Capitol at Washington has been severely censured for covering the walls with heathen gods and goddesses, and such fabulous creations of the classic and romantic period, wholly inappropriate to the place, and completely foreign to the character of the American people; but how much greater is the mistake of covering the walls of the universe, and the dome of the heavens above us, with gigantic figures such as once may have filled with appalling gloom the temples of a dead world!

We are a practical people, the most so of any on the face of the civilized globe. We demand ideas in the simplest form of prose. We dread classical allusions and abhor Orientalisms; — we have a deep respect for solid facts and unvarnished truths; — our pictures, statues, poems, must address a sober and natural imagination. Yet we endure to have religious ideas, the most important ideas of all, dressed out in a fantastic drapery, such as no living thought can move under gracefully, or even adjust fittingly to its shape. Is this because religious thoughts do not animate us as other thoughts do, — because they are less real and vivid to our minds? Undoubtedly it is. But for this spiritual confusion and deadness the mythology again is responsible. For when a thoughtful, clear-sighted, and earnest man succeeds in getting below the mythical form, and in giving expression in simple, transparent speech to the thought concealed within it, he is regarded as an original interpreter of Christian truth, a genuine prophet, a teacher for the new age; and modern men crowd to hear him speak the old, everlasting truths, as if they had never been so much as hinted at before. Truth unadorned is to our people truth revealed. The removal of the symbol is the disclosure of the faith.

It becomes, then, one portion of the duty of Liberal Christians, to release the fundamental verities of their religion from

the dramatical, emblematical, and mythical representations with which they have so long been identified. Possibly it may no longer be necessary to surround them with any new pageantry, as they go about among men on their blessed errand. The days may have gone by when religious ideas must be carried about on men's shoulders in ornamental boxes of sandal-wood, to secure for them a suitable regard; or must walk through the public streets like vestal virgins, decorated with the holy insignia and attended by guards to protect them from insult. What if the experiment were tried of letting them go alone, defended merely by their own sanctity, and recommended by their power to save. Then, if it be found that a distinguishing badge is needed to mark their character and display their mission, modern art may be relied on to invent a symbol that will be recognized and honored of all men. Science in every department is teeming with suggestions and abounding in materials; nay, it stands all ready, without any aid from the imagination, to clothe the loftiest, deepest, most subtle thoughts respecting God and spiritual things in richer robes than they have ever worn. Modern science surpasses ancient theosophy in the grandeur of its arts of design, and seems especially qualified to do for a practical age what that did for a speculative one. But as yet science has had no opportunity to assist the Christian faith with the living forms of beauty with which God has filled his creation; nor has social life been permitted to substitute anything for the symbols that have stood so long as altar forms in our churches.

What the prophets did for the Hebrew religion when they translated its sacrificial ceremonies into spiritual laws,—what the philosophers did for the religion of Greece when they resolved its myths and mysteries into their constituent elements of natural and moral truth,—what the Reformers did for the religion of the Middle Ages when they discarded its superstitions and insisted upon the simple word of the inspired Bible,—that, it appears to us, Liberal Christians must endeavor to perform for the popular religion of their day. To retain the truth, they must reshape the doctrine. The mythology is valuable only as it illustrates the religion.

When it obscures it, they are religion's best friends who practise a wise and discriminating, but firm iconoclasm. From such Puritanism we should fear no injury to the faith we love. But would rather say, with Michelet, speaking of the downfall of mediæval architecture: "The form ended, is all ended? Does nothing remain to religions after death? When the dear and precious relics, torn from our trembling hands, sink into the coffin, is nothing left? Ah! for my own part, I rely, both as regards Christianity and Christian art, on the words which the Church addresses to her dead, — 'Whosoever believeth in me, cannot die.' Christianity has believed, has loved, has comprehended, — in it have met God and man. It may change its vestment, but perish, never! It will transform itself to perpetuate its life. One morning it will show itself to those who think they are watching its tomb, and will rise again the third day."

ART. IV. — CARLYLE'S FREDERIC.

History of Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By THOMAS CARLYLE. Vols. I, II. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1858.

E. E. 16.312

THERE are two distinctly opposite systems by which men's work in the world can be ordered and adjusted. Each man may attend to his own, and do it as well as he can, — seeking his neighbors' assistance where co-operation becomes necessary, and with them arranging the details of such co-operation. Or there may be one person put over a whole tribe or nation, who shall direct what each one shall do, — what houses he shall build, what nuisances he shall abate, what enemies he shall fight, what prayers he shall offer, and, indeed, how long he shall live, and when he shall die.

Between these two systems there is, very naturally, a constant contest going on, at the least on paper. Each of

them has very salient advantages. On each of them may be charged very great absurdities.

There are, therefore, nations, which are, at this moment, attempting to live under both systems. Such a nation is the kingdom of Great Britain. By a certain stolid adherence to the customs of the past, and a similar dull admiration of the arrangements of that Continent which she speaks of as if there were no other, Great Britain is tempted to keep up the forms of absolutism. She maintains a church which, in theory, may state what is right and what is wrong. She maintains a queen whose parchments read as if she were a dictator of absolute power. But, on the other hand, the sterling good sense of the British people, always "fond of rebellion," and the consequent system of religion, which is inwoven into their inmost lives, reveal to them the real absurdities of the system of absolute rule; and they therefore insist, in fact, on the let-alone system, under which each man takes care of himself,—though they maintain it under the forms of the monarchical system, where a dictator takes care of him. The British people has, moreover, great practical power. And thus, although they have to take twenty years to purify a river, or to adjust a system of emigration, or to reform a war-office, which would be done in six months under a wide-awake republic or an intelligent despotism, the English nation rubs along, not on the whole dissatisfied with its unscientific and clumsily adjusted system.

But when there is born into the British nation such a man as Mr. Carlyle, with a horror of make-believe in any of its forms, this cumbrous machinery overwhelms him with amazement, disgust, and indignation. One can believe in homœopathy. One can believe in allopathy. But what do you say to the physician who tells you he will practise in either way, as you like? You tell him, that either of his brethren may be sincere, but that it is certain that he is wrong, and that he is resolved to be; and you bow him down stairs. Just in that position does Mr. Carlyle find himself, in a nation where every man means to do as he chooses, does as he chooses, governs himself, in fact, in his own way; but where the pretence is kept up, that the queen may send Mr. Carlyle

to sea before the mast, or that the Archbishop of Canterbury may excommunicate him as a heretic.* A positive man, like him, is not apt to halt long between two opinions. And it is certain that he will embrace the one reality or the other with eagerness, in proportion to the solid self-satisfaction with which the men around him cling to the "golden mean" between the two.

It happens, not very strangely, that Mr. Carlyle has chosen the wrong side. First, because he is a poet at heart, and, for the purposes of what the world calls poetry, the slashing and cutting of an Alexander, or the calm, firm hold of the reins by Hildebrand, are much more available than that calm flow of the tide by which a hundred thousand men and women, who are so fortunate that their history is unwritten, pour into a desert valley in a republic, and create an uneventful state. Again, Mr. Carlyle is belligerent. And there is no doubt, that, for all purposes of war, the one-man power is the only effective and available power. Again, the only republicanism which Mr. Carlyle has ever studied is that of the English Rebellion school, or the French Revolution,—a mock republicanism, which consists in the election by the people of the dictator. This is no real illustration of the every-man-for-himself system. The successful republics are those whose officers are really not governors, but servants for certain minor specified affairs necessary for mutual convenience. They may be dispensed with for years, without injury. The important business is done by individuals, or by voluntary organizations. Thus the defence of the land is left to a volunteer militia; the religious instruction of it, to voluntary meetings of people; and its intellectual instruction, to their annual meetings in the districts where they have built the school-houses. Such a people is saved from the inevitable nuisance which exists where a staff of men, whose only business is fighting, have, merely for occupation's sake, "to keep up a raw" somewhere;—where an established clergy, in like fashion, are interposing their contrivances between God and his children;—or where Bureaux of Instruction are regulat-

* "The thunders of the Church only sleep."

ing the training of the farmers' children by the rules which they have learned in convents or in cities. Of such real republics, however, Mr. Carlyle knows nothing. And, as we said, what he sees of administration in his own life is conducted on the system which is one thing, and pretends to be another. The British people do take care of themselves. But they pretend to be governed by Queen, Lords, Commons, and Church. Hence a wilderness of red-tape and circumlocution, at which a man of temper may well growl. Mr. Carlyle, somewhat abridged by this editor, describes the system thus : —

“Constitutional Principle, — a much-admired invention in its time, — that of letting go the rudder, or setting a wooden figure expensively dressed to take charge of it, and discerning that the ship would sail of itself so much more easily.” — Vol. I. p. 405.

A very good simile this of the rudder! But if, at the University of Edinburgh, Mr. Carlyle had had the good boating training which he might have had at Oxford, at either Cambridge, or at New Haven, he would have known more about rudders, and he would not have risked his simile. The boat-clubs have tried the rudder system. And they found that the weight of the man who held the rudder, called *coxswain*, was a decided drawback on the speed of the boat, — as he did not help in urging her on. They made him, therefore, lighter and lighter, — “Let our smallest boy be coxswain.” And they rowed easier and easier in proportion; — till at last some bold innovator said, “Why any coxswain at all? Let us guide the boat by the mutual concessions of the rowers.” In fact, the rowers have all one interest, — to get to the goal; and, though they may not know much, they all know enough, namely, that a straight line is the shortest line to the goal. So all the best clubs, which make the quickest time, have given up, not only steersman, but stuffed wooden figure, and even rudder, and find they do their work easier by the surrender.

But this is by the way. There is no wonder that, for the reasons named, Mr. Carlyle, indignant with the working of the wooden-figure expedient, gives himself with such vigor to maintaining the dictator principle. He has nowhere explained how the dictator is to be found. Nor has he ever given a

word to the true principle by which each family in a successful commonwealth governs itself, and the hands of all different clerks, messengers, governors, presidents, and other conveniences, are so closely tied, that, though they talk a great deal of nonsense, waste a great deal of money, and sometimes tell a great many lies, they do no material harm. It is true, that, in maintaining his principle, Mr. Carlyle is brought into very bad company. He knows this. He finds himself in the same boat with that broad-sabred, wide-whiskered Drawcansir of strong windpipe whom he only condescends to describe thus, but whom men name Napoleon Bonaparte the First. He does not fancy Napoleon, thinks he was a sham king, and so sets him forth as a hero of melodrama, as it must be confessed these dictators are very apt to be. Mr. Carlyle knows that, while he believes "that real kingship is eternally indispensable," he believes also "that the destruction of sham kingship is occasionally indispensable." And delicately indeed is he forced to tread the line of his rope-dancing when it happens, as in poor human nature it will, that the real king of this morning is only a sham king this afternoon. What shall we do, then? Shall we cut off the sham king's head, or shall we appeal from Friedrich Wilhelm drunk to Friedrich Wilhelm sober, and wait meekly till to-morrow, in the hope that he may be a real king again?

Loaded with the chains of his infernal theory, the first of historians steps into the dust-heap of the eighteenth century to give us what cinders there may be left there. Such cinders as other workmen have tried to rake out have, in large measure, rolled back again into the heap. And most of what the older workmen called cinder has proved to be very worthless glazed slag,—which will not burn at all, and is, if possible, worse than good for nothing. "No sieve is allowed," says the poor historian, complaining bitterly of the want of index;* but with his own indomitable courage, with his matchless discernment and iron memory, with his warm human pathos, eager to give any spark of life that lingers a chance to quicken other fires, and with his superb indifference to forms

* And why did he give us none to his "French Revolution"?

or other corpses out of which the life has died, this great master does work out for us something real, something conceivable, something with which we can sympathize, something in which we can conceive men and women acting, — as the result of his years of toil on that extinct century and its antecedents.

And only to think on what those antecedents were! For a thousand years this Hohenzollern family, which is to blossom and bear fruit in such lovely, luscious results as Friedrich Wilhelm, the great Friedrich, and the other Friedrich who has just now abdicated, has been mixed up in every imbroglio of that anarchical Germany. For a thousand years the experiment of kingship has been trying itself in Germany, with such results in the way of simplicity and unity and force of government as any map of Central Europe for the last two centuries shows, with its hopeless mosaic of a hundred colors. Every entanglement has left a thread, or the filament of a thread, wrought in among the Hohenzollern traditions. Anspach, Baireuth, Cleves, and so down through the alphabet, — every principality, power, or dominion is somehow connected with the hopes or fears of the "house of Prussia." And Friedrich, called the Great, is to untangle some of these knots, and to cut some more, — and to try his hand at all. And therefore, to show what is the stock he comes from, and what is the work he is set to, Mr. Carlyle is obliged to go gallantly to work on a general history of Germany, almost from the time of Charlemagne down. This general history occupies more than half of his first volume. It is admirably wrought out. The general reader need never read any other general history of Germany, — perhaps had better not read any other. We dare not say that it leaves a clear impression on the memory. No one who has passed through a cedar swamp has a clear impression of every gulf he has leaped over, — of every tuft he has trodden on, — of every friendly stump or rock on which he stood to take survey before and behind. But we dare praise to the highest the guide who has led us through it. There is something loving in the cheerful way with which Mr. Carlyle lifts his reader over the worst places, encourages him through the darkest, calls to

him from before to tempt him on, and lets him go on in advance where the footing is safer. Where it is very hard he owns it is hard, but puts the reader to his mettle, calls on his manliness and spirit, — then he bribes him with a bit of daylight ahead, — then lets him stop to dry his shoes, or to brush the pebble-stones out from them. But himself, he never needs rest, — and tells you a pleasant story while you are resting. He is always the sympathizing companion, — never tired himself, but conscious that the reader must be; — full of resource, full of anecdote, full of human tenderness, and perfectly willing to own, all the way, that this swamp is nothing in itself, — that it is only the necessary entrance to the forest and intervale which we have all set out to “prospect” together. From the successful termination of this heavy job at beginning, where he has so coaxed us, carried us in his arms, and beguiled the way for us, we have confidence in our leader, — and he has us completely in his power.

With such a guide, with whom the reader has established such amicable and confidential relations, he emerges upon the firmer footing and clearer sky of the history of Central Europe for the first half of the last century. The little Friedrich is born, and around his life in his childhood there crystallizes the story, told with admirable effect, of the reign of his father, Friedrich Wilhelm. Now, it is perfectly true that the story of this reign is all along made to enforce the theory of absolute government to which the author is pledged. But we have no quarrel to make with him on that score. He believes in despotism; let him sustain despotism. Let him show his colors, and why he fights for them. Anything is tolerable in the history of the past, or in a newspaper of the present, except wilful lies and wilful neutrality. Let us all hope to be saved from an historian who has no opinions, — who says, when you ask him which is the tyrant and which is the patriot, which the elephant and which the monkey, “You have paid your money, my dear, and you can have it just as you choose.” Then Mr. Carlyle never insults us by attempting to reproduce the fooleries of court life, of diplomacy, or of temporary fanaticism, which the grim common-sense of the world has resolutely forgotten. And he does not often make the

mistake, to which the ablest men are tempted, of thinking a matter important simply because he discovered it. Still less is he blinded by that awful delusion which sinks Smollett and Bissett and Adolphus, and so many other galley-slaves of the booksellers, into forgotten graves, — the awful delusion which supposes that that which is dull must on that account be commemorated, as if that which interests men might be left to take care of itself. On the contrary, he sees, and it is by this insight that he has created "a new era in history," that only that which attracts human interest deserves human attention. If we cannot get at the pathetic side of a transaction, — at the human interests and passions involved in it, — the record of that transaction is hopelessly dead. All the Von Raumers and Adolphuses in the world may haul the poor corpse out of its grave, and put crowns upon it and regal robes, and set it upon a throne, but they can never make it live. It will topple over into its grave again. As Mr. Carlyle has occasion to say so often, there are things which "no man shall ever read again."

It must be confessed that in that life of Friedrich Wilhelm there is now to be discovered as little of human interest or pathos as could well be imagined of any life so near our own times. He is a horrible Old Man of the Sea for our Sinbad to carry. Educated in semi-barbarism, he was a brute to the day he died. He was tyrannical to his wife, cruel to his children, harsh and unjust to his subjects. He spent his life in making Prussia a great military power, and yet never used the army he had made, and was incapable of using it. He had just wit to see that his only possible distinction was to be that of an independent sovereign, the protector of German Protestantism against the Austrian crown. He wanted to be this, and he fancied that he was; and yet, in fact, in all the critical transactions of his life he was led by the nose, himself stone-blind, by the paid agents of the Emperor he was defying. His one great success in life was the collecting a corps of four thousand grenadiers for parade at Potsdam, of the tallest men in Europe and Asia. At the most important crisis in his life, it is recorded that he went to bed drunk every night for several months. With economy enough to keep a full

treasury, and with the best troops of Europe at his command, he left to his son, unadjusted, and even more embroiled, all the political questions which he had inherited from his father. Such is the picture of the father of Frederic the Great, as we are able to reproduce it from Mr. Carlyle's conscientious, fresh, and brilliant story. It is with such a brute he has to deal in maintaining his theory of the grandeur of kingship. He has to maintain the thesis that this semi-civilized soldier, who never found occasion to fight, was the saviour, benefactor, and indeed creator of Prussia; and that it was the greatest of mercies that Prussia was given into his vigorous sway. Never was preconceived theory more hardly tested, and never was desperate cause more gallantly maintained. Where the poor king is befooled, we are made to pity him. Where he hangs a deserving officer by accident, we are asked to laugh at the joke, as if this were a wooden Punch who had knocked down a wooden baby. When he shoots the young officer who was privy to the crown prince's attempt to desert, and pardons the prince himself, who was, if anybody, the guilty party, we seem to be expected to admire the king's firmness in contemplating the act of Brutus, though he did not execute it. And all through the drunkenness, stupidity, and waste of power of this life, a certain poetical temperament, which it is suspected lay at the bottom of the king's heart, and an undoubted skill in administration such as would have made an admirable landlord of an inn, keeper of an intelligence-office, or quartermaster-general, are dwelt upon fondly and illustrated abundantly. Then there was undoubtedly an unselfish desire to aggrandize Prussia, and to work with good solid blows, and not by means of trickery or intrigue. Such a desire as that constitutes true kingship, in Mr. Carlyle's eyes, as we knew long ago. It is the same thing, whether it is Cromwell storming Drogheda, or Johnson bullying Boswell; — a West-Indian overseer flogging Quashy, or this king of Prussia hanging an unjust judge without trial, and pardoning a convicted soldier because he is useful in the army. So well managed — or, we may say, with such true admiration — are these traits, that, when the stupid old brute dies, the reader finds that he has contracted an affection for him after all,

and wishes that he might have been born to one of those humble positions, where his failures could not have made thousands wretched, and where his little excellences might have had fair play.

The most picturesque or dramatic result of the quarter-master faculty of this prince appears in his measures for the removal of the Salzburg Protestants from their Tyrolese valleys to the waste lands which the king wished to colonize in Prussen. This transaction is described with spirit, and exhibits to great advantage the skill of the king and his officers in getting people over the ground, and the generous enthusiasm of Protestant Germany in behalf of these sufferers. Seven thousand made the emigration in the first year, — and in the year or two following ten thousand more, “less noted by the public.” To us, — beneath whose eyes three hundred thousand people make every year an emigration from their old homes to some point westward, still less noted by the public, with a good deal more personal comfort, and without any public supervision, because without any red-tape bars, customs frontiers, or passport regulations, — the transaction does not appear an amazing victory. But, if we will rightly recollect how difficult rival kingships had made it in Germany for anybody to do anything he wanted to, or to go, by any means, to the right place, the king of Prussia's success will become matter worthy of praise and congratulation. Of these same Salzburger

“‘George II. took a certain number,’ say the Prussian books (George II. or pious trustees instead of him), ‘and settled them at Ebenezer in Virginia,’ — read Ebenezer in *Georgia*, where General Oglethorpe was busy founding a colony. There at Ebenezer I calculate they might go ahead too, after the questionable fashion of that country, and increase and swell, but have never heard of them since.” — Vol. II. p. 329.

Of this American branch of this Salzburg emigration it is, therefore, the part of this editor to say, that General Oglethorpe planted them, as in duty bound, at Ebenezer, twenty miles or more above Savannah, on the river Savannah, in Georgia. There they thrived and increased, in no questionable manner, but with characters for honesty, thrift, and in-

dustry, and with reputation for longevity, and sometimes for learning. A generation after, they gave the name of Effingham to their county, in honor of a certain Lord Effingham who surrendered his commission in the British army rather than serve against the American colonies, — so little impression had they of the advantages which they or their fathers had derived from King Georges. Of this county their descendants are now the larger part of the settlers, — thrifty and industrious still, though upon poor soil with little natural resources; — “as good roads as any in Georgia,” — “bridge over Ebenezer Creek owned by church in Ebenezer,” — “cow-bells of their manufacture better than any made in the Northern States or in Europe.” A pity to have to add, that in 1850 the whole two thousand of them owned nearly as many slaves. But this is no stain in Mr. Carlyle's heraldry. In short, a hard-working, ingenious, effective, unromantic German peasantry, faring just as well, with a king or without one, by the rough, steady work of their own hands.

In the amusing chapter on Voltaire, Mr. Carlyle says Smelfungus, by which he here means himself, “never met with one Frenchman who could tell him whence this name VOLTAIRE originated.” So, for Smelfungus, he claims the credit of the discovery that Voltaire is a mere Anagram of Arouet l. j. (*le jeune*), the true name of Voltaire, and that under which his early works were published. This great discovery is proclaimed half a dozen times in the two volumes. It was not so new to us here, having been published in the North American Review for January, 1821, where it is credited to a late French newspaper. Smelfungus ought not to suppose that all Frenchmen are blind.*

* The article in the North American was by A. H. Everett. The passage is this: — “We shall draw these remarks to a close with a trifling anecdote, which perhaps may be new to our readers, and which we lately met with in a French newspaper. We think it carries internal proof of authenticity. It relates to the etymology of the name *Voltaire*, which this writer has rendered so illustrious, and which we believe is commonly thought to have been either entirely arbitrary or taken from some little estate, according to the custom with French gentlemen of that day. It is now said, however, to be merely a transposition of the letters composing the original signature which he employed in early life. His family name, it is well known, was *Arouet*, and having an elder brother, he used to sign his name when young, *Arouet l. I.*, — *le Jeune*. The word *Voltaire* is an anagram or transposition of the letters in this signature.”

With the death of Friedrich Wilhelm these two volumes end. The story of his sickness and death is admirably told, and Prince Friedrich comes to the throne with all the reader's sympathy aroused. Running through the history of his father's reign, his life has been treated as the central thread. He has been oppressed and has been petted. He has been married to the woman he did not care for. He has gradually ingratiated himself with his father. He has led six or seven years of quiet, almost charming, country life, in such study and accomplishment as he and his poor times were equal to. He has just printed his first book, for the purpose of showing, what Christian Europe might have learned before, that "those who are chief among you shall be your servants," and that the only use of a king is that he obey the directions of his people. God be praised, we always believe in young princes just coming to the throne. And so, as we close these two volumes, we look forward with especial eagerness for the two which are still to come.

F. H. Hedge.

ART. V.—THE TWO RELIGIONS.

1. *Truths for the Times. The Reasonableness of Future Endless Punishment.* By NEHEMIAH ADAMS, D.D., Pastor of the Essex Street Church. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1858.
2. *The Doctrine of Endless Punishment for the Sins of this Life Unchristian and Unreasonable.* Two Discourses delivered in Hollis Street Church, by REV. THOMAS STARR KING. Published by request. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858.

THE two pamphlets here named represent two opposite systems of faith. The religion of Rome in the days of the Antonines, when Olympian and Christian sanctities and rule, Pantheon and Ecclesia, the Flamen and the Elder, disputed the empire of the human mind, and Eleusinian mysteries competed, *arcana face*, with the mysteries of the Catacombs; or that of Jerusalem under Annas, when the "Upper Room" was arrayed against the Sanhedrim, and the two

Covenants confronted each other in the shadow of the great Judgment,—can hardly have exhibited sharper contrasts of tone and color than here the religion of Boston, as represented by two of its ministers. Both of these gentlemen are competent expounders of their respective systems; both publications are able expositions of the same. Dr. Adams, long known to this community as a zealous and faithful defender of Calvinism, enjoys a distinguished and well-earned repute among the preachers of his connection. Thomas Starr King, with a wide celebrity as lecturer and preacher, adds to his other and more popular gifts a logical acuteness and severity of thought not commonly imputed to the brilliant rhetorician.

Both gentlemen are well qualified to speak to a point of speculative theology; both have spoken with full breast in these discourses. We have here their respective conclusions on the single point of "endless punishment." But it is not the difference in these conclusions, it is not their dissent on this one point, that truly expresses the mutual abhorrence of their respective faiths;—not this, but the general tone and spirit of their reasoning, the underlying convictions represented in it, the implied views of God and man, of nature and the Gospel. Here are two dispensations of religion, differing as widely the one from the other as law and grace, and nearly corresponding with that division. "These are the two covenants." Hagar and Sarah are here, and renew their feud.

How shall we name these contrary ways? The old denomination of Orthodox and Unitarian is a very inadequate expression of the real difference between them. The word Orthodox is objectionable, as implying that the right of doctrine, that is, the truth, is all on one side. "Evangelical" is still worse. That phrase is not only a monstrous assumption on the part of those who claim it, but a gross perversion of the real import of the word, which, instead of a message of grace and joy, is thus made to designate what, as often propounded, is, on the contrary, a message of wrath and doom. The word "Sacrificial," used by Mr. King as a substitute for these, is a better designation, but not entirely unexceptionable. It emphasizes a single aspect of the current

theology, and can hardly be regarded as an adequate expression of a type of religion which has other aspects equally significant. The Pauline phrases, "carnal" and "spiritual," descriptive of Judaism and Christianity, express very nearly the difference, as we conceive it, between the religions here represented. But as these are terms of blame and praise, and our purpose is rather to characterize than to judge, we avoid the aggressive coloring of such language, and adopt in their stead a distinction less offensive, and equally significant, — *Legal* and *Liberal*. Judaism is represented in the New Testament as a religion of Law. The ritual Law, or law as a system, was abolished by Christianity, but law as a religious principle survived the overthrow of the Jewish polity; it went over into the new dispensation, it reappears in Christian history, side by side with the principle of Grace. Law and Grace, the rigid and the fluid in religion, the bound and the free, — these are the basis of the nomenclature which we propose. We intend by the word *liberal* no eulogy of any party in the Church, or any order of Christians. We are far from maintaining that all who embrace this form of faith are liberal as individuals, — liberal in their feelings and conduct. Doubtless there are many bigots among them, hard, intolerant, exclusive. We only mean that their theory of religion is liberal and genial, — a religion of grace, — as compared with its fellow in this antithesis. On the other hand, the word *legal* is not the most precise, but the most intelligible and obvious designation, of a form of faith in which the leading characteristic is something akin to Judaism, — a leaven of the old covenant, — a religion in which the idea of law is the prominent element. It is therefore preferable to *hyponomian* or *nomocratic*, or any term which might be coined for the purpose, more definitive, but less familiar. We intend no reproach by this designation. On the contrary, inasmuch as the religion of the vast majority of Christians is of this type, it may fairly be presumed that, if grace is the true ideal of an evangelical religion, the notion of law is nevertheless indispensable as one of the working forces of a popular faith.

There are other classifications and other antitheses in religion, — ecclesiastical and personal, sentimental and dogmatic,

sacramental and spiritual,—but none so comprehensive as this of legal and liberal, the religion of law and the religion of grace. There is none which bisects with so trenchant a stroke the Christian world. It is no historical division which we thus designate. For though it roughly corresponds with that of Orthodox and Unitarian, it is by no means identical with that. We have known Unitarians who were strict legalists, and many Orthodox we have known who were thoroughly liberal. The division respects the philosophy of religion rather than sectarian symbol and dogma.

In the theory of the fourth Gospel, and in Paul's conception, Grace is the specialty of the Christian dispensation. This specialty legal Christianity excludes, and yet, by a curious perversion of speech, the "Orthodox" sects have been more free in the use of the word Grace than liberal Christians. It is one of the technicalities of their phraseology, while the absence of the thing which that term denotes—the free forgiveness of sin to the penitent—is precisely the distinguishing trait in their systems. No two ideas can be more fundamentally opposite than that of Grace is to the satisfaction of justice by suffering; and nothing in the history of sects is more extraordinary (next to the abuse of the word Evangelical referred to above) than the misapplication of the *word* Grace to a system of theology which virtually repudiates the *thing*. In the judgment of liberal Christians, those systems which treat the death of Christ as a satisfaction of Divine justice, whether in the sacrificial sense of expiation, or the more questionable "governmental" sense of a shift or compromise, rule out of Christianity that which constitutes its distinctive feature, grace, and place it on a level with the old religions, in which law and sacrifice are the prominent elements. In these systems the Christian's God, like the God of the Jews and the gods of the Gentiles, is a being to be propitiated by sacrifice;—with this remarkable difference, that while the Gentile and Jewish divinities, alienated from individuals and tribes by actual personal transgressions, and visiting ancestral crimes on the third and fourth generation, could be conciliated by the blood of bulls or rams, the Christian's God, averse from the whole human race by reason of aboriginal sin, can be

placated only by the blood of a man. Liberal Christianity sees in this view a God less gracious than Hebrew Jehovah or Olympian Jove, and, instead of a dispensation of grace, the yoke of a new and sterner law.

In the theory of the Church Universal, since the third century, the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father has been the specialty of Christian theology. This specialty Unitarianism proper, in the judgment of legal Christianity, excludes. But the name Unitarian, in the present division of the Church in this country, denotes a body of Christians who are far from unanimous in respect to the doctrine implied in that term. Many of them are Trinitarian in their theology, and very few of them, we fancy, adopt the Christology of the English Unitarians of the last century.

The distinction of legal and liberal respects, we have said, the philosophy of religion, rather than sectarian symbol or dogma. Every system of theology and every religious creed presupposes antecedent speculation, — some philosophic idea, some underlying theory of God and man, which, consciously or unconsciously, shapes the formula, and determines the doctrine. When we study the Homousian controversy of the fourth century, or the Monotheletic of the seventh, we see how each party starts from premises back of the point in dispute, and back of Christianity itself. Arius was a thinker of entirely different build from Athanasius, and would probably have dissented from him as emphatically, on every other subject involving a philosophical principle, as he did in his Christology. Augustine differed as widely from Pelagius, and Maximus from Theodore. The Ebionitism which prevailed in the early Church was the natural product of the strong monarchian* proclivity of the Jewish mind. The Christotheism which ultimately triumphed was nursed and matured, if it did not originate, in the bosom of Alexandrian speculation. And when we come to the mighty spirits of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, to Abelard and Anselm, and Hugo à St. Victoire, to Abbot Joachim and Raymond Lull and

* The monarchian heresies, properly so called, were of later date, and of Gentile growth; but the origin of one of them was unquestionably Jewish.

Thomas Aquinas and Roger Bacon, we see them impelled to review the old dogmas in the new light of the great revival of the human mind which began with the Crusades; we see how the reawakened intellect held creed and symbol in solution, and how theologians were obliged to reconsider and to seek a philosophic basis for the *placita* of the Church.

The "simple souls" who, according to Tertullian, compose, in every age, the great majority of believers,* experience no such necessity; they swallow the symbol that is set before them, asking no questions for conscience' sake; they neither know nor care to know in what subsoil of philosophic speculation their dogma has its root; they suppose it delivered bodily by revelation from heaven. But revelation never dogmatizes; all dogma is grounded in antecedent philosophy. Every system of theology is the fruit of philosophic ideas applied to the facts of revelation. The two systems we are now considering — the two faiths represented in these pamphlets — presuppose very different classes of ideas as their antecedents and basis. Their oppugnance is quite as much a philosophical as a theological one. The principal points of this oppugnance are shown in the following parallel, in which we collate their respective views of the great questions of speculative theology.

THEORY OF GOD.

Legal View.

God is Will.
God is Law in the sense of arbitrary commandment.
God is Force.
God is a Despot.

Liberal View.

God is Reason.
God is Law in the sense of a necessary order.
God is Love.
God is a Father.

THEORY OF MAN.

Legal View.

The natural man is a devil. (By nature averse from good.)
The spiritual (regenerate) man is something superadded to human nature.

Liberal View.

The native man is a savage.
The spiritual (regenerate) man is a fully developed human nature.

* "Simplices quique, ne dixerim imprudentes et idiotæ, quæ major semper credentium pars est."

The first man was an angel.

The first man was a savage, or full-grown child.

THEORY OF SIN.

Legal View.

Sin is a positive element in human nature, — the normal state of the natural man.

Liberal View.

Sin is negation of moral life, — abnormal action of the will through perversion and disease.

THEORY OF HUMAN DESTINATION.

Legal View.

The end of man is to glorify God and to enjoy him for ever.

Liberal View.

The end of man is fully to possess his human nature. (To unfold the divine image.)

THEORY OF INSPIRATION.

Legal View.

Inspiration is dictation to or through a passive medium from without.

Liberal View.

Inspiration is the highest degree of spiritual development. (The objective side of a fact of which Faith is the subjective.)

THEORY OF REVELATION.

Legal View.

Revelation is a communication made by God from without to the human race.

Liberal View.

Revelation is divine education of human kind, — God speaking from within.

The Bible is a writing every word of which has been dictated by God, and is therefore to be received without criticism.

The Bible is a collection of writings of various import and value, parts of which are the utterances of inspired men, and part reflective composition.

THEORY OF CHRIST.

Legal View.

1. Christ is God in a human body. (Patrispassian, Monophysite, modern Orthodox.)
2. Christ is neither God nor man, but a being differing from both. (Arian.)

Liberal View.

1. Christ is God united to a human nature. (Catholic, old Orthodox.)
2. Christ was simply man. (Humanitarian.)

THEORY OF REDEMPTION.

Legal View.

Atonement is reconciliation of God to man by placation of Divine wrath.

Liberal View.

1. *Atonement.*

Atonement is reconciliation of man to God by repentance.

2. *Satisfaction.*

Christ has satisfied Divine Justice by vicarious punishment (<i>obedientia passiva</i>).	Christ has satisfied the Divine Law by a perfect example (<i>obedientia activa</i>).
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3. *Agency of Christ's Death.*

Christ's death operates as reason and motive with God, whereby he is induced to pardon sin.	Christ's death operates as motive with man to repent of sin.
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4. *Salvation.*

Salvation is escape from the punishment of sin.	Salvation is deliverance from the power of sin.
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THEORY OF THE FUTURE LIFE.

*Legal View.**Liberal View.*1. *Heaven.*

Heaven is the local court of the Lord, where his courtiers (the redeemed) are ever occupied in celebrating their sovereign with choral hymns.	Heaven is the method of moral ascension. Also the totality of ascending spirits.
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2. *Hell.*

Hell is Satan's local domain, where the damned expiate earthly sins with endless punishments.	Hell is the principle of moral declension. Also the totality of descending spirits.
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From this exposition, it appears of what opposite and interior elements the two religions are composed, and how radical and irreconcilable the antagonism between them; how vain the attempt to symbolize these sharp antitheses, to atone the intellectual schism, or by any theological compromise to harmonize legal and liberal views in one dogmatic confession. The confession that shall reconcile this difference, and unite the sects it has sundered, must not be a dogmatic, but a liturgical one. Such a confession and such a union we believe to be not impossible. What Christian heart does not rejoice in the thought! But every movement in this direction, every attempt to œcumenize Protestant Christendom in one association for liturgical or practical purposes, must start with a frank recognition, on both sides, of the logically and theologically unattonable discrepance between legal and liberal theories of religion, frank toleration of that discrepance, and such

a yearning for practical atonement and reconciliation in Christ as shall place above all dogmatic interests and disputes the common Master and Lord, and that union of all men in him for which he prayed, "That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." Let no one think to forward that union by compromising doctrinal issues, by dogmatic adjustments, by attempts to symbolize theologically with other sects. All such attempts are like temporary bridges of ice, which connect in cold seasons two hostile shores, — hard and ungenial while they last, and soon dissolved. When, in times of suspended interest and theological torpor, sects unite by the crystallization of their differences, — when the very coldness between them becomes their bond, — it is easy to foresee the speedy dissolution of that bond in the new glow of returning interest, and the more direct light of the sun. There is one word which should never be heard in theology, — "Compromise."

But under whatever organizations, whether ecclesiastically joined or disjunct, there will always be, as we believe, these two religions in the world. They are too abhorrent in their ground elements, too discrete in the last analysis, to be ever completely merged in one. They are exponents each of a quite distinct and peculiar order of mind; each expresses an indestructible spiritual type. We referred their origin to antecedent diversity of philosophic speculation. We stopped too soon in our analysis. It is not a question of philosophy, but of nature, — of constitutional idiosyncrasies, powerful enough to difference races. The schism is co-ordinate with that divergence of spiritual life which distinguishes the two great races most prominent in the history of intellectual and spiritual culture, and especially in the history of the Church. Shem and Japhet are imaged in it, and differenced by it. Chevalier Bunsen has made familiar to English readers the distinction of Semitic and Japhetic, which is not so much an ethnological classification as an intellectual and spiritual one. Semitic and Japhetic are nearly synonymous with legal and liberal. How many peculiarities, theoretic and dogmatic, how many antagonist doctrines and creeds, theological formulas, sectarian issues, ecclesiastical disputes, arrange and

define themselves under these two heads! Christianity, whose strong, victorious current broke down so many barriers, and swept away so many distinctions, and floated and confounded, and finally swallowed, so many philosophies and faiths, — Christianity, the most powerful of intellectual and historical solvents, did not quite solve this obdurate dualism. It married these contrary elements, but did not fuse them. Semitic and Japhetic veins, distinct and marked, pervade the history of the Christian Church. "In Christ there is neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free"; but Jew and Gentile, bond and free, reappear in Christian dogmatics. The Church was yet in its second decade when it fairly polarized into legal and liberal. The two types were visibly discriminated, formally organized, and locally and theoretically and practically divided. Jerusalem, the natural and ancestral home of legal religion, maintained that aspect of the Gospel, as administered by the twelve Apostles, with James the Just at their head. On the other hand, Antioch, capital of Syria, "the eldest daughter of Zion," birthplace of the Christian name, birthplace of Christianity itself as a world religion, dispensed through Paul, or, in his absence, through Hellenizing elders, the liberal faith. The head and protoplast of liberal Christianity is Paul. But here we are bound to remark, that our classification given above, of the doctrinal aspects of the two religions, does not always, and in all particulars, coincide with legal and liberal in ecclesiastical position. The Christology of Paul is less humanitarian, his redemptorial doctrine, notwithstanding his polemics against the law, has more of a legal complexion, than the views of the old Jerusalem church, so far as we can judge from the scanty and uncertain notices which have reached us. In subsequent divisions of the ecclesiastical world, the Catholic party, while always legalizing in matters of church polity, have often adopted more liberal views of questions purely theologic, than the heretics with whom they contended. On the other hand, some of the sects, for example the Montanists, have been legalists in doctrine and liberals in polity. Still, as a general rule, the theological position has, in this respect, coincided with the ecclesiastical.

The century waned, Jerusalem fell,—with it the Jewish ritual, the Jewish polity. And with the subversion of temple and state Jewish Christianity declined, Hellenistic Christianity triumphed; the Pauline interest triumphed; the Antiocheian school prevailed. With the exception of a feeble remnant of Ebionites and Nazareans, the Jerusalem school and party were extinct. Monstrous to relate, a Gentile was chosen Bishop of Jerusalem. “In the fire-flames of the Holy City God proclaimed the end of the Old Covenant, and the Roman who, for ends of his own, threw a torch into the Temple, acted as the instrument of God in the interest of the Christian religion.”* The century closed, Christianity became cosmopolite, and, notwithstanding heretical appearances here and there, the Christian Church was substantially one. But let another century pass, and the old contradiction bursts forth afresh; the two types reappear as fully developed, and as strongly expressed, as in these publications of Dr. Adams and Mr. King. In the Latin and Greek churches of the third century, legal and liberal are reproduced with steep antagonism. When we speak of Latin Christianity, as a theological influence, we are thinking of Africa, not of Rome. Rome was never an intellectual power in the world, though once and again the world’s mistress. Ecclesiastical Rome was always more occupied with strengthening her own dominion, than with illustrating Christian doctrine. Africa was the cradle, if not the birthplace, of Latin Christianity. On the northern coast of that continent, and especially in Carthage, how planted we know not, there had sprung up a church, which makes its first appearance in Christian history as a full-grown power and a mighty influence, in the time and person of Tertullian. The Greek Church dates from Paul. The Græco-Egyptian branch of it, its most intellectual and characteristic representative,—the church at Alexandria,—had already illustrated the second century and itself with the writings of Clemens. Thus Africa, by a strange destiny, had become the focus of the Christian world, the home of

* Die Clementinen nebst den verwandten Schriften, und der Ebionitismus. Von Adolph Schliemann.

the two representative churches of the post-Apostolic time, — at once the palæstra and the mart of those spirits and ideas, the trace of which remains to this day. In Alexandria *gnosis* contended with revelation, in Carthage independency struggled with ecclesiastical rule; but both of these churches contrasted each other as exponents of speculative and dogmatic theology, of liberal and legal religion. M. Charpentier, in a pleasant essay on the literary characteristics of the two churches, speaks of the different training of the writers of each. The Greek Fathers had come into the Church from the schools; the Latin, from the bar. “Sortis par la plupart, les écrivains grecs, de l’école des sophistes, les écrivains latins, de l’enceinte du barreau, ils ont, les uns et les autres, retenu cette double origine.”* We are inclined to think that their spiritual, as well as their literary traits, are referable in part to this previous discipline. The habit of the schools is free inquiry, the habit of the bar is sharp decision by precedent and authority; the one is discursive, the other pragmatical; the one liberal, the other legal.

As a type of the Latin spirit, and a normal instance of legal Christianity, let us take Tertullian, first of the Latin Fathers. Tertullian was a heretic in ecclesiastical position, but when had ever orthodoxy, in the popular sense of the word, a more perfect representative? We speak of Augustine as the father of Calvinism, but the practical spirit of Calvinism is far more fitly imaged in Tertullian. So assured and grim and pitiless! The Christian Church has had no abler writer and no greater bigot. How fiercely his intolerant zeal flashes out in his judgment of the polytheists! How he burns and rages against them! How he revels in the thought of their sure damnation, and gloats over the picture of everlasting burnings! “O, how I shall admire, how laugh, how exult, when I behold so many proud monarchs, so many fancied gods, groaning in the lowest abyss of darkness, so many magistrates who persecuted the name of Christ melting in fiercer flames than they kindled against the Christians!” What contempt he pours on ancient philosophy and philoso-

* *Études sur les Pères de l’Église.* Par J. P. Charpentier.

phers! "What has the Academy to do with the Church, Christ with Plato, Jerusalem with Athens?" With what self-righteous disdain, and conscious superiority, he sneers even at Socrates, and ridicules his Dæmon and all his pretended wisdom! Paul and John had not hesitated to acknowledge traces of moral truth and a divine spirit even in the Gentile world; but Tertullian flouts the notion of a possible wisdom or knowledge that was not derived from the Christian revelation. What could Socrates know of the soul? what right had he to think or talk about it? Christ had not yet come into the world;* consequently, no knowledge of spiritual things, no means of investigating, no possibility of apprehending them. All that the gentile philosophers could say on these subjects was of devilish origin, "*secundum Pythii demonis suffragium*." Christianity was not only a revelation transcending philosophy, but a fierce cartel hurled at human wisdom. It was not enough to say that the Gospel was the source of the highest knowledge and the fullest truth in relation to such matters; Tertullian's religion required him to believe that all previous theorizing, all the conclusions of the "natural man" on the subject, were adverse to the Gospel, — that this wisdom not only "descendeth not from above," but must needs be "earthly, sensual, devilish." His faith rejected with scorn the aid of reason. "*Credo quia impossibile est*." The Christian religion, says Maurice,* in his admirable critique of this Father, "was good for nothing in his eyes, unless he could show that it set aside all that honest men had been thinking of and feeling before it was proclaimed. That was the proof that it came from God; that was the only comfortable evidence Tertullian could have, that the inheritance which had been left him was safe against invaders."

This, in every period of the Church, has been the position of legal Christianity, in respect to the claims of philosophy and the rights of the mind. It loves to set revelation against humanity, instead of seeking to reconcile the two. So far

* "Cui enim veritas comperta sine Deo? Cui Deus cognitus sine Christo? Cui Christus exploratus sine Spiritu Sancto? . . . Sane Socrates facilius diverso spiritu agebatur." — Tertull. *De Anima*.

† Lectures on the Ecclesiastical History of the First and Second Centuries.

from finding the word of God in human reason, and human reason in the word of God, it delights to sow enmity between them. It declares eternal feud to be their normal relation. Instead of adjusting itself with the natural faith and universal heart of man, it assumes in advance that human nature is an enemy, and must be crushed and trampled in the dust, in order to receive its impress. Compare with these flings of Tertullian the tone of discourse on such matters in modern writers of like faith. Thus the author of the Greyson Letters, quite in the spirit of the old African, assures his correspondent that Christianity goes desperately against the grain of human nature. "You cannot say that the Book has not given you every advantage, for never was there one which more irritates the pride and prejudices of mankind, which presents greater obstacles to its reception, morally and intellectually; — so that it is amongst the most unaccountable things to me, not that it should be rejected by some, but that it should be accepted by any. . . . Said an old Deist, 'I do not perceive in myself any inclination to receive the New Testament' There spake not Deism only, but HUMAN NATURE."

As Tertullian in the Latin Church is the type of legalism, so Origen in the Greek Church may be regarded as, next to St. Paul, the truest representative of Liberal Christianity. In him as in few beside — perhaps we should say in none beside — were combined the scholar and the saint. Second to none in purity and singleness of heart, in self-denial, humility, devotion, in all Christian virtues, he added "to virtue knowledge," surpassing all others in intellectual activity and intellectual attainments, in the grasp of his thought, in the vastness of his erudition. Neander calls him the founder of sacred learning, — that is, of the scientific study of the Bible and all related branches of knowledge. He introduced into Christian study a spirit of inquiry and an element of intellectual freedom which ages of bigotry were unable wholly to eradicate thence. Unlike Tertullian, he believed in philosophy, and believed in reason. He believed in the necessary and perfect harmony of reason and revelation. Possessed with this conviction, his genius led him to spiritualize and allegorize whatever seemed contrary to reason in the letter of

Scripture, and especially all that savors of anthropomorphism. Tertullian did not shun to ascribe corporeity to God. He must have an eye to watch man, a hand to protect him, an ear to hear him, a heart to love him. Origen, on the contrary, is careful to divest the idea of God of all material attributes; he conceives of Deity as pure spirit, infinitely transcending all human conception. He understands figuratively all those passages in the Bible which speak humanly of God. He cannot accept in its literal sense the Mosaic account of creation. A creation that had its beginning but a few thousand years ago, is inconsistent with the nature of God, who must have created from all eternity. The existing universe must have been preceded by an infinite series of creations. He believes in the pre-existence of human souls. What is called native depravity is the taint contracted by transgression in some previous state. He believes in a plurality of intelligent and spiritual worlds, and regards the death of Christ as a sacrifice whose efficacy is not confined to this our earth, but includes the spheres in its complete grace, and carries atonement into all the heavens. His eschatology is as generous as his theory of redemption. He believes that all souls will be finally restored to God; Satan himself, as the Scottish bard hoped, will take thought and mend; the universe in all its abysses will be purged of evil,

“ And Hell itself shall pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.”

We do not propose Origen, no more than Tertullian, as authority or model, but only as type in his own kind, as the foremost instance of liberalism in religion. He represents the faults as well as the merits of that kind. In him the philosopher outruns the evangelist. The bold speculations in which he indulges, if not antagonistic to the teachings of the Gospel, are foreign to the purport and simplicity of the Gospel, which subordinates curious inquiry to moral truth, — the knowledge that puffeth up to the love that buildeth up.

Come down two centuries later, and the never-failing dualism reappears in the conflict of Augustinian and Pelagian anthropology. The Church, already divided on the nature of Christ, divides now on the nature of man, on human free-

will, on the agency which the individual has in his own salvation. Augustine, who never entirely outgrew his early Manichæan determinations, and whose theology was colored by his personal experience of sin, was deeply impressed with the might and extent of the empire of evil, which he conceived as reaching down to the very core of man's being. He could see in human nature only the arena of a contest between God and Satan. The human will is entirely passive in this conflict; it is not human nature that acts when one is converted and saved, but grace in the place of human nature, supplanting it, replacing it. The regenerate man is not a human original, but only a particular vessel into which God's grace is poured. Opposed to this is the liberal, Pelagian view, which recognizes human nature as itself an independent, sacred reality. Immensely important is this view, — far beyond its theological bearings, and beyond the comprehension of that time; — the first emphatic assertion, within the pale of the Christian Church, of the dignity of human nature. It is this that constitutes the ruling idea and animating principle of all that is best in the writings of our own Channing. It is the basis of all civil and personal liberty. The Stoics had a glimpse of it, the Gospel reveals it, the very term "Son of Man" implies it; but this is its first distinct recognition as a Christian doctrine. Pelagius himself is not the best representative of this view, — himself less liberal on the whole, and with more of a legal cast in his doctrine, than Augustine, who as a thinker was immeasurably his superior. A Briton by birth, he seems to have prefigured the characteristic limitations of the insular mind. But this particular view of human nature (with him it was rather an instinct than a vision) soon found other and worthier exponents, as the liberal side of Christian anthropology, contrasted with the legal positions of St. Augustine.

In the seventh century, the old antagonism breaks forth afresh in the Monothelete controversy of the Greek Church, repeating in substance the Nestorian and Monophysite disputes of the fifth and sixth. Maximus here represents the liberal, and Theodore the legal side. In the ninth century, we have the question of the Double Predestination, — Gott-

schalk taking the legal view, and Scotus Erigena the liberal. And again in the thirteenth, we have the practical antithesis of St. Dominic and St. Francis.

It is not our intent to pursue this parallel through all the epochs of ecclesiastical history. We will only remind our readers how the great Reformation, which at first combined and concentrated the spirits and beliefs opposed to Romanism, soon disparted into two streams, into two religions,—iron-hearted Calvin leading and organizing Protestant legalism, Arminius, somewhat later, representing liberal Protestantism.

From their theological characteristics if now we pass to their practical aspects, and survey the working of the two religions in organized communions, we are struck with the very decided superiority of legal over liberal Christianity as a method of church-life. It needs but a glance at ecclesiastical organizations to perceive what mighty advantage a church derives from legal views and a legalizing spirit. It is not too much to say, that a church is powerful and prosperous in precisely that degree in which it is possessed with such views and such a spirit. The Church of Rome, the most powerful spiritual organism the world has known, is a standing witness of the truth of this position. The Church of Rome owes all her strength to this cause. Whatever may have been her doctrinal decisions when defining her faith in relation to the heresies that sprung from her bosom,—whether narrower or larger than the views she eliminated,—the absolute authority of those decisions was always a fundamental point in her faith. Her intense ecclesiastical consciousness (infallibility) gave her decisions a binding force within the pale of her communion, in which the very essence of legalism consists. She broke with the Greek Church on a question of reform. Espousing herself the conservative side, (which was also in this case the popular side,) she gained new strength from the schism. The Greek Church, taking the side of reform, and thereby condemning her own practice, securing orthodoxy at the expense of infallibility, failed to maintain her ground, and was finally worsted in this contest. A change of government restored idolatry to Constantinople, but not œcumenical *pres-*

tige. With two successive empires for her allies, and historical antecedents in her favor, the "Orthodox" Church has never wielded the power of the "Catholic," with often an empire for her adversary. The Albigenses, the most liberal and most powerful antagonists of Papal rule in the thirteenth century, having virtual control of the fairest and most civilized portion of Europe, but without dogmatic authority or bond, and only agreeing in dissent from the Church, were completely exterminated by the sword of De Montfort and the bloodhounds of Dominic. On the other hand, the Waldenses, who with equal hostility to Rome combined a more stringent faith, survived the most savage persecution, and continue to this day.

Need we point to Protestant Christendom, to our own most Protestant land, for illustrations? The superior strength of the self-styled "Evangelical" sects, as compared with the Liberal, stares us in the face. The Unitarians, with every advantage in the way of culture and of literary ability, have not only made, relatively to other sects, no appreciable progress, but have never organized with corporate effect, have never united in any uniform policy, have never cordially co-operated in any systematic attempt to extend their communion. Their theological views they have propagated by books and otherwise; their corporate influence they have not extended, have not even maintained. The management of the first University in the land had fallen providentially into their hands; they endowed it munificently, increased its professorial staff, and raised the standard of education, not only for that college, but through it, indirectly, for every college in the land. They might with all legal propriety have made it ancillary to their own ecclesiastical growth. They might, as other sects would have done in their place, have made it, what other colleges are, a sectarian institution. Far from this, they not only religiously refrained from any effort in that direction, but renounced and put from them what was fairly theirs, lent a helping hand in divesting themselves of their own power and opportunity, and established another management in their place, thus abandoning the only security for the preservation of an unsectarian rule. In the excess of their liberality, they took what may prove in the event the initiative in a

process of deliberalization. We pass no judgment on this act, or want of action; we only cite it as an instance of that lack of organic strength and ecclesiastical consciousness which seems to be inseparable from liberalism in religion. If corporate zeal were the test and measure of truth, Unitarianism would stand convicted and condemned by irrefragable fact. We often think, on the contrary, that zeal and truth are inversely related,—that the clearer men see, the less concerned they are to communicate their vision.

Whatever its theological merits, Liberal Christianity is not, ecclesiastically, a good working faith. It dwells too much in inquiry, is too “sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought,” to succeed in sectarian “enterprises of great pith and moment.”

Nor is this its only defect. Not only does it fail in propagandism, not only does it lack the power to organize,—the corporate zeal which shows itself in vigorous and effective coaction,—but in every kind of religious demonstration, in all that is technically called religion, as distinct from moral and philanthropic action, it falls far short of the mark and standard of legal faith. The religious sentiment, properly so called, is less active, or perhaps we should say less concrete and demonstrative, in Christians of liberal views, than in those of the legal communions. Popularly speaking, the former are less religious than the latter. It is useless to deny this; candor compels us to give to legal Christianity the preference in this particular. At what expense of other and equal good this advantage is maintained, is a point to be considered by one who would weigh the comparative merits of the two systems. It has been alleged by its adversaries that Unitarianism leads to irreligion. Whatever may be thought of the *animus* of that charge, it is not so utterly baseless as the prompt repudiation of it by the Unitarian consciousness might seem to imply. Viewed in one aspect, it is false, and even recklessly false; considered in another, it is not without some color of truth. It is false as a matter of fact, inasmuch as the larger proportion of unbelievers are notoriously the offspring of “Orthodoxy,” and have come from the ranks of the legal sects. But theoretically, it is true so far as this:

Romanism being the positive extreme of the Christian world, and irreligion the negative, Unitarianism is further removed from the positive, consequently nearer the negative, than most of the Protestant systems. As Romanism has more of positive religion than Protestant "Orthodoxy," so Orthodoxy has more of positive religion than Unitarianism. The charge is true in the same sense in which, from the Catholic point of view, Protestantism leads to infidelity. Or again, Unitarianism leads to irreligion in precisely that sense in which "Orthodoxy" leads to fanaticism, which is no better than irreligion, and leads to hypocrisy, which is worse. It is a step in that direction; but it does not follow that all the succeeding steps must be taken until the goal is reached. The street in which you are walking leads to the water's edge, but you need not follow it till you tumble in. There is no more necessity that you should do so, than that those behind you should follow in your steps. It is a question of comparative approximation. If one sect is nearer irreligion than another, that other is nearer to it than its antecedent, and so on. Heaven help us if we are never to move in any direction, because that direction may be followed to excess. In that case Protestantism is the first misstep, and consistency would require the Protestant who recoils from a liberal faith, on the score of irreligion, to pursue the retrograde movement until he lands in the Church of Rome.

Religion is not a finality, but means to an end. The end is the perfect man.* The two religions must be judged by the measure in which they contribute thereto. The first and principal function of all religion is to aid the development of the moral nature, to further moral purity and power. Only so far as it answers this end directly or indirectly, by quickening the conscience, by strengthening the social bond, or by fostering and stimulating beautiful art,—only so far as it makes men morally better,—is religion any real benefit to man. Sad to say, religion has not always wrought to this effect, and when it has not, it has been no blessing, but a curse. When the light that is in man is turned to darkness, that darkness is deeper and deadlier than mere brute night. When religion ceases to be regarded as means to an end, as an aid

to moral and spiritual culture, a handle by which the soul lays hold of the eternal, — when it loses this function in men's apprehension, and becomes an end in itself, an exclusive and absorbing end, an end above truth and righteousness, — then it is apt to become a substitute for truth and righteousness, and then the light that is in man is turned to darkness and to death. What different growths of the spirit ostensibly spring from the same root! The belief in the invisible, which lies at the basis of all religions, — how diverse its action, how contrary its manifestations, according to the nature in which it is rooted and the nurture it receives! The same principle which made a Paul out of Saul and a saint out of Augustine, which ravished the soul of St. Francis and transfigured the life of Elizabeth, which lit up the eyes of Raffaele's Marys and conjugated the notes of the *Miserere*, — that same principle macerated the bodies of the Encratites, and drove men to the tops of columns and into the bowels of the earth, and put a scourge into the hands of Piety, and planned the wiles of the Inquisition, and enacted the fiery Acts of Faith. "Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet waters and bitter," godlike charities and hellish crimes? Yes, human nature is such a fountain, and religion the prophet that unlocks its secret life. Human nature, the individual nature, is deeper than any system, and stronger than any faith. It reacts on religion in the same measure in which it is actuated by it. Religion is not responsible for all the aberrations it has seemed to sanction, or that rage in its name.

"Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so."

At the same time, it is clear that different systems of religion, received by tradition from the visible Church, will act very differently on human nature, and, according to their proper complexion, will quicken or restrain, dissuade or reassure, the native proclivities of souls. On the whole, then, a religion may be judged by its moral fruits; or, since the causal relation of subject and accident in such matters is indemonstrable, let us say its moral accompaniments.

Tried by this test, and compared in this aspect, the two

religions exhibit each their lights and their shades according to their kind. Neither will be found inglorious, and neither without spot. Great and holy characters and lives, noble men and noble women, have been reared under both. Each has had its heroes and confessors, and neither may claim precedence of the other in the heraldry of grace. Yet here also the two religions preserve their distinctive types. They differ in their moral traits, as in their intellectual. The characteristic virtue of the legal is scrupulous sobriety, that of the liberal, active beneficence; the one is more strict in its way of life, the other more intent on works of love; the one aspires to personal holiness, the other delights in public good; the one, contemning and renouncing the world, presses steadily on to the kingdom of God, the other would establish that kingdom in the world. The prayer of the one is, *May we come into Thy kingdom!* The prayer of the other is, *May Thy kingdom come!* Likewise the immoralities incident to either as a visible communion, the vices most often associated with them, are respectively and characteristically proper to each kind. The vices of the liberal are indolence, indifference, eudemonism, self-indulgence, fleshly lusts, and sensual excess. The vices of the legal are hypocrisy, falsehood, dishonesty in business, treachery, cruelty. We do not mean, of course, to say that either religion engenders these results; we are not speaking of necessary consequences, but of common accompaniments.

There is one diagnostic of the two religions, and that, perhaps, the most definitive of any, of which as yet we have not spoken, and can only now point to in passing, for want of room to do it justice. We mean the attitude they respectively assume in relation to public and private amusements. Legal religion is prevaillingly ascetic; it regards the world as essentially godless, a *Vanity Fair*, a passing trial, a transient obstruction, with which the Christian has nothing to do but to make his pilgrim's progress through it, unbending and succinct, drawing close his robe of righteousness, that it take no defilement in the miry passage. It professes no sympathy with gayety and mirth, is cold to all pleasures but those which

“Rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,”

and turns with special aversion from the dance and the play, if not as sinful in themselves, yet as perilously dwelling in the neighborhood of sin. If in any community it had full scope and unqualified sway, it would banish all this, spread sackcloth and ashes, and establish perpetual Lent. Liberal religion secularizes without reserve; it feels itself at home in the world, sanctions festive enjoyment, contends for public amusements, tolerates theatre and ball, with perhaps too little discrimination. If in any community it had full sway, there is reason to fear that society would miss the earnest shadow of the law, that the passions which thirst for enjoyment would never have done with their carnival, that "Joy and Feast" would encroach too far on the awfulness of life.

It has been our aim, in this brief sketch, to render strict justice to both of the religions which divide mankind,—to exhibit fairly their prominent traits, without disparagement and without exaggeration. We are not so fond as to imagine that the color of our own predilection is not apparent in our report; we only profess to have shunned all wilful misrepresentation, and to have characterized without judging, except so far as simple statement of the quality is judgment of the thing. It could never occur to us to pronounce definitively respecting the comparative value of the two religions on the whole. As soon should we think of passing judgment respecting the comparative value of man and woman, or of body and spirit, or any two necessary correlates of being. Neither is best, and neither is sufficient in itself. Both are necessary, and both are partial, and both are permanent types. Each is the other's complement, and neither could be missed without loss to the world. Both will continue to exist in nearly the same proportions as now. We have no misgivings respecting the cause of liberal Christianity, whatever may become of the churches that now embody it. If these fail, other communions will arise in their place, or legal communions will enlarge themselves to receive this element. The Gospel has this side, human nature has this side, and both will be sure to find expression. We have no misgivings about "Orthodoxy"; we rejoice in "Orthodoxy," and are deeply conscious how ill this factor could be missed from the

sum of the forces that rule the world. Both religions will find their own. He who craves the largest liberty of thought and worship, and still affects the Christian name, and still acknowledges the mastership of Christ, will be naturally drawn to the liberal side. He who requires for his edification the strong embrace of a close communion, the pulsing life of a vigorous organism, the warm breath of the crowded conventicle, the frequent assembly, the large operation, the triumphant report, will seek a lodgement in some legal church. Happily, the Christian idea is wide enough for both. If any say nay to this, if any man trust to himself that he and his alone are Christ's, and declare us out of the pale of that fold, we shall calmly abide his anathema, and shall not envy him his trust. The Good Shepherd knows his sheep, and no man is able to pluck them out of his hand.

ART. VI.—DR. FURNESS AND DR. BUSHNELL: A QUESTION OF WORDS AND NAMES.

1. *Thoughts on the Life and Character of Jesus of Nazareth.* By W. H. FURNESS, Minister of the First Congregational Unitarian Church in Philadelphia. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1859.
2. *Nature and the Supernatural, as together constituting the One System of God.* By HORACE BUSHNELL. New York: Charles Scribner. 1858.

THERE is no sentence, of which one might, by the theological conflicts of our own day, be oftener or more fitly reminded, than that ancient one of the careless, rude, and perhaps profane, but not unjust, Roman deputy, Gallio, when he drove the Jews from their crimination of Paul at his judgment-seat, and pronounced their accusation of him a question of *words and names*. That summary judge, however, was very wrong, if, while righteously vindicating against all fanatical perversions his legal tribunal, he supposed *words and names* to be of no consequence bearing on the principles and practice of mankind; and both the Hebrew sect and the

vision-beholding, bravely proselyting Apostle doubtless better weighed the exigency of the time, than did the ruler of Achaia, or the Greeks that beat Sosthenes, chief of the synagogue.

Of this general statement behold now an illustration! Never perhaps before in the history of the world did two books appear published as on the same day, just such as those whose titles we have given, alike profoundly religious, representing diametrically opposite directions of religious speculation and speech, and certainly constituting together a literary phenomenon. *Jesus of Nazareth*, significantly enough of his whole idea, is the name by which the first writer calls the Author and Finisher of our faith. He is a "wondrous Jewish youth," "human," his proper title rather "the Son of Man" than the Son of God, again and again "the Man of Nazareth." His power to work miracles is "a natural gift." *Nature* and *natural*, in short, with this author, throughout, are the words dearest to his heart, readiest from his pen, the absorbents of his entire thought and theory of the Gospel. In one case he uses *God* and *Nature* as convertible terms. He considers the "Gospels all obscure and unsatisfactory in regard to the Messiahship of Jesus." He holds that "the laws of nature themselves are miraculous," and of course that all the recorded wonders of the New Testament, whose reality he does not doubt, must be in or under nature. If he does not adore nature, nature is at least, according to Lord Bacon's classification, the idol of the cave in his mind. He is what may be called, could we venture to invent such a new phrase, a theological naturalist, admitting no objects of investigation but in the natural sphere. Of course there are phrases and imaginative forms in this book implying the supernatural and the divine, the essence of which no heart that beats desires more reverently to accept than does that which animates these pages; for nature itself, our own nature, is too strong to let the force of a man's scheme keep him within any terms of derived or constituted existence, and pushes us ever to the Spirit, great Original of being; — nevertheless, to court, defend, reinstate nature, is in this treatise the prevailing impulse and recurring aim.

Bating some hints of a fond conception, that, while there

are no "persons really interested in examining the history of Christ," and while "such a person as Jesus has only lived to be misrepresented, living and dead, only to be wrangled about for long ages," he seems to himself, in his solitary study of it, to be "endeavoring to restore some grand old work of art," this new maintenance of naturalism in religion is a piece of theological writing of unsurpassed modesty, sweetness, and beauty. Verily the genius of nature is in it. It is an effortless overflow of soul. Most evidently this penman has never lost his childhood. The child has but grown big to manhood, and speaks direct as ever from the old and always authentic feeling of the heart. No brook runs smoother, or tinkles with a finer song from the unloosened fountains of spring-tide, no wine gushes freer from the ripened grapes to make the fainting glad, than this style of our brother, clear as simplicity can make it, confiding and welcome as sincerity cannot fail to be, cordial with charity, genuine in devotion, reaching the utmost humanity of spirit in the course it takes, although, as we think, falling far short of the whole truth in the breadth and depth of its stream.

Piercing to the inner mould of idea and feeling, we might not find ourselves in any deadly variance even of opinion with Dr. Furness. But as respects the language and philosophic stating of the subject, we construe diversely from him indeed. There is no allowable freedom of expression, there is no sound metaphysical or comprehensive poetical view or vision of the frame of things we live in, that can properly include within it either the complete human soul, or that master-mind of history in particular which we know under the title of Jesus Christ, or those singular works of his which he himself declares to be not of nature, but the gift and very doing of God. It characterizes most of the works preceding this from the same hand to attempt to press more into Nature than her vessel will hold. Nature is not infinite, but a finite manifestation of the Infinite One. It may not be improper or disrespectful for us to adduce for a curious illustration how far diverse lines of thinking without contrariety of sentiment may go,—that some years since our friend, in a public lecture, took the ground, if we remember rightly, that

there is no such thing as revealed religion, but only natural, — whereupon he was followed by another, who, without any controverting or perhaps distinct minding at the time of this position, affirmed with more truth that there is no such thing as natural religion, but all is revealed: it is a revelation, whether it come to us through a document, a work, or our own heart.

It seems, however, needless for us to argue upon what we should regard as the limitations of our author's plan in leaving out the providential and superhuman elements, which make Christianity a special and gracious movement of God for the salvation of the human race, when, lo! here at our hand is the other simultaneous production from another source, no doubt unconsciously, so far as Dr. Furness is personally concerned, bent on doing this very thing, setting five hundred octavo against three hundred duodecimo pages. We do not know, verily, but our business in this case is an officious and superserviceable task, and that the better way is not for us to stop, pronouncing the two books reviews unawares of each other, and advising, as we earnestly do, all our readers to procure and compare them for themselves. But having gone so far, fancying some sword of justice in our hand, it will not answer for us to play executioner for a fault on one side, while indeed our only motion would fain be to bow and briefly but warmly own the great deservings on both.

Very different from the merits of the former book, on which we have remarked, are those of the latter, yet they are equally rare; and, as we feel bound to criticise it as, even in its main purpose, warped in some measure from the truth by the tenets of a particular denominational school, let us here be permitted to say, that, for transparent depth of reflective power, for extensive occupation of the field of argument as laid open in other systems, in letters and history, in the human breast and the world at large, and for keeping to its point through endless change of illustration, we deem it the chief theological work of the time, — and its strong current, as though we were on the surface of a novel, swept us through all its crooks in a day. It is substantially the same theme, which by these two Christian brethren, from the separate nurture of disagree-

ing schools in religion, and with contrariant method, is discussed. They are themselves, in character, emotion, and aim, by no means so far apart as, from what is contradictory in their respective terminologies, might be imagined. One surveys his topic on the human, the other on the divine side. Jesus Christ to Dr. Furness is a man. But to his compeer in this great argument, if we may quote a figure from one of his previous publications, the merely human and earthly elements are to the Son of God no more than as the bare pigments of the artist to the marvellous scene of life and beauty with which his pencil makes the canvas glow. On the leaves of Dr. Bushnell, *supernatural*, as the chosen, precious word to mark his sense of Christianity and all religion, lies thicker than do *nature* and *natural* on those of his contemporary. With what wonderful change of phraseology and shifting of the plea, as we go from one volume to the other, are we surprised! Nature is no longer all in all, the beginning and the end, the core of the Gospel and very pulsation in the breast of our Lord, but rather the outside and last coarse result, etymologically the *about-to-be*, — with all its heights and abysses, only the thin cover of universal being, and no more to that than last year's scoræ, cinders, and lava to the huge central fire that finds one of its tongues in a burning mountain; or, to use not our own but our author's types, than a ball we play with, a room we occupy, a machine we handle, a carpet science ravel, an instrument sin and virtue alike supernaturally take up or lay down, toss to and fro, serve or offend God by, and as with confronting brow turn at once to inconsistent purposes. How curious, suggestive, and instructive, then, as a question of language, the double phenomenon is! One doctor of divinity doting on Nature as the synonyme of all truth, glory, loveliness, goodness, — awarding it as the supreme praise of Jesus to be like her, making her name alternate with that of Deity, as of almost identical sense and equal weight of value, till his fancy is her complete captive, and we conclude that Nature has mastered the man with her sublimities, and bewitched his intellect and sense with her ever-varying graces, and means to draw him, fond worshipper! for ever in her splendid train, though we cry out against this

subjugation, stoutly reclaim our own friend from this magnificent spell, and insist it was never meant Nature should so overpower and seduce the human mind; when, behold, a second doctor of the same divinity — for the fundamental instinct, heavenward or earthward, is in both teachers the same — rushes upon us to denounce all such love of Nature, however earnest and innocent, as but irreligious idolatry! We agree with his judgment, if we agree with his definitions. Nature truly, as he interprets Nature, deserves no such regard. What is outward Nature, in the premises he assumes, but a mechanical mass, an impotent series of things, set up in a row for us to count, and largely alter the disposition of, at our will or caprice? Not in her, but above her, the powers of the arrangement are for ever lodged. If we figuratively endow her with life, let us beware of giving her the upper hand. Let us keep her below us where she belongs, as Herbert says, “dismounting” with our eye “the highest star.” When by courtesy permitted to be alive in our imagination, why should she after all look us out of countenance, or, as it is written in the “Rime of the Ancient Mariner,” hold us “with *her* glittering eye”? She is but a Gypsy stealing us away from our home and true allegiance when she seeks so to do. In the old familiar line, let us “rise through Nature up to Nature’s God.”

So far, however, does our author carry his degradation of Nature, so understood, beneath the throne, as to find in her no perfection of any sort, however gross or material, but what looks more like a ruin and a blot; everywhere deformities and defects only, multitudinous abortions, extreme fallings short, so that “children have it for a play to find a perfect leaf”; — nay, shapes, more horrible than any Egyptian sculpture or painting, to portray and pre-signify the fall of man. Nature seems an immoral creature with him. He even adopts Hugh Miller’s strange notion of the writing of man’s depravity, before man himself existed, in old geologic ages, on the rocks, and takes up such creatures as the flounder and the serpent for a demonstration that they, with all inferior tribes, are created, not for their own distinct enjoyment on the humbler lines of the scale, but to be ugly and emphatic

signatures beforehand, avant-couriers and dumb prophets of the coming of a race of sin. They are but a horrible language of signs. Everything, if not absolutely wrong and ugly, yet poor and deficient, associates itself with Nature, as, with mighty pace, like one of her own antique giants, in the earlier animated forms, through reeking fens and enormous brakes of the first period, his argument crashes on. We begin to be ourselves ashamed of having thought in certain respects so well of Nature, and praised her so much. We wonder any sign of defect is left unnoted by our great supernaturalist, as we must henceforth consider him, though we do not recollect any referring to the perturbations of the planets or the spots in the sun. But this is supernaturalism run mad, or rather anti-naturalism and caricature of the world. We recover ourselves from the microscopic magnifying of trifles and defects. We do not disparage Nature because every creature in her realm has a defence, horn or shell, fin or fang. We think of her in her grandeur and pervading sweetness, as all poetry sings of her, from the harp of David, the book of Job, and Homer's line, and the *Paradise Lost*, to Cowper's *Task* and Thomson's *Seasons* and our children's hymns. With the image of every bird on the wing, beast browsing contented in the pasture, chirping insect, gliding inhabitant of the deep, nay, of every sailing cloud, tinged with sunny glory turned to every rainbow-hue, and every trembling flower, delicately bearing in its cup for us the double gift of delicious fragrance and beautiful form, we contradict the partial impression with its illogical use.

Entertaining the ideas he does of Nature, Dr. Bushnell runs easily to his conclusion, that not only God and Christ, but man and all rational spiritual creatures, are *supernatural*, — that all faith, prayer, love, will, virtue, and guilt are supernatural dispositions and acts. Dr. Furness lifts Nature so high that there is no miracle in her save in the sense that everything is miracle; and surely nothing is a miracle, in any sense of superiority or astonishment, to God or Christ. Nothing, that we so account, may be a miracle to angels, who may see it compatible with the vast system of things. No one particular, however indubitable miracle to the ignorant human

mind, may be a permanent and everlasting miracle to any individual soul, making such progress in future stages of being as to cast each present selected prodigy into a rank of divine manifestations as simple or ordinary as the growth of the flowers or the falling of the rain. Nevertheless it may be a miracle now, supernatural as above the regular moving of the world in our actual contemplation, defying the classification of our most advanced science with a challenge as fatal as it does the understanding of a boor, and utterly unsolved by the mysticism which staggers alike on the even ground as on the heaving graves giving up their dead at the earth-quake of the strength of God.

On the whole, although sympathizing with the state of mind which would identify the *supernatural* with the *spiritual*, we do not think Dr. Bushnell's definitions will be accepted; but that *supernatural* will still be the term employed to signify those extraordinary manifestations, in matter or mind, which cannot be classed under general laws. There is the miraculous as well as the natural among the events of human history for us to consider,—and no philosophy, popular in our age, is so shallow as that which calls it incredible. It is miraculous, not as violating the workmanship of God, but because the cases, circumstances, and processes of its occurrence are such as no natural philosophy of ours can begin to number, order, or explain. Miracles are not indeed the very treasure of celestial truth; but they are as shining wheels on the chariot of God, by which much, that is most precious, of that treasure is brought. Never did a theory so thin as the anti-supernatural run so far. But its race is over without being won. Behold the hosts of sceptics re-converted, like Robert Owen, to a belief in God and immortality, by the vulgar prodigies of spiritualism, which Dr. Bushnell seems somewhat wilfully to reject, while he parallels them by instances of the same sort in his own experience, of finer quality perhaps, yet how much below the supernaturalism of saints, martyrs, and heroes for which his reasoning elsewhere gives room!

If, then, our criticism in general of Dr. Furness is that he crowds into Nature more than, by any tolerable definition in the laws of human speech, she can contain, and strives to lift

her above her proper plane; we must note in Dr. Bushnell some excess the other way. He empties Nature of what she is capacious of, and sinks her sphere too low. God is not only above, but immanent in the world; according to the true and repeated pantheism of the Scriptures, not *the all*, but *all in all*; and it is denying him to identify him with whatever is, material or immaterial. But it is denying him just as much to make this lower universe, or any part of it, a brute and lifeless heap of mere things. *It makes me indignant*, said a great preacher, *when I hear Nature called a machine*. Dr. Bushnell, whom we esteem the pre-eminent contributor to religious thought from the Orthodox quarter of the present age, in the fiery speed of his logic to rationalize the orthodoxy he holds, instead of, like so many, leaving it front to front with reason in deathly grapple, with strong will swerving the rein to touch this desired goal, deviates from the track of truth on which no such goal stands. With an intellectual design, he describes Nature sometimes too much in conformity to the taste of unspiritual minds, makes evil instead of good so central as to leave nothing unstained, drives purity actually out of the world, and, putting all imperfection into one category with iniquity, misrepresents so far the creation of God. For creation by its necessary terms must be imperfect, though not therefore bad, else the Creator himself were mistaken in calling it, as he did, good. God cannot create himself, or anything equal to himself. He cannot rise. If he take any motion, it must be to descend. Well we speak of his *condescension*! He does not wish to be alone, or merely gaze at himself in a glass. He will have companions and creatures, from the archangel to the worm; and to consider the humblest living thing he has made as existing for a bare type of wickedness and mischief, is to brand with default the very stroke of his Almighty hand.

Moreover, the glory of the creation is in its variety, which God so loves. The clover-leaves are not less, but more, perfect for giving, in so many altering shapes, the children their play of hunting after one supposed without fault in its form, than if they were all monotonously fashioned after a fancied model of beauty. So with mankind. Evil enough is there in the world and in our hearts. But there must be mistake

in any imaginary construction of the universe which makes the very core of Nature rotten and dark, as much as in that astronomical one which put the little opaque earth at the centre, and made the immense luminary of the sun as a satellite revolve round it. We talk of the night-side of Nature; but what is night but a shadowy cone, turning with each inhabited sphere, for God's children's sleep, — the infinity of space all lustre! In heaven or earth, the rocks of old chaos, or the waters under the earth, the mind of angel, demon, or man, evil, however it intrude and usurp, or seem to have conquered and to reign, is nowhere supreme; and he who sees it such in any person or thing has had his intellect somehow warped from the testimony of the word and the witness of the soul. In venturing this judgment, whose frankness in our perhaps incompetent balance of his scheme our noble friend will take for love, we of course perceive the reverence of soul underlying the speculation of the head, — and moreover we must admire the masterly fidelity to a plan, the permanent imagination, if we may so call it, of a subject, with which so broad a field of fact and thought is traversed. Our query is whether he will not himself find error in the convictions which only with such bold practice of ratiocination and logically radical persistency, threatening to border on absurdity, he maintains. We confess in Dr. Bushnell's scheme extraordinary subtilty and general self-consistency, with an unsurpassed power of subduing facts and admitted truths into apparent harmony with it. But it is a *scheme*, — that word or thing so fatal to all reputed Orthodoxy, — and therein different alike from the Bible and from that Nature with which he has such a discontent. Only by ingenuity and force of logical straining, and not after the laws of English speech in any accepted *norma loquendi*, is his thesis maintained. He and Dr. Furness are both speaking of the same facts and experiences, and from the same sentiments of worship and love. That they should so directly encounter each other, like soldiers in two armies that join battle, shows, among the questions they treat, what a question of words and names ever lurks and puts at cross purposes minds really accordant as any music.

In a certain understanding of Nature, Dr. Furness would comprehend man and miracle, Christ and God himself. It is, as we have intimated at least our persuasion, a vain attempt. We want the other words, having the thoughts Milton suggests in his address to his native language,

“Such as may make thee search thy coffers round
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound.”

In another understanding of Nature, Dr. Bushnell would exclude therefrom every spiritual attribute, of beings human and divine, — whatever at least the will, the free imperial faculty, can mix with, and engineer to its ends. For breaking with his blows the domination of *such* a nature over any spirit, we give him our thanks. But we remember, as he does, without perhaps in his argument appreciating, that there is nature, not only in a crude sense of the raw material of the world, but human nature, or nature with a precious addition, ay, and the Divine nature too, of which Peter would have us partakers, — and that faith, love, prayer, liberty, if supernatural in one sense, as developed by gracious influence from on high, are most profoundly according to the nature of the soul in another. If he will say, he speaks of nature cut off from God, we reply, human nature cut off from God is not, is nothing; it is constituted alone in connection with him. We were made for these emotions and ecstasies. They are the soul's element, in which it bathes, by which it is refreshed to its true and proper life; and we must affectionately quarrel a little with our author for enslaving the soul so much to the very nature out of and above whose terms, by the general tenor and necessity of his own logic, it would be placed. Furthermore, when — after drawing the character of Christ, in a portraiture which, for breadth of handling and most various fitness of strong and tender color, we have never seen exceeded — he concludes that such a character transcends the utmost possible compass of humanity, and therefore Christ is God, we must intimate that we do not want any one to tell us what transcends the bounds of humanity. This is just what nobody knows. The bounds, by hand of God or man, have never been set up. No definition of human nature, no measure of its career, is possible. No statue of any Roman

deity, Terminus, is planted at the end of human progress. The track is clear, the course eternal. Every grace and virtue of the Lord we love and revere may shine in human countenances, and fashion to unknown glory every child of the Father. There is a "human face divine." What dear and holy trait emphasized in our author's grand enumeration are we not required ourselves to have and cherish?

When the notion of evil in Nature is extended to our human nature, we object to it mostly, not as an insult to mankind, but as a libel on God. Yet it is injurious to mankind. It is thought humbling and wholesome; we deem it base and discouraging rather. It is supposed, the idea of our having a good nature within or without us will puff us up and spoil us with conceit. Respect and thanks to our Maker will it raise instead. We are not made vain by the excellence and beauty of a gift from a human being, but moved to keep and use it with more care, that it be nowise dropped, broken, or stained. So with the gift of God in our soul. If it be precious, we must handle it with anxiety and responsibility. If it be worthless, there can be no great guilt in untenderly despising and recklessly throwing it away. Whoever knows himself a child of God, knows that material nature is his subordinate, — sun, moon, and stars not his superiors, but servants, on which he looks down as the Alpine mountaineer on the surge of waters or the wheeling of a storm. That this inferior Nature may not get the upper hand, her Almighty Author has revealed himself with tokens and wonders in the old religion and the new, — and by his Holy Spirit whispers to us to say: There is something higher than all this painted scene of existence you pass through. Over all I AM, Ordainer, Disposer, Father, — and ye too, offspring of mine, beyond the clods that cleave fast together, yet cannot bind, as they never made, the soul, are destined to glory, honor, and immortality.

The truth is, these terms and this question of words and names puzzle us because we are on a sliding-scale of existence. Such is the richness and diversity of our constitutional endowment, that it implies not one, but many natures, up or down which we pass, each higher being supernatural to each lower. Will we go up or down from our position? that is the

question, not of words or names alone, the interrogation, solemn as by life and death, time and eternity, it can be made. Some, with their "lazy bones," are stolid and stiff with an almost mineral life. Some appear to vegetate and rot with the grass and the trees. Some are almost animals in the shape of men. In some, every particle of life, by a more wonderful passage than Lieutenant Maury describes of a drop of water in the sea, or the poet Milton of the dust transformed into "the bright consummate flower," feeds and reinforces the sanctities of all affection and praise. Alas, that we must add, how many are diseased and demonized with the very energies with which they should be serving God and saving mankind! Let us rise on the endless gradations open to us, till, beyond all that is now called Nature, we reach the primal freedom and love, and more painting of nature and supernatural glory entrance our sight.

ART. VII.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

WE have from Germany the very welcome missive of two new volumes by Bunsen, — continuations of the two important works, the *Bibelwerk* and the *Gott in der Geschichte*. We noticed at some length, in former numbers of this journal, the first instalment of each of these works; we stated their purpose and described their plan, and cordially commended them to our readers. We need only say of the two volumes just published, that the execution in each of them continues to justify the lively expectation awakened by their first announcement, and the favorable opinions expressed in all quarters concerning them. Of the *Bibelwerk* the present issue — the second *Halbband* * — brings the canon to the end of the Pentateuch. The beginnings of the chapters are indicated by marginal figures, but without a break in the page, except where a pause in the narrative or argument, or a change of subject, requires a new paragraph. The Lutheran style, with the exception of obsolete archaisms, is carefully preserved. The foot-notes, with no references by sign or number in the text, are not obtrusive, and are not unnecessarily multiplied; they illustrate real difficulties, and add

* Vollständiges Bibelwerk für die Gemeinde in drei Abtheilungen. Von CHRISTIAN CARL JOSIAS BUNSEN. Erste Abtheilung. Die Bibel. Uebersetzung und Erklärung. Zweiter Halbband. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1858.

essentially to the value of the work. The metrical portions, such as the Song of Moses after the passage of the Red Sea, Jacob's Blessing, and the Blessing of Moses, &c., are poetically rendered, and printed in such a manner as to mark their metrical character. As we mention Jacob's Blessing our eye falls on a rendering which, had it been adopted by the authors of our version, would have left us without the popular and convenient proverb which condemns fickleness. The passage which reads in our version, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," the *Bibbehoerk* renders, "Thou that overflowedst like *boiling** water shalt have no advantage." This agrees very nearly with the Septuagint. There we find ἐκβύσσας, *having overflowed*, — not as boiling water, but as a river overflows its banks. The Vulgate has *effusus es*, thou hast been shed or spilled. Here, then, are three entirely different conceptions of the meaning of the passage. 1. Notwithstanding thine exuberant energy, thou shalt gain nothing. 2. Because of thy instability, thou shalt not excel. 3. Thou art poured forth like water on the ground, and shalt not increase.

Theodore.
THE new volume † of "God in History, or the Progress of the Belief in a Moral Order of the World," gives us the Second Part, and contains the Third and Fourth Books of that admirable work. The First and Second Books were occupied with the Hebrew ideas of God. The Third Book, the first of the present volume, treats of the knowledge of God, or the God-consciousness (*Gottesbewusstsein*), among the Arian nations of Eastern Asia, and among the Bactrian; of Zoroaster, of the God-consciousness of the Arians in the land of the Indus and the Ganges, as it appears in the Vedas, and of the God-world-consciousness of Brahmanism; of the Buddhas and of Buddhism. The Fourth Book brings us to Asia Minor and to Europe. It traces the knowledge and conceptions of Deity among the Greeks as apparent, first, in the periods antecedent to Homer and Hesiod, in the Prometheus-myths and the Nemesis; next in the oracles and poets, in the Orphics, the Mysteries, in Pythagoras, in Hesiod and Homer, in the lyrics and the drama; then in the plastic arts, and in the historians Herodotus and Thucydides; and finally, in Socrates, and Plato, and Aristotle. The same Book treats also of the knowledge of God among the Romans, especially as seen in Cicero, and among the German tribes previous to their conversion to Christianity. The treatment of such topics by such a critic as Bunsen is wonderfully animated and suggestive, as may be supposed, although, within the limits the author has prescribed to himself, it could not, of course, be exhaustive. The work fulfils the promise of the programme.

DE WETTE'S Old Testament "Introduction" ‡ — the most elaborate

* Supplemental words, as in our version, are marked by a different type.

† Gott in der Geschichte, oder der Fortschritt des Glaubens an eine sittliche Weltordnung. In sechs Büchern. Von CHRISTIAN CARL JOSIAS BUNSEN. Zweiter Theil. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1858.

‡ An Introduction to the Canonical Books of the Old Testament. By M. W. L. DE WETTE. Translated by Theodore Parker. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

and complete of his critical works — has long held a place in the estimation of scholars, from which no hostile criticism at the present day can hope to dislodge it. It sums up, in a compact, readable, and helpful way, the results of that remarkable century of scholarship which began with Semler and led to Ewald, Strauss, and Baur. Its author was a man of calm and thoughtful temper, a little shy of the negative results of the later schools, yet with a mild, scholarly, independent way of his own, singularly candid, and ready to shape his theory to meet new facts or expositions, not over-positive in his own opinions, and so the better mirror or reflex of the multifarious learning of his time. His treatise has utterly the air of the university. It is an exhaustive catalogue of small facts, often not much else than a mere syllabus of lectures, — terribly dry reading, but with the compensation that it leaves the ground well trod. Just the minute and faithful critical labor which it records was needful, it would seem, to take the body of Hebrew Scriptures out of the thoroughly false position in which dogmatism had put them; — a century of valiant scholarship, to win back the ground of simple intellectual freedom and common sense. Let every critical opinion in these volumes be set aside, and still they remain the monument of a battle whose results will not be lost; the labors they register have bridged over the gulf, not to be recrossed, that separates our generation from the style of thinking of a century ago.

Patience, candor, learning, these De Wette has in abundance; and, so far as these go, his work is much the most serviceable that exists. As nearly as possible, they put the mind of the average reader in possession of the facts he needs, to understand and judge the current Hebrew scholarship of the day. For questions of purely literary criticism, the structure and style of documents, history of the text, and discussions of probable date and authorship, one can go nowhere else, perhaps, so conveniently, or to so good satisfaction. For a larger historical criticism, for insight into the national genius from which the Hebrew literature was born, for any vivid or profound view of the ancient Hebrew life whereof it is the expression and the type, we must go elsewhere, — partly to other works of De Wette himself, partly to men of quite another style and calibre of mind than his. It is a little trying to the patient reader, who has assiduously mastered our author's point of view, when a man of genius and positive convictions, as well as learning, like Ewald, enters the field; brushes by this painfully-wrought scheme of probabilities as if it were of no account; scornfully forgets our assiduous documentary schemes of "Elohistic" and "Jehovistic"; dissects and divides after a novel, half-wilful method of his own; reconstructs for us the whole life of a people, and reinterprets its whole literature into at least an organic and intelligible thing. Still the placid dry light has its use, if only to correct and fill out in detail, here and there, what it required quite another order of genius to sketch.

It is a striking sign of the need of these handsome and costly volumes, that we have occasion now to acknowledge a third edition, — that a reading public like ours should have exhausted two in the fifteen years since they first appeared. Few, even among scholars, can easily

reckon the amount of labor bestowed by the translator. For anything except the merest critical reference, he has made it practically a new work. The whole body of literature which it reflects and represents, he has studied with independent judgment, — posting up the bibliography of the subject to the freshest dates. He fills out many parts which were left in meagre outline; he introduces a great body of notes, references, and original dissertations; without departing essentially from the author's view, he makes it far more vivid and complete. He fairly divides the honors of the work with the original composer; and, for the purposes we have specified, has given, we suppose, a more full and elaborate and learned "Introduction" to the Hebrew Scriptures than any single work in any other tongue. A few instances might be quoted of over-confident assertion, and a few in which it would have been better to keep to his author's scholastic and impassive tone. The defiant motto on the title-page strikes us as a little out of keeping with a work of pure critical erudition; and the conservative side, it seems to us, hardly gets fair hearing enough to let it weigh duly in our verdict. But these are faults which most readers easily pardon, and which most scholars easily supply. Large and brave service Mr. Parker has rendered in many ways; and this so striking monument of his dogged industry and scholarly wealth of reading, we take pleasure in welcoming once more to its permanent place among the classics of Biblical criticism.

Edw. Hughes

If ample indorsement, brilliant advertising, and the skilful adjustment of newspaper notices, can give credit and value to any book, the new translation of the New Testament by Rev. Leicester Ambrose Sawyer* must have gained that credit and value. For weeks in advance of publication, it was announced as "the greatest book of the age, or of any age since King James." Eminent clergymen of various denominations vouched publicly for the scholarship, ability, and general fitness of the man who had undertaken so great a work. It might seem to some, that so distinguished a scholar would have offered preliminary proof of his acquirements in some work of less importance; and there were those who not unwisely doubted if such a boast would be justified by the achievement. The book has been published, has been widely circulated, has been extensively read, has been freely criticised in private circles, and, with all due regard to the numerous and select notices of the press, which now garnish the standing advertisement and seem to pronounce the book a great success, we are constrained to say that the general feeling is a feeling of disappointment.

We are not disposed to treat Mr. Sawyer unfairly, or to question his motives in attempting this translation. We do not think that he intended to render the Scripture ridiculous, or that he anticipated the effect of his improved readings in depriving the words of Jesus of their

* The New Testament, translated from the Original Greek, with Chronological Arrangement of the Sacred Books, and Improved Divisions of Chapters and Verses. By LEICESTER AMBROSE SAWYER. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 1858.

dignity. The fault is in his theory rather than in his purpose. His work certainly deserves the praise of freedom from sectarian bias. He has not, as a translator, written in the interest of any theological creed. Unitarians have no reason to object to his interpretation of the texts usually quoted against their views. Mr. Sawyer seems to have engaged in his work with a sincere desire to make a truthful and honest version of the New Testament, and to show, according to his ability, the real meaning of the various writers. His wish has been to render, as far as a strict adherence to the text would permit, the words of the sacred writers into familiar and colloquial English, — to make the New Testament, if possible, look like an ordinary book, and to free it from its antiquated phrases and style. In this he has partially succeeded; but his partial success has been at the expense both of grace and convenience. His new division into chapters and paragraphs is quite as arbitrary as the division in the common version, of which he speaks rather slightly; and its principal result is to embarrass and annoy the reader in comparing the new, not only with the common version, but also with the Greek original.

The basis of the new translation is the Greek text of Tischendorf, unquestionably the most accurate that has yet been published. Unfortunately, the merit which this fact would give to the translation is impaired by the frequent variations which the translator has made from his text. These variations are of several kinds. Sometimes he has *inserted* words which are not in Tischendorf, as, for instance, the word "falsely," in Matt. v. 11; the word "superior," in John i. 13; the words "with you," in Gal. iv. 20; the words "Christ Jesus," in Gal. vi. 15; the word "holy," in 1 Thes. v. 27. Then, again, he has *left out* of the translation words given by Tischendorf, and in several instances very important words; as the word ἀρχόμενος, in Luke iii. 23; the word ἡρξάμετο, in Luke xiv. 18; the words τὰ σπλάγχνα, in Philemon i. 7; the word ἰδίας, in James i. 14. Sometimes he *changes* words by his translation, as in John xvii. 11, where he renders, "those whom thou hast given me," restoring so the reading which Tischendorf rejects, and in Gal. ii. 11, where he translates Κηφᾶς "*Peter*." Moods and tenses, as Tischendorf gives them, are frequently disregarded. Indeed, Mr. Sawyer seems to have an antipathy to the English subjunctive mood, and one of the great ideas of his book is the substitution of the indicative for the subjunctive. In almost every instance where he has found a contingent clause in the common version he has changed it to the indicative. "If, therefore, the light which is in you is darkness," — "if that evil servant *says* in his heart"; such is the grammatical improvement which Mr. Sawyer has adopted throughout his volume. As instances of change of tense, we may mention Heb. ii. 16, where ἐπιλαμβάνεται is translated "helped," and Acts xvii. 21, where ἡκαίρουν is translated "spend their leisure." Number, both of nouns and verbs, is sometimes disregarded; ἀνθρώποις (Acts v. 29) is translated "man"; ποιήσω (Matt. xvii. 4) "*we* will make"; διεπορεύετο (Acts xvi. 4), "*he* went"; and throughout the volume, except in the direct address to God the Father, the plural "you" is substituted for the singular "thou." The alterations

here are never for the better, and almost always for the worse. In some cases they confuse the passage, by confounding the singular pronoun with an accompanying plural pronoun, as where Jesus in conversation with his disciples addresses alternately individuals and all together; and in other cases they destroy the reverential sentiment. Think of Peter saying to Jesus, on the Mount of Transfiguration, "*If you please,*" and of Paul in his vision saying to the Saviour, "*Who are you, Lord?*"

The first requisite of a good translation is, of course, accuracy in rendering the meaning of the original. In this regard, we are sorry to say, Mr. Sawyer's translation signally fails. Not that he is *usually* inaccurate; in his version, as in the received version, most of the text is correctly translated. But the number and variety of the errors are great enough to destroy the accuracy of the work as a whole. There is no one book of the New Testament, not even the short Epistles of Jude and Philemon, in which mistakes of translation fail to show themselves. They are numerous in the Acts and the Epistles, but they are even more numerous in the Gospels. The mistakes are most frequent in the rendering of particles and prepositions, but they occur also far too often in the rendering of nouns, verbs, and adjectives. To justify this statement, we give a few specimens, in various kinds.

Throughout the volume, the words *μετάνοια* and *μετανοεῖν* are translated "change of mind," and "change your minds." The apparent literalness of this translation has deceived Mr. Sawyer as to its accuracy. It is altogether inadequate to express the meaning of the original, and the effect is ludicrous wherever it occurs. In this rendering Mr. Sawyer is severely consistent. He never, even by inadvertence, calls *μετάνοια* "repentance."

The word *ἐκκλησία*, in Matthew's Gospel, and also in the Acts and the Epistles, is rendered "assembly." In this translation Mr. Sawyer is not consistent. In different parts of the same Epistle (compare Col. i. 18 and iv. 15), he gives to the word different significations. In Matt. xvi. 18, Jesus is made to say, "upon this rock will I build my *assembly*." In 1 Cor. xiv. 35 Paul is made to say, "it is a shame for a woman to speak in an assembly." Such a rendering is preposterous.

His translation of *ψυχή* and *ψυχικός*, is often incorrect. In Matt. vi. 25, where the common version properly renders *ψυχή* "life," he alters it to read, "Be not anxious for your *soul*, what you shall eat, or what you shall drink"; while in Matt. xvi. 26, where "soul" is evidently the proper word, Mr. Sawyer reads, "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his life? Or what will a man give as an *exchange* for his life?" In James iii. 15 and other passages *ψυχικός* is translated "natural."

Mr. Sawyer is not happy in his rendering of *ἀνέκειμαι*, erroneously translated in the common version "to sit at meat." He substitutes "*recline*," absolutely, in such a way as to mislead the reader as to the meaning. Thus, he translates Matt. ix. 10, "And he was reclining in the house, and behold, many publicans and sinners came and reclined with Jesus and his disciples." The word should be translated "to recline *at table*," or, more simply, "to be at table."

The word *σκανδαλίζω* is uniformly translated by Mr. Sawyer as meaning "to offend," and this not only in the passages where the ancient English of the common version might seem to excuse the mistake, but in passages where the common version translates the word correctly. 1 Cor. ix. 13 reads, in this version, "Wherefore, if food offends my brother, I will eat no meat forever, that I may not offend my brother."

A common mistake of Mr. Sawyer is in confounding words which have only some general resemblance in meaning. *Ελμί* and *γίνομαι*, for instance, are rendered as if they were identical. John i. 30, where the original reads, *Ὅτις μὲν ἐρχεται ἀπὸ ἐμπροσθέν μου γέγονεν, ὅτι πρῶτός μου ἦν*, Mr. Sawyer translates, "After me comes a man who was before me, for he was before me." The rendering should be, "After me comes a man who *has gone before me*, for he was before me," or "was my superior." Mr. Sawyer's translation, to say nothing of its nonsense, is inconsistent both with the tense and the meaning of *γέγονεν*. Many passages might be cited to show that Mr. Sawyer does not understand the use of the verb *γίνομαι*. A similar confusion is made of *λέγω* and *λαλέω*. For instance, Mr. Sawyer translates Mark i. 34, *καὶ οὐκ ἤφειεν λαλεῖν τὰ δαιμόνια, ὅτι ᾔδεισαν αὐτόν*, "and suffered not the demons to say that they knew him," losing so the proper force of *λαλεῖν*. The true translation of the passage would be, and "he suffered not the demons to speak, because they knew him."

Κρίνω, and its derivatives *κρίμα* and *κρίσις*, are also very loosely and often incorrectly translated by Mr. Sawyer. He uses the words "judgment" and "sentence," when he ought to use the words "condemnation" and "punishment." Jesus is made to say to the Scribes (Luke xx. 47) that "they shall receive a greater judgment." So in John iii. 18, 19, Jesus is made to say, "He that believes in him is not judged; but he that believes not has been judged already. . . . This is the judgment, that the light," &c. With this interpretation, not only is the passage ambiguous and weak, but it is brought into contradiction with what the Saviour elsewhere says of his purpose.

The word *ἀμάρτημα* occurs five times in Tischendorf's New Testament, once in 1 Cor. vi. 18, where Mr. Sawyer renders it "crime," in Rom. iii. 25 and 2 Pet. i. 9, where he renders it "errors," and twice in Mark iii. 28, 29, where he renders it "sins" and "mistake." The word has substantially the same force in all these passages. The last rendering is extraordinary. "But whoever *blasphemes* against the Holy Spirit *shall* never have forgiveness, but is the subject of an *eternal mistake*." Mr. Sawyer is "the subject" of several unhappy "mistakes" in this passage, both in the tenses of his verbs and the meaning of his nouns.

Ἐκβάλλω, a word in frequent use by the New Testament writers, takes a perversely bad meaning in this translation (Matt. ix. 38): "Pray, therefore, the Lord of the harvest to *thrust* laborers into his harvest." Other renderings of the word are hardly less inelegant. *Χαρίζομαι*, also, another common verb, finds an equally inadequate meaning. Luke vii. 42, 43, loses half its beauty by the shortening of "forgave" to

"gave." Equally bad is the rendering of *ἠφθίραμεν* (2 Cor. vii. 2), "we have destroyed." Mr. Sawyer seems to be unaware of the difference between *corruption* and *destruction*. *Τὸ φθαρτὸν* and *ἀφθαρσία*, which the common version correctly renders, become "the destructible" and "indestructibleness." It becomes a severe exercise for the vocal organs to articulate the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians in this improved version.

Mr. Sawyer has a curious way of softening by a paraphrase some Greek words that seem to him over harsh. Thus (Luke xii. 46), he translates *διχοτομήσει* "will punish him severely"; *καὶ ὀργισθεὶς ὁ κύριος αὐτοῦ* (Matt. xviii. 34) he translates "his Lord was displeased"; *ἤρξατο ἀδημονεῖν* (Matt. xxvi. 37), "he began to be dejected"; *κακοὺς κακῶς ἀπολέσει αὐτοὺς* (Matt. xxi. 41), "will inflict on those men a miserable death," leaving out the word *κακοὺς* altogether; *περίπνος ἐγενήθη* (Luke xviii. 23), "he was sad"; *τὸ γεννώμενον ἄγιον* (Luke i. 35), "the holy child"; *αἱμορροῦσα* (Matt. ix. 20), "having a hemorrhage"; *ἡ θυγάτηρ μου κακῶς δαιμονίζεται* (Matt. xv. 22), "my daughter is badly affected with a demon"; *διεπρίοντο* (Acts v. 33), "they were highly offended." We may reasonably object to this style of refining away the strength of the sacred text, and adapting it to ears polite. Such paraphrases are almost always feeble, and suggest, rather than avoid, vulgar associations.

Another singular fancy of Mr. Sawyer is to give the names of distances, measures, and coins without translation, adding in brackets the value thereof. Thus, a "modius," under which the candle is not to be put, is "1.916 gallon measure"; "two or three *metretes*" contain "16.75 or 25.125 gallons"; "500 *denarii*" are \$70; a "*didrachma*" is 28 cents, a "*stater*," 56 cents, and a "*quadrans*," 4 mills; "fifteen *stadia*" (is Mr. Sawyer a Spiritualist?) are 1½ miles; the "sixth hour" is "noon"; the "Three Taverns" are "fifty-one miles" from Rome. It may be well in this way to make of the text a Biblical dictionary, but it gives an awkward look to the page. Mr. Sawyer is not consistent here, however. Some occasions he has neglected of setting his reader right as to times and measures. He does not tell the distance from Jerusalem to Cæsarea, which might have been accurately stated, while the site of the "Three Taverns" is very uncertain. The rendering of Scriptural measures and coins in the common version may lack accuracy, but it certainly has a euphony and a grace which are not realized by Mr. Sawyer's "*stadia*," "*metretes*," "*sextuses*," and "*assarions*."

Another fault of this translation is the frequent neglect to distinguish the imperfect tense from the aorists. It fails to mark the unfinished action which this tense implies. In Luke i. 59 *ἐκάλουν* is rendered "they called," instead of "they were about to call"; for *ἐγάμουν* (Luke xvii. 27) we have "they married," instead of "they were marrying"; in Mark xv. 6, for *ἀπέλευεν*, we have "he released," instead of "he was accustomed to release"; in Luke xxiii. 51, for *προσεδέχετο*, "he expected," instead of "he was expecting." It is no excuse for this error, that it is also sometimes found in the common version. Mr. Sawyer

professes to correct the mistakes of that antiquated production. Mistakes of mood are not wanting. In Matt. xxiii. 32, πληρώσατε, an imperative, is translated "you have filled up," as if it were an indicative. He confounds, too, at times, the middle with the active voice, as in Acts xxii. 16, where he translates βάπτισαι "baptize," instead of "be baptized." Throughout Mr. Sawyer's volume, the word "baptize" is very strangely employed. Not content with using it in connection with cups and vessels, he divests it of all sacred meaning by such a sentence as this: "The Pharisee wondered that he *was not first baptized before breakfast.*" It is quite in keeping with this rendering, as false to the meaning as it is to the syntax of the passage, that the next sentence should read, "Now you Pharisees cleanse the outside of the cup and the plate, but your *inside* is full of plunder and wickedness." In Mark vii. 3 *seq.* occurs another similarly tasteful and sensible statement: "For the Pharisees and all the Jews eat not unless they wash their hands with the *fist* (πυγμῇ). . . . And *from a market*, unless they baptize, they eat not."

The following examples may illustrate Mr. Sawyer's ignorance of the uses of the Greek particles. Luke xi. 27 *seq.* reads in his version, "And when he was saying these things, a certain woman from the multitude lifted up her voice, and said to him, Blessed is the mother that bore you and the breasts which you *nursed!* And he said, *Yes indeed*, blessed are those that hear the word of God and keep it." By this rendering, the contrast of thought is wholly lost. Μενούργε should be translated, not "yes indeed," but "rather," or "nay, rather." The same blunder occurs in Rom. ix. 20, "You will say to me then, *Why* then does he yet find fault? for who has resisted his will? *Yes indeed*, O man, who are you that reply against God?" Can absurdity go further than in this substitution of the affirmative for the negative? In Romans xiv. 10, the emphatic words ἢ καὶ σύ, "or even thou," which are necessary to distinguish the different classes of Jewish and Gentile Christians, are quite disregarded by Mr. Sawyer, as if they were superfluous.

We might continue this catalogue almost indefinitely. In Luke xv. 25, Mr. Sawyer translates χορῶν "the dancers"; in Luke xvii. 34, 35, he neglects to give the different genders, which he might have found in the common version; in Luke vi. 24, he translates δρέξετε "you have." Can anything be more perverse than the rendering of Luke xxii. 70, Ὑμεῖς λέγετε, ὅτι ἐγὼ εἶμι, "I am as you say"? Mr. Sawyer's peculiar punctuation only makes this error worse. By translating κατὰ συγκρίαν (Luke x. 31) "providentially," insult seems to be added to injury. If the passing by of the priest at that time was "providential," the poor wounded man got none of the advantage of that providence. If any translation can be more bungling than that of Mark vi. 10 *seq.*, "And he said to them, Where you enter into a house, there *remain till you go out thence.* And whatever place will not receive you, nor hear you, when you go out *thence*, shake off the dust which is *under* your feet for a testimony to them," it would be the opening sentence of Paul's address to the Athenians, where, according to Mr. Sawyer, he pays them the singular compliment

of saying, "Men of Athens, I perceive that in all things you are extremely devoted to the *worship of demons*."

These instances of mistranslation, hardly a tithe of those which we have noted in looking over the volume, and which for convenience merely we have mostly taken from the Gospels, although they might as easily have been taken from the Epistles and from the Apocalypse to the very last chapter, are sufficient to show the value of Mr. Sawyer's work as a version of the original Greek. We turn to consider the second need of a good English translation, that *the English shall be correct, idiomatic, and pure*. Is Mr. Sawyer's version any improvement upon the version in common use, in the matter of English style? Here, too, our verdict must be unfavorable. His sins against English rhetoric are hardly less frequent than his sins against Greek grammar. In some instances, he has changed for the better the obsolete English of King James's translators; but, as a whole, his volume as an English book is far more obscure and more unintelligible than theirs. In his handling, the Epistles to the Romans, Corinthians, Galatians, and Hebrews become hopelessly dark, and a return to the common version is an unspeakable relief. Many of his improvements make the words of the sacred writers profane. The most solemn portions of the Saviour's history read like travesty, and the parable of the prodigal son is turned to farce.

We shall not vex our readers by citing passages to show how Mr. Sawyer makes nonsense of the text by his system, or rather want of system, in punctuation, inserting commas where they ought not to be, and leaving them out where they ought to be; how strangely he confuses quoted passages with the original narrative; and what injury he does to his style by the needless parentheses with which he garnishes his page. We shall confine ourselves to such instances as show his taste and competency in the use of English words and in the changes which he has made from the common version.

We shall not quarrel with the change which he has made in the third person singular of the indicative, "has" for "hath," "takes" for "taketh," and the like. That may pass. But we do protest against the change of "brethren" to "brothers," as lowering the dignity and the force of the original word. "Brothers" may do well enough in describing a mere relation of kindred, but as describing a high spiritual relation like that of the Christian Church, we hold that "brethren" is far more appropriate. The change of the word "heal" to "cure," which Mr. Sawyer everywhere makes, seems to us very unfortunate; so also the change of the word "pluck" to "pick." How oddly Matt. xii. 1 sounds, "And his disciples were hungry, and began to *pick the heads* and eat." Is not "pluck the ears of corn" a much more agreeable reading? The change of the word "mammon" to "riches," to say nothing of its doubtful accuracy, is of more than doubtful taste. "You cannot serve God and riches," "Make yourselves friends of the riches procured by injustice," are far from amending the common reading. Worse still is the change of the word "end" to "consummation" (Matt. xiii. 49): "So shall it be at the consummation of the world."

We cannot see that anything is gained by the alteration of "closet" to "private room" (Matt. vi. 6), or "daily bread" to "essential bread" (Matt. vi. 11); and in this last instance, the use of such an epithet is absurd in the extreme. "A city situated on a mountain" is not only a less accurate rendering of the Greek of Matt. v. 14, but is a far less forcible description than "a city that is set on a hill." "Fruit of the vine" is better than "product of the vine." The improvement introduced in Matt. xix. 6 will not soon, we imagine, be adopted into the marriage service, — "What therefore God *has yoked together*, let not man *separate*."

Many of the changes which Mr. Sawyer has made are to words the best signification of which is different from that in which he uses them, and which he employs only in their vulgar and "flash" signification. "The kingdom of heaven," he says (p. 43), "is like a king who wished to *settle* with his servants, and beginning to *settle*," &c. "Rest" he uses instead of "remnant": "And the *rest* took his servants," &c. He changes (Matt. vi. 22) "thine eye be *single*" to "your eye is *sound*," and in Matt. xv. 31, he uses the same word "sound" in connection with the healing of the maimed man: "Seeing the dumb talk, the crippled sound, the lame walk, and the blind see." Here the ordinary law of style would require "sound" to be a verb, and mean "make a sound." On p. 164 he makes Jesus say to the Samaritan woman, "*Give me a drink*," as a rowdy might call the barkeeper in a Western hotel. On p. 153, not only is "smote" changed to "*struck*" in mentioning the act of violence, but it is said that he "*took off* his right ear." On p. 110 they go out of Nazareth, to "precipitate" Jesus "down." Martha, it seems (p. 127), was "distracted with much serving." Jesus, going to be guest with Zaccheus, tells him, "To-day I must *stop* at your house"; and the people say, "He has gone in to *stop* with a sinner." On p. 267, where the common version reads, "Christ is dead in vain," Mr. Sawyer phrases it, "Christ died *for nothing*." On p. 266 he tells us that Paul opposed Peter, "because he *was to blame*." On p. 182, Martha suggests to Jesus in regard to her brother's body, "Lord, by this time he *smells*." And perhaps the most frequent of all Mr. Sawyer's "flash" expressions is the phrase "by the name of," making the reader constantly think of "the young man by the name of Guppy."

Sometimes Mr. Sawyer's alterations destroy all the best meaning of the original word. "Phylacteries" lose their special suggestion of guard and protection when they become (p. 52) only "prayer fillets"; the beauty of the Saviour's simile is lost when the "hen" gathering her "chickens" becomes (p. 53) only a "bird" gathering "her brood"; a "spacious" and a "compressed" (p. 22) are poor substitutes for a "broad" and a "narrow" way; and Paul as "a master of eloquence" (p. 228) — a wrong translation, by the way — is less remarkable than as "the chief speaker." Calvary, we must still think, is a more expressive word, than "the place of a cranium"; and we very much prefer the expression, "teach all nations," to Mr. Sawyer's improvement, "*disciple* all nations." The process by which Zaccheus (p. 144) "*went*

up on a sycamore" is not very clear; nor how (p. 225) Herod was "eaten with worms." The "second Sabbath after the first" seems to us much more intelligible than "the second-first Sabbath" (p. 113); and we understand better the phrase "elders of the people" than the phrase which Mr. Sawyer uses, "*eldership* of the people." "Heavy with sleep" is a much better phrase than "*oppressed* with sleep" (p. 123); and Peter's answer to Simon Magus, as our version has it, "thy money perish with thee," is more reasonable than we find it in Mr. Sawyer's exclamation, — which sounds like one of Mr. Mantalini's oaths, — "your money go to perdition with you" (p. 216).

We have no space to dwell upon the minor faults of Mr. Sawyer's English, such as the use of "eat" instead of "ate"; of "rains" (p. 20) instead of "sends rain"; of "what?" instead of "which?" in the question of the young ruler to Jesus (p. 45); of "all you find" instead of "as many as ye shall find" (p. 51). We have given enough to show that Mr. Sawyer's version is quite as defective in its use of the English, as it is in its interpretation of the Greek tongue. Comment on the numerous examples here cited is quite unnecessary. We have but a single word to add in regard to the extraordinary Preface with which Mr. Sawyer has introduced his remarkable work. The compassionate tone in which he speaks of the common version, as very fair, considering its great antiquity and the rudeness of the age which produced it, is, to say the least, very amusing. He mentions Wickliffe's, and Tyndal's, and Coverdale's versions; but despatches all that have been made subsequent to 1611 in the comprehensive sentence, "Several new translations have been made since King James's time, but none of them as yet have been received with any considerable favor." We hazard the assertion, that no English translation of the Bible has ever been published which is not far more valuable than this of Mr. Sawyer. Mr. Norton's posthumous work was not announced as "the great book of the age," and has not by any means superseded the common version. Yet its taste and scholarship are incomparably superior to those of Mr. Sawyer's version. A "contribution to Biblical science" this book is not in any respect. We cannot share Mr. Sawyer's faith, that it will "be found on trial to be a superior instrument of piety and virtue." In spite of the author's fair intentions, his evident sincerity, and his self-satisfaction, we are forced to think that his work will tend to make the Scripture ridiculous, and weaken reverence for the sacred volume. We do not sympathize with those who deprecate the attempt to improve the common version of the Bible; but if all attempts are to have such issue as this, we should be almost ready to denounce them as sacrilege.

6. 26. 13

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

M. ARSÈNE HOUSSAYE is not a writer from whom a thorough or philosophical view of anything could be expected. He belongs to the fantastic school, and his sketches are more remarkable for humor and brilliancy than for more solid qualities. Compared with the careful es-

timate of Voltaire in Mr. Buckle's History, these sparkling essays of the French *litterateur** seem inadequate and light. But they are, nevertheless, very readable. M. Houssaye, as a literary man, is quite in sympathy with the great satirist, though he has not weight and seriousness of thought to appreciate the system or measure the influence of the leading mind of the eighteenth century. What he says about this is rather the echo of others' opinion, than the result of any independent judgment. He sits as a disciple at the feet of the master, but he cares to learn only that shrewdness and sharpness, that epigrammatic point, that readiness of repartee, that vivacity of style, which make Voltaire the model of all easy and *insouciant* writers.

The method which M. Houssaye has adopted is characteristic of this taste for sketching. He does not give us a connected and regular biography, but a series of chapters on special points, each one of which might stand as a monograph. Neither the order of time nor the order of development is observed. The early and latter years of Voltaire's life, his days of authorship and of love-making, are strangely confused. Every one of the chapters leaves the impression of incompleteness, the impression that the author has not said all that he could say, all that he meant to say, or all that he ought to say. M. Houssaye is one of those literary butterflies who light upon every flower, but draw from no one much of its honey. He has not made a new biography of Voltaire, or furnished any materials from which a new biography may be made. He has only brought together around his central figure a gallery of scenes and portraits in somewhat novel costume.

The book is in eighteen chapters. The odd fancy of the first, which is on Voltaire's *genealogy*, gives a taste of the volume. According to M. Houssaye, Voltaire's ancestors are Japhet, Moses, Homer, Socrates, Zeno, Lucretius, Apuleius, Julian, St. Antony, St. Thomas, Roger Bacon, Leonardo da Vinci, Spinoza, Luther, Erasmus, Rabelais, Montaigne, — in fact, all the great wits, poets, reformers, philosophers, of all preceding ages. He finds that all the "heroes of history" come into the line of Voltaire's pedigree.

The chapter on the "Wives of Voltaire" ought rather to be entitled his "Mistresses." It describes for us a dozen or so of this class of the great Frenchman's connections, and lets us see, in the rapidity with which these succeeded each other in his regard, and the ease with which they were all given up, what was the essential morality of the man. The chapter on Voltaire's *sister* gives us a hasty glance at the famous Catherine of Russia, the only woman worthy to be sister of the king-whom Frederic the Great had crowned.

We notice this book of M. Houssaye rather as a sign of the time, and of a reaction in public opinion, than as in itself a work of sterling merit. It shows that the tide which has been setting heretofore so strongly against Voltaire is now turning. The book has made considerable sensation in France, and two large editions have been already sold.

* *Le Roi Voltaire*. Par ARSÈNE HOUSSAYE. Paris: Michel Levy Frères. 1858. 8vo. pp. 436.

DR. PALFREY'S *History* is not only a new book,* it is a book containing many views new to this generation. For there are many reasons why, even in all our enthusiastic antiquarian researches, and all our filial gathering together of the fathers' dust and ashes, we should have been led upon many a false track in our estimate of their plans and policy. This work, therefore, of an author who sifts out the old and the new, in the light of a true theory, is the first book to give a coherent and comprehensive exhibition of the ground policy of the men who created New England. By the way, especially as he works with the newly-found authorities, a good many details come into distinct light which have been obscure and only half made out before. The tenacity of his memory makes him constant master even of the least point made clear in his most remote researches, and he so patches part to part, and untangles thread from thread, that we have an adequate and well-adjusted notion of that which till now we have looked upon only as the virtuoso's museum of the broken fragments of our antiquity.

Here is the foundation position of this *History*; — that the men who made Massachusetts came with a political motive at heart as deep as their religious motive, and all intertwined with it, — to make a state virtually independent of the British crown. They did not seek simply, like their forerunners, the Plymouth colonists, "freedom to worship God," — but they meant to serve him in his own way, free from any domination of king, bishop, or Star-Chamber. This determination, often charged on the leaders of the colonists, — steadfastly denied, however, by the writers of the Revolutionary period, who believed what they said too, — is acknowledged boldly and proudly by their new historian. It is acknowledged, and it is proved. Winthrop, Johnson, Dudley, and the other leaders, came here to establish a state virtually free; as much as Governor Robinson and General Pomeroy went to Kansas with the same purpose four years ago. True, they did not explain their project in printed broadsides. They did not notify the crown of it. When a fanatic cut the red cross out of the king's flag, they checked him as they could, and simply took care never to have any more king's flags. But while they made no flourish of trumpets about their plans, they took care to punish every one who proposed an appeal to the crown as a traitor to the country; they fortified their harbor against the king's fleets, when he threatened to send them a Governor; and, long before the Long Parliament came so far, omitted the oath of allegiance to the king in the qualifying of their officials. The worst threat of royal authority only drove them to inquire how best they should gain the protection of Holland. Should they emigrate to the Mohawk valley, or should they court the protection of the Dutch navy in Massachusetts Bay? Meanwhile the very men who had made up their "Emigrant Aid Company," — the "Company of the Massachusetts Bay," — were giving them aid and comfort in England by ousting

* *History of New England.* By JOHN GORHAM PALFREY. Volume I. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1858.

Charles from his capital and at last from his throne. For more than thirty years the colony was absolutely independent. For a few more it chafed under the name of subjection to the Stuart viceroy. But, having then turned him out, and being once more certain of the reality of independence, it easily bore a Lieutenant-Governor named by the crown, so long as it maintained its own direction of its own affairs. When the crown attempted more, there needed only a "Declaration" of the Independence which had really existed for a century and a half, to dissolve the fantasy of a vice-regal court, and in form to put things upon their real footing. This is the history of Massachusetts in brief, and "it will serve for every State in New England."

Dr. Palfrey showed, long ago, in papers in the North American Review, in historical discourses, in his Lowell Lectures, and in other published works, that he had in hand this true key to the politics and *ecclesiastics* of the first generation. He had found out that such statesmen as reared New England did not come here merely to nurse speculations about free grace, Antinomianism, or the methods of ordination, of worship, or of baptism. He does not, however, write his History merely to present his views on that political matter, but goes steadily to work to exhaust the subject before him. First comes a curious physical history of New England, fresh and new in its facts, we venture to say, to half the readers of it within New England's own borders. There is not one school in the six States, perhaps, where one scholar has been taught to describe New England and the British Provinces as a peninsula; yet the narrow neck which separates the waters of the Hudson from those of Lake George, not three miles wide, — the strip of land where so many of her bravest breathed their last, — is the narrow *Suez* which unites her to the mainland. The flow of her streams, and the direction of her mountain ranges, all appear in this survey, in such form as to come up distinctly to memory; and a map of the physical geography, bearing no names or lines of States, and with the earliest settlements only laid down, makes real the picture. This chapter closes with a careful study of the aboriginal inhabitants. It does not represent them in the fashion which poetry has chosen for her descriptions of "the red men." "The Indian — of European sentimentalists — is as fabulous as the griffin or the centaur."

There follows a chapter devoted to the early voyages to New England, beginning with those of the Northmen, and closing with that exploration by Smith, which made the country familiar to the Englishmen who dreamed of colonization in the fifteen years before the Massachusetts Company sailed. Dr. Palfrey attacks with relish the curious and knotty questions of that mythical age. There is a charming note which tells the whole story of the Newport Mill, and, while it robs it of its Norse romance, gives to it another poetical interest peculiarly its own. It sometimes seems strange, that, in a hundred and thirty years after Cabot's discovery of this coast, no firm effort should have been made to colonize it, and so little to explore it. But, in truth, such enterprises must wait God's time. Shelvocke found gold in California more than a hundred and twenty years before 1848; but it was not till then that the

free state of California was needed, and it was not till then that the great impulse was given which created it. Of this chapter of early New England voyages, the moral is almost the same.

Chapters III. and IV. are chapters of English history; and after parts of the book keep the thread of that history along. As we have intimated, it is really the central thread of the whole narrative. A man might as well attempt to write the political history of Kansas for the last five years, without constant reference to the partisanship and political movement of other parts of the United States, as attempt to write the political history of Massachusetts for the first fifteen years of its existence, without constant reference to the state of parties and of opinion in England. As Mr. Haven showed, in personal details in his history of the Massachusetts Company, the men who made the Commonwealth of Massachusetts were the very same individuals who made the Commonwealth of England. Dr. Palfrey shows here, in exquisite detail, and with cumulative force of argument, that almost every act of government here, down to the very simplest, was tinged by the coloring of English politics.

Such survey of the ground at home and abroad opens the way for the narrative of the permanent colonies. The Forefathers' history has to be written over again. Here there was new authority in the new Bradford, so lately *Phœnicized* from the dust and ashes of the Fulham Dining-room Library. Here comes in the curious light, without which the Pilgrims' eulogists have stumbled somewhat till now, which shows that the colony at Plymouth was not a homogeneous company of God-fearing separatists, England-scourged and Leyden-trained. Mixed with these, perhaps in equal proportions, were men who had never known the friends of Robinson till they met them in the narrow quarters of the Speedwell and the Mayflower. Under the gleam of that ray of light, the author sets all that chronicle of the humble ten years of the Old Colony in more distinct order than before; — and his eulogy has all the more worth, because so much more intelligible.

The narrative keeps on to the close of the volume with the record of events on this side of the ocean; excepting one more chapter devoted to Puritan politics in England. The threads of the history of each of the different settlements are woven into the whole, and the confederation of the leading colonies of New England makes an appropriate conclusion. At some future opportunity we may be able to discuss some essential positions for New England history, which are substantially new, which the author works out in the midst of his elaborate detail. We can only say now, that these positions are laid down here, and that the best-trained historical reader will be constantly surprised by the vividness and novelty of their illustrations.

Besides the map of which we have spoken, there are some very curious reproductions of old engravings.

A WORK on "Congregationalism" by a German scholar might be expected to be accurate, methodical, dry, and impartial. So far as the History is concerned, the work of Dr. Uhden * exhibits all these quali-

* The New England Theocracy, a History of the Congregationalists in New

ties. The facts in the early ecclesiastical annals of New England are, on the whole, fairly set down and well arranged. The characteristic features of "Independency," and its influence upon dogma and policy, are presented without exaggeration. The tyrannical acts of Puritanism are not excused or passed over, nor are they denounced in any tone of moral indignation. If Quakers and Baptists do not get all the sympathy which they claim, the defenders of Puritan intolerance do not find a very zealous champion.

Unitarians, however, have a right to be surprised that, in a work professing to be an impartial history, the author should go out of his way to speak of their opinions as a system of "unbelief." Such a sentence as the following, besides being untrue in fact, has a disagreeable partisan tone, and rather indicates that the writer has drawn his information concerning Unitarians altogether from Orthodox sources. On p. 85, he says: "In all the vicissitudes experienced by the Congregationalists, Harvard College has had a living participation. The *unbelief* which, in the eighteenth century, extended itself over New England, obtained a footing here also, and increased to such a degree, that gradually all the teachers and directors indicated in the charter became Unitarians. In their hands the University remains to the present day." And again, on p. 238, he says: "Meanwhile, unbelief expressed itself in a decided form as Unitarianism, and overspread all New England. When a Christian life began to reawaken, churches, church property, and even the ancient University of Cambridge, were found to be in the hands of the Unitarians." Such a fling at the Unitarians is neither candid nor just; it is only a mild repetition of the stale and refuted Orthodox slander. Unitarianism cannot be rightly described as "unbelief," or the child of unbelief. Its pioneers and its leading advocates were men of the most profound faith and the most earnest piety. Nor is it true that *all* the teachers and directors of Harvard College were ever Unitarians. At no time has the College been without Orthodox teachers in its Faculty, and Orthodox members in its Board of Overseers. In their hands the University does *not* remain at the present day, unless the religious opinions of the majority of the Corporation are taken to represent the opinions of all who superintend or instruct. No less than *nine* of the Professors are of other modes of faith than the Unitarian, and the special religious teacher and preacher to the College expressly disclaims sympathy with Unitarian opinions, and the application to himself of the Unitarian name. *Two thirds* of the Overseers, who have the appointment of all the Visiting Committees, are Orthodox. The author should have been careful to consult reliable documents, rather than the loose statements of partisan pamphlets. His treatment of Unitarians makes a blemish in an otherwise acceptable work.

FROM very slender materials, pieced out not unskilfully with genuine love and patience, and with interesting groups and scenes of an age

England to the Revivals of 1740. By H. F. UHLEN. With a Preface by the late DR. NEANDER. Translated from the Second German Edition, by H. C. CONANT. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1858. 12mo. pp. 303.

rich in great deeds and men, has been wrought the brief biography of the favorite and stainless hero of the purest type of chivalry.* It is very truly said that it is not for the greatness of his acts, but for the quality of his soul, that we admire and love the name of Philip Sidney. By this fair resetting of the few incidents of his brief career, by exhibiting him, where it was possible, in the light of his own deeds and words, by weaving in here and there some sketch from the tragedy of Protestantism then acting on the Continent, or some scene from the court life of the imperial island, of which the blameless hero was the most shining ornament, the writer has produced an attractive and readable volume, of the noblest inspiration to youthful minds. And for such its slightly overwrought and declamatory style is quite in harmony with the impression it conveys.

ESSAYS, ETC.

HE is a very bold man or a very foolish man who reads an uncertified book on banking, for it seems to be one of the mysteries of that mysterious servant, money, that nobody knows anything about it. Nobody can tell, for instance, or even make a respectable guess, as to the amount of gold and silver now in circulation in the world;—a fact which must certainly be very near the centre of all financial speculations. The books on banking, indeed, are almost all written by some person who is looking through a very small key-hole, and, like all such observers, wants to persuade us that the world he looks upon is the whole world. This is the reason why cautious readers of good sense shun these books, as we have said. But whenever any man, on any subject, will tell the exact truth, as to what he has seen and done, and will be good enough to tell it without any of his own speculations, the world is a direct gainer by so much treasure fished out of the mud, and placed on the rocks so high that no one need dive for it again. It is our pleasant duty to say that Mr. Gibbons † has done this very thing. We have been bold enough to read his book, and we must report to more prudent or timid persons that it is a book of facts of the most curious character, such as nobody has written down before; and that it keeps very thoroughly clear from the slimy, watery, dogmatic guessing, which have given character to most of the books on banking. In a word, we certify this check. Here is told, in very dramatic style, the actual story of what these bank people do, every day of their lives. There are even excellent little sketches of the way they look when they are doing it. So completely is the detail wrought out, that young men entering on the business of banking will get here the best hints they can find in print as to some of the nicer details of the business they have to learn. And the whole community of readers, while they will run through the book with the same sort of interest with which they would look through the ledger of Sinbad the Sailor, or the day-book of the Slave of the

* The Life and Times of Philip Sidney. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

† The Banks of New York, their Dealers, the Clearing-house, and the Panic of 1857. By J. S. GIBBONS. With Illustrations by Herrick. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858.

Ring, will pick up a good many practical hints as to their own methods of transacting business, which will be valuable to them, and to the banks too.

The writer says, in his Preface, that he is anxious to show that the banker and his customer meet on equal terms, that the bank is not a superior power, and that both dealers and officers need to be reminded of this. We conceive that the book will be of great value in teaching this lesson to both parties. We doubt if master-bankers generally understand that that unpopularity, which they must know hangs over their institutions, springs, in large measure, from the impertinence of the boy-clerks whom they have to employ in subordinate positions. All large corporations suffer in the same way. The more insignificant the duty of some barrow-man at a railroad freight-station, the more apt is he to assume what he thinks the airs of the proprietor of millions. Now, to the public, the railroad is represented by its humblest porter on as many occasions as it is by its accomplished president;—and the bank, by its humblest runner, as often as by its careful cashier. The impertinence or lordliness of the one rankles as long as that of the other; and, when the moment for retaliation comes, is visited, however unjustly, by a summary vengeance. Mr. Gibbons has done a great deal, in this very entertaining volume, to ameliorate such relations, often and foolishly hostile, between the bank officers and the community of their patrons.

There is included in the volume a very careful and clear account of that wonderful agency, the New York Clearing-House, compared with whose transactions Sinbad's and Aladdin's are child's play. It will be an entire novelty to most readers. It is quite evident, that, in this agency, we have an entirely new feature in the finance of this country, whose power, perfectly legitimate and simple, we are but beginning to comprehend. The author, with great good-sense, traces to some misconceptions of its regular and inevitable daily processes that vertigo, or paralysis, or stroke of sudden lunacy, which overwhelmed his colleagues, the New York bankers, a year ago last October, under which they overwhelmed for a year the regular and irregular commerce of this country. That delusion will never be explained, probably; but in such suggestions as are here we have some hint of its origin, and some slight hope that it will not quite so easily return.

The fresh narrative style of the best part of this book is so taking, that we excuse the carelessness of language which makes some of the speculative passages a little unintelligible.

DR. SANGER* deserves great credit for the conscientious labor bestowed on his intensely painful subject. The book has not one feature which will gratify illicit tastes, while it does present a mass of statistics to public officers and legislators, which no man of character in municipal office can fail to study and apply.

* The History of Prostitution: its Extent, Causes, and Effects throughout the World. [Being an official report to the Board of Almshouse Governors of the City of New York.] By WILLIAM W. SANGER, M. D., Resident Physician, &c., &c. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1858.

Brigance

If paper and type could win a sufficiency of readers, Dr. Hickok's work on "Rational Cosmology" * would find no lack. But we greatly fear that few even of practised metaphysical students will have patience to pursue to the end his long series of abstract inquiries. His ideas may be to himself perfectly clear, and probably he makes them seem so to the classes who come under his instruction; but not in his book, whether from an unfortunate prolixity of style, or from the essential abstruseness of the logic. We have no objection to the principles which he lays down. We are quite willing that he should "*posit*" a supernatural and infinite God as the preliminary and premise of all rational creation, the presumption of all philosophy. But we do not see how, in his arrangement of the forces of the universe and the system of creation, he has in any way improved upon or essentially contradicted the conclusions of that "inductive" science which he seems so much to slight. The inductive method is at least more clear and comprehensible. Dr. Hickok is not quite bold enough to say that he can tell the exact way and order in which God actually did create the world. He only undertakes, after having "created" God himself, in a semi-Hegelian fashion, as the fourfold Absolute, to show how, as creator, God must necessarily create, and what principles and laws he must have impressed upon his universe. His reasoning, as philosophy, corresponds to that common style of orthodox reasoning in theology, which can tell all about the "plan" and "scheme" of salvation, and can prove that the world could possibly have been saved by no other plan or scheme. This sort of reasoning may be very ingenious, but it adds nothing to the sum of our knowledge or the strength of our confidence. Dr. Hickok's ideal creation of the world leaves us as far as ever from comprehending the secret of its actual creation. His curious sections upon "life as an assimilative force," and upon organic and human life, carry us no farther than the researches of the embryologists. Agassiz tells us as much of the Divine plan as Hickok, and more intelligibly. The best part of the volume is the Introduction, a rapid criticism of the philosophies of creation, from Pythagoras to Cousin.

MR. BOWDITCH'S † very curious treatise on names, in the small edition which he printed for private circulation, attracted immediate attention on both sides of the Atlantic. The discussion of the history of surnames proves to be one of those central matters of speculation which interests everybody, to which everybody can contribute facts, and which radiates in very wide departments, not only of biography, genealogy, and heraldry, but of philology, geography, and history. Mr. Bowditch has been induced, therefore, he says, to enlarge it by the work of another year, and to publish a small edition. He proposes for it the whimsical title of "Directories Digested, or the Romance of the Registry." But we confess that, though the book is very funny, and will

* Rational Cosmology, or the Eternal Principles and the Necessary Laws of the Universe. By LAURENS P. HICKOK, D. D., Union College. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 397.

† Suffolk Surnames. By N. I. BOWDITCH. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

make people laugh by the hour together, it has a quaint and serious value to us quite beyond that of a joke-book. One cannot read a page of it without pensive speculation. This is perhaps true of any catalogue in which the mystery of alphabetical sequence brings such strange bedfellows together, and compels you to reflect that "MARTIN Chuzzlewit" and "MARTINEAU, Harriet," have points in common after all, and belong to the same planet. But here is more than that. There is the monument of the families which have died out among us, once among our leaders,—the Bernards, Ochterlonys, Smiberts, and the rest. There is the record of the countries and continents,—so much wider than the three nations of the beginning,—“from which God has sifted the wheat” and the Devil blown the chaff, which make up Suffolk County and furnish its surnames. There is, under one's eye, the formation of language. “The Bible informs us that man originally gave to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air their names. The debt has certainly been repaid in these later times. They have given to man all their names back again.” Again, there is the change of fashion, and the sense of that narrow line which distinguishes between Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee. How repulsive a name is Higgs or Higgins, how honorable to every Massachusetts man is Higginson! Such speculations are all wrought in with the thread of this curious volume, which is prepared with singular relish and humor. It is, therefore, not strictly a dictionary nor a register, but one of those books which serve, like a sort of rosary, to start from every bead conversation, reflection, or study.

THE reading public is justly suspicious of authors who assume alliterative titles. They are generally weak and superficial thinkers, who seek to disguise their poverty of ideas in tawdry and pretentious, but so much the more faulty and ungraceful language. It is a *fashion*, at its height perhaps eight or ten years ago, but since then, we are happy to think, somewhat less popular. There are, however, it must be acknowledged, all grades of merit, from Fanny Forester down to Fanny Fern; and we do not hesitate to place Titcomb's Letters * very high among them. He has chosen a title of which we have a right to complain, but he has done a really good work. He has given good counsel, which was much needed. It is direct and pointed, lively and blunt in style, and attractive to the class to which it is given.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

THE title “The Times' Special Correspondence” is a guaranty of a clear head, a sharp eye, and, we may add, of unrivalled opportunities. For, in truth, the representatives of this more than royal power find an entrance where plenipotentiaries are shut out, and learn facts which never come to the ears of cabinet ministers but through them. They

* Titcomb's Letters to Young People, Single and Married. TIMOTHY TITCOMB, Esquire. Ninth edition. New York: Charles Scribner. 1858.

are correct and elegant in style, and have that rare faculty of being easy and humorous without being vulgar.

Mr. Cooke's book on China* is one of the most attractive of this class. It is most timely, too. Coming just after the announcement of peace, it tells us of the condition of China during the war, of the people and the statesmen with whom the English had to deal, and of the process by which peace was got. The most curious portion of the book is that in which the author relates his intercourse with the "caged mandarin," Yeh, then a prisoner in the hands of the English. The following dialogue with his Excellency throws a little side-light on the working of the "examination system" in the celestial empire:—

"I asked, 'Your Excellency was judge of Sunnan for four years. Did you pass any examination in the Ta Tsing Loo (the Chinese Code) before you took upon you that office?' 'No; I told you before, we are only expected to speak Taoli.'—'Then did your Excellency never study Chinese law?' 'Never.'—'Did you never read the Chinese Code?' 'No.'—'Did not your want of reading in the Chinese law make your judicial duties onerous?' 'No.'—'Perhaps you were assisted by good secretaries?' 'Sometimes I was; sometimes not.' 'Do you never, upon becoming an officer, read up the duties of the office?' 'The high officers often use secretaries to look up such matters.'—I took up a Mantchou book. 'Can your Excellency speak or read Mantchou?' 'No.'—'Nor the Cantonese dialect?' 'No.'—'You speak your own native dialect of Hupeh?' 'No. I was educated at Peking, as my ancestors were, and I speak only the language of Peking.'—pp. 416, 417.

But the Chinese are not the only nation who appoint to high diplomatic stations men who know no language but their own, and whose qualifications have as little to do with the business of their office as the mysterious "Taoli." On page 419 we have this word discussed.

"'What does your Excellency mean by Taoli?' 'What you ought to do is Taoli: what you ought not to do is Taoli.'—'Has Taoli no more extended meaning?' 'Taoli has the most comprehensive meaning; it comprehends everything.'—'Does Taoli teach of a Creator?' 'There are many Taoli. There is heaven's Taoli, and earth's Taoli, and man's Taoli.'—'Are these Taoli distinct?' 'No; they are all parts of one Taoli.' 'Is Taoli a corporeal being?' 'In things that are done by it, it is a thing having body; but when you discourse of it, it is a thing having no body; it is a principle.'"

So, as Taoli is the highest rule of right, and the Chinese officials know nothing but Taoli, we may infer that Chinese administration is in accordance with the highest rule of right. Of this intercourse with Yeh, Mr. Cooke says in his Preface:—

"They who read the anecdotes I collected during my voyage with this important, but not agreeable personage, may see why it is the Chinese go on using bows and arrows, and exploding rusty matchlocks. It is plain that Yeh is the Eldon of China,—Eldon intensified, and omnipresent and omnipotent in Chinese official life. It is 'bows and arrows, and the wisdom of our ancestors,'—'no barbarians, and the Chinese constitution.' It is plain that young

* China, being "The Times'" Special Correspondence from China in the Years 1857–58. Reprinted by Permission. With Corrections and Additions by the Author, GEORGE WINGROVE COOKE, Author of "The History of Party," etc. London: G. Routledge & Co.

China, from Singapore or California, and even middle-aged China, in the person of the Howquas and Minquas, can do naught against this obese old China." — p. vi.

Two new volumes of Charles Didier * are the sequel and supplement of those experiences in the Arabian peninsula to which we lately called attention. They are written in the same graceful, familiar, and reflective style, with just enough of egotism to hold, but not enough to tire, the reader. Except in the last stage of the journey, the story goes over what is almost new ground, the Nubian Desert and the Upper Nile. M. Didier had, in spite of his ocular disease, which has since made him nearly blind, a keen perception of beauties in scenery, of blended colors, of architectural proportions; and no man could be by taste or temperament more fit to describe desert solitudes, desolate ruins, night journeys on the sandy plain, or reveries in the long, monotonous days of life on the Nile. There is in his pictures of scenery just that union of observation with thoughtfulness, of the attentive eye with the brooding mind, which gives fascination to a traveller's tale. His description of life in the towns, of political and religious matters, is less remarkable, though even in this there is no lack of interest. These volumes contain many valuable details concerning the inland commerce of Soudan, the morals of the people, the wars which have changed from time to time their political state, and the future prospect for the region.

M. Didier's highest love is for the Arab race and their wandering life. He admits that they are not a religious people, that they neglect the Mussulman rites, and never pray; yet he finds in them a magnanimity, an honor, a zealous love of kindred, and a simplicity, such as he has found in no other race. His assertions on these points must be taken with large allowance. He evidently liked the Arabs all the better because his companion, "the Englishman," was for ever quarrelling with them, and because they hated his companion. He differs, too, from most writers in finding the "desert" more agreeable than the towns, and in enjoying the dreariness which is usually pronounced to be so painful. If he cannot have Paris, his next choice is "the Desert."

Hachette never publishes an inferior book; but we can confidently commend these as among the best of his recent issues.

We will not suppose that the wretched orthography of Ditson's "Para Papers"† is due altogether to the author's ignorance. For very much of it, doubtless, the printer is to blame. But it is unaccountable that any respectable proof-reader should have allowed such gross and innumerable errors to pass uncorrected; it is amazing that an author who has a reputation to lose should risk it in a volume which sets at such defiance all the rules of spelling and punctuation. We

* *Cinquante Jours au Desert*. Par CHARLES DIDIER. Paris: Hachette. 1857. Pet. 8vo. pp. 308.

500 *Lieues sur le Nil*. Par CHARLES DIDIER. Paris: Hachette. 1858. Pet. 8vo. pp. 378.

† The Para Papers on France, Egypt, and Ethiopia. By GEORGE LEIGHTON DITSON. Paris: Fowler. New York: Mason Brothers. 1858. 8vo. pp. 504.

have never read or seen a book in any language so utterly bad in this particular. Making all reasonable allowance for the misfortune of having to print the book in Paris, errors enough remain to convict the author of most culpable carelessness. If a book of this kind is to pass without severe blame, then hereafter we may dispense with spelling-books in our schools and proof-readers in our printing-houses.

This orthographical defect, provoking as it is, is by no means the only defect of the "Para Papers." The style of the book is as disagreeable as the letter-press. The sentences are flung together in the most loose and incongruous manner, jumbling together ideas which have no connection or fitness. Moods and tenses, epithets and metaphors, proper names and common names, French words and Arabic words, suffer the most extraordinary violence in this free and easy volume. The reflections and fantastic imaginations and raptures, which are evidently intended to pass for fine writing, are in the most sickly vein of sentimentalism. What of information is given concerning Egypt and its monuments is borrowed chiefly from Murray's Guide-Book, and from other equally accessible sources. One might suppose from the great names quoted, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Diodorus, and Herodotus, that the author had profoundly studied his subject before publishing his lucubrations; but an inspection of the "Hand-Book" will correct such a mistake. There is no scholarship worth mentioning in these "Para Papers"; not even so much as is found in the average of Egyptian itineraries. At the same time, the reader is vexed with tedious attempts at archæological reasoning, which break what might otherwise be the pleasant flow of small talk, and the tolerably faithful narrative of life in Egypt and Nubia as it appears to-day. The only merit of the volume is in its description of the villages and the people, as they pass before the eye in a dreamy and lazy voyage on that most mystical and fascinating of rivers.

The disgusting performances of the dancing-girls (the indecency of which to one who has seen them no amount of fine epithets or of circumlocution can veil) are rehearsed by this writer with a genuine zest. When will some writer of travels in Egypt venture to tell the truth about these lascivious and vile caricatures of the poetry of motion, compared with which the worst dances of Europe are modest?

The most comical thing in the book is the list of *errata* at the beginning. *Four* are mentioned, and not four thousand, as the reader might suppose. Two of these four errors are very slight, and the correction of one of them is doubtful.

THE scope of "Peasant Life in Germany"* is rather wider than the title would seem to indicate, as the writer has devoted several chapters to the government, military system, &c. of the Germans, with the view of showing the effect these have had on the life and condition of the peasantry. This part of the work is in the main fair and trustworthy,

* Peasant Life in Germany. By Miss ANNA C. JOHNSON. New York: Charles Scribner. 1858. 12mo. pp. 430.

and shows a hearty sympathy with the sufferings of the class of which it treats. We have never seen a book which depicted more fully and clearly the effects on the national character and habits of that detestable system of bureaucratic control which lies at the bottom of all that the German governments do in religion, education, and, in short, every matter of common interest. In like manner, the other chapters of the book contain a mass of correct and useful information, not, perhaps, so well arranged, or presented in so lively a manner, as we could wish, but quite complete and reliable. The chief defect is a captious and fault-finding spirit, and a lack of appreciation, when treating of the life of middle classes, and of what we should call the German character and manners as a whole. The abhorrence of the spirit and acts of the ruling class — and we acknowledge that this is neither too strong nor too strongly expressed — seems to have infected the writer's mind to some degree, when treating of those classes which come next in the social scale. We think some expressions and the tone of some chapters calculated to give a less favorable impression of Germany than the writer perhaps intended, and at all events less so than is just. We are sorry to see a writer, so judicious in most respects, repeat the absurd and harmful commonplace, that "in America the humblest ploughboy entertains the faint hope that he may one day become President of the United States," because, in the first place, it is not more true in fact, although it is in degree, than in other countries, and secondly, because the endless repetition of such a motive to exertion cannot but be more productive of harm than good to the young minds of our country.

NEW AMERICAN TALES.

"AGNES,"* as a novel, fails to sustain the promise of the first work of its author. It is, in all but ease and purity of style, greatly inferior to *Ida May*. The epoch of the story, and its opening scenes, raise expectations which are entirely disappointed in its progress and its conclusion. We find ourselves in the region of the most stirring events of the Revolution, in the presence of the British and American armies, of Lee and Washington, yet we lose very quickly these men and events, and are brought down to the details of ordinary love-making, and to needless intricacies of plot. There are no violent improbabilities in narrative, simply because it is not strong in any way. It is one of those smoothly written stories, which show an excellent spirit and some practice in composition, without much historical study or much fertility of invention, which can do no harm, but are readily forgotten.

MR. LOWELL's book † brings us into perfectly fresh and unhackneyed scenery and manners, in the island of Newfoundland; certainly as unknown to most of us as if it never had been found at all, and just now, since the writing of the book, bearing a new interest for us, from visions

* *Agnes. A Novel.* By the Author of "*Ida May*." Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 510.

† *The New Priest in Conception Bay.* Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1858.

of the cable landed in Trinity Bay, and the Orphic sayings of that American Mrs. Harris, De Sauty.

The great charm of "The New Priest" lies in its descriptions of the life and character of the primitive fishermen, among whom the story is placed, and the constant lovely bits of word-painting, sea, sky, and shore, in that lonely region, given with each lingering and constantly recurring delight, that one sees well what dear companions they were in the author's island life.

The character, also, of the stout old fisherman, Skipper George, with his manly strength and womanly tenderness, is beautifully drawn, and must have had its prototype. His daughter, too, not unlike her namesake, Wordsworth's Lucy Gray, except in her final home-coming, is a very sweet and fresh creation. And we cannot help being sorry when we find ourselves drawn so often from the calm, beautiful Christianity of these simple people to the struggles and surgings of the two populations of the Bay, Catholic and Protestant, headed by Mr. Wellon, the Church minister, and Father O'Toole, with his hopeful Yankee proselyte, Father Nicholas, the villain of the story, and Father Ignatius, the Protestant convert, the New Priest of Conception Bay.

It is the old fight, never ending, ever beginning, and, in spite of some stale and unworthy additions to the guilt of the scapegoat Jesuit, the book goes on, with ever increasing interest, through the manifold mysteries of Lucy Barbury's abduction (not unlike our present Mortara complication), and Mrs. Barré's heroic constancy, to Lucy's final return, and the priest's final reconversion, not surely by the lame arguments of his wife, we will not say for love of her, but by quickening of that inward light which shows every man the truth, only overlaid and well-nigh extinguished by whole cart-loads of external evidences.

But we have one grudge against the author. How could he follow the villainous example of the Baroness Tautphœus, in Cyrilla, and ruthlessly slay his poor hero, when, after so many trials, a little gleam of happiness was waiting for him at last?

FROM external evidence, "Ernest Carroll" * should be an English tale, — which it is clearly and carefully meant to pass for; from internal evidence, — the type of character and style of gossip it exhibits, and its pet celebrities, as well as a luxury of typography that hardly belongs but to an author's own *editio princeps*, — it is just as clearly an American one. The two or three phases of the young artist's experience it displays, have the slightest possible connection with each other. Dwellers outside the jealously guarded coast-line of "Bohemia" have no right, perhaps, to pronounce on the likelihood of its incidents. It may be an every-day thing for young republican artists abroad to fall into the fascinating seductions of princely palaces, and relations alarmingly near and tender with ladies of princely rank, whose loveliness is surpassed only by their accomplishments, wit, and emancipated views of

* Ernest Carroll; or, Artist-Life in Italy. A Novel in Three Parts. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

ethics. Of this we pretend to no private advices of our own. As a story of romance, the plot is too meagre, obvious, and painful,—not to say offensive. As a picture of "Artist-Life," it is a mere stray collection of anecdotes and gossip, very free in its handling of living names; along with some lively connoisseurship, and one or two really original groups and scenes, showing sundry out-of-the-way features which the uninitiated are not likely to see for themselves. We are sorry that one, of the culture and accomplishments that have apparently gone to the making of this trifling sketch, should have contented himself with the notion of Ruskin, picked up from a hostile critic or two, which is given in the vulgar and absurd caricature we find in it. A little care might at least have made the statements true as far as they go. On the whole, spite of some gleams of literary beauty, and a dash of romantic sentiment here and there, it is a rather sorry notion we get from it of a way of life which surely has quite another side to show.

"MATTHEW CARABY" * is far more decidedly a business novel, than that we have just noticed is an artistic one. Its style is curt, picturesque, and lively, with a not unpleasant dash of Americanism. Its spirit is by all tokens very manly and earnest. In scenery and color, it belongs eminently to the latitude and longitude of New York. The hazard, stir, and guilt that attend a great city of commerce are the points of chief interest it deals with, in a keen, frank, truth-telling way of its own; and the touch of mystery and tragedy, at the beginning, middle, and end, are wrought in with no slight skill. A court-room scene, with the hush and awe of the crisis of a capital trial, is no new novelist's device; but we cannot think of an instance where it has been handled in a more original way, or with more admirable skill and effect.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IN the multitude of ephemeral publications which, especially at this season, struggle into notice and compete for the popular favor, the old and universal favorites, those in whom "Nature's copy" is "eterné," maintain their place, and foremost among them, now and always, Shakespeare. Mr. Richard Grant White, "Shakespeare's Scholar," is carrying on his beautiful edition † of that poet, of which four volumes, beginning with the second, are already before the public. We need not wait the full completion of this enterprise to bring it to the notice of our readers. Of making many editions of Shakespeare there is no end, and should be none, and can be none while printing and reading are practised on this planet, and so long as human actors "have their exits and their entrances" thereon. Not that Shakespeare is so extensively read as this ever new editing of his works would seem to imply. On the contrary, we rather suspect that the readers of Shakespeare are not very numerous, if the standard and criterion of numerousness be taken

* Matthew Caraby. By BENAULY. New York: Mason Brothers.

† The Works of William Shakespeare. By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1857.

from the readers of Harper's Magazine or the New York Ledger. Every collector, it is true, must have the book in his shelves, and a copy of it is considered as almost a necessary part of the furnishing of every well-to-do household. But, like other genteel articles of furniture, its ministry, for the most part, is a very external one, and many householders so furnished derive their chief knowledge of the poet from the stage or from public lectures. The demand for new editions of the great dramatist is due not so much to the multitude of his readers as it is to their affectionate and admiring reverence, which, not content with a partial and superficial understanding of his works, is eager to penetrate the exact sense of each passage, craves assurance of the true reading, and demands that the new discoveries made from time to time in the text, and the new illustrations of its import, shall be fitly embodied and made accessible. A great genius, like nature, is inexhaustible. No amount of annotation and no exactness of analysis, nor all comments of successive generations, can impair the interest or express the full value of its work. The daily spectacle of earth and sky is none the less open to inquiry for all that philosophy has yet discovered in stars and stones and flowers, and the most industrious critic commenting on a favorite author will not rake the page so clean but that every sincere observer who comes after may glean some new aspects.

We cannot affirm that Mr. White has made any new and important discoveries in Shakespeare's text and relations. But this he has done: he has thoroughly studied his subject, has made himself acquainted with the labors of every original editor and annotator, — with all important contributions to Shakespearian literature, — with all that can serve to establish, to rectify, to elucidate, the text, — and has given us here the results of his research. He has aimed, first of all, at accuracy; that is, to give the original text, the very words of Shakespeare, free from all additions and corruptions, so far as it is possible to ascertain them. This edition is no reprint or reproduction of any of the current editions of Shakespeare. It goes to the fountain-head; it purports to be based exclusively on the first folio (1623), the original source of all subsequent editions, but with due consultation of the early quartos, of the second folio, of Collier's folio, and all previous authorities. The text of the first folio has been retained, except where evident corruption necessitated a different reading. In these cases, Mr. White has availed himself of the conjectural emendations of the best critics, — the authority for each being given, — or else he has supplied emendations of his own. In every instance of variation, the folio reading is indicated in the notes, with such comments and quotations of other readings and emendations as may be necessary to put the reader in possession of all that is important concerning each doubtful or disputed passage.

One feature of this work we mark with special approbation. The notes are entirely distinct from the text. The page is throughout unmarred by marginal gloss, foot-note, or even reference; there is no intrusion of another mind than that of the author, nothing thrust before the reader to divert and distract his attention from the subject-matter before him.

The work is to consist of twelve volumes. The four already published contain only the Comedies. The volumes are of just the convenient size,—not too large for comfortable handling, and not too small for comfortable type. The edition, when completed, if executed in the manner of these four volumes, will surpass all previous editions for popular use. No other edition known to us combines in so great a degree completeness, convenience, and beauty. The only thing we have found to censure is here and there a platitude which the editor allows himself, ~~when focosely inclined~~, in his notes.

THE ancient legends of Britain, so fascinating to the early generation of British poets, Spenser and Milton, and so lost in the shallower flood of later ones, have reappeared, from time to time, as a distinct element in the finer poesy of these latter days. Tennyson, with perhaps the most subtle and refined sense of beauty of all English poets, ancient or modern, has brought those old tales back to us in several fragments and allusions, as well as by the current rumor of the task on which his cunning hand has been spending its ripest skill. Greek and Roman myth has been tolerably familiar to us from of old. The wilder legends of Scandinavia, the popular wonder-tales of Germany, the grotesque marvels of Hindoo fancy, the gaunt and rude, yet pathetic traditions of our American Indians, have been put into more or less coherent shape, and are making part of the staple of every well-read imagination. And we reckon it a service to be gratefully welcomed, when the more striking of the half-forgotten lays of early Britain are brought in compact and readable guise before the great republic of readers.

Mr. Bulfinch* has rendered this service, as an acceptable and fit sequel to his volume of classic fable. To most readers the material of his new work will be more new, and very likely more interesting, than the old. Taking only two connected lines of tradition, he has not the perplexed and broken field which his former plan compelled him to travel. And the reader, following easily the current of the twofold tale, is far more apt to have a clear and grateful memory of it as a whole.

We do hope that further editions will give the author an opportunity to change his title. The present is the most misleading one he could easily hit on. "Chivalry" belongs as definitely to the history, mode of life, and associations of feudalism, and of an age still more recent, as the matter of the present volume is remote from any such thing. Some title equivalent to "Myths of the Britons," or "Age of British Fable," would have at least the merit of not putting the book-hunter on a false scent.

MR. CURTIS has translated from the German † a collection of bright

* The Age of Chivalry. Part I. Arthur and his Knights. Part II. The Mabinogion, or Welsh Popular Tales. By THOMAS BULFINCH. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co.

† Arabian Days' Entertainments. Translated from the German by HERBERT PELHAM CURTIS. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1858.

Fairy Stories,—good for Christmas and New Year,—“and will not materially injure” in any season. They are called the Arabian Days’ Entertainments, but must not be confounded with the clever collection called One Thousand and One Days, which was published a year ago. The tales in the latter collection were really Oriental in their origin,—one or two of them indeed have been printed in some of the older collections of “Nights.” Mr. Curtis’s collection is by some German author who has taken the Arab dress that he may be rid of the Occidental curse of tagging a moral to everything. Very pleasant reading the stories make; the moral sometimes steals in, but only semi-occasionally, and then not offensively. This is much to say in a grade of civilization like ours, when you dare not take up a yellow-covered novel, after you have done your day’s work, lest you should be involved in a discussion of the problem of evil,—or a controversy respecting the place of blue lias in the Jurassic formations of the Devonian tertiary.

Let whoever would soothe the fears of a friend, overwrought by the civilization of this barbarous century, present to him to-day for the reading of this year:—

1. The Arabian Nights, in Lane’s translation, with the spelling corrected to the English (not Arabic) forms. Let it be a large edition with many cuts.

2. The same in French,—De Sacy’s new edition. Lane’s contains more of the poetical extracts than the French; but the French contains more description than Lane. They should be read interfused, both open on the same reading-desk.

3. The New Arabian Nights’ Entertainments. London. 1826. Translated by the Rev. George Lamb.

4. The Thousand and One Days, a Companion to the Arabian Nights, with an Introduction by Miss Pardoe, published in Baltimore, 1858.

5. Mr. Curtis’s book as above.

6. Bidpay’s [Pilpay’s] Fables. The edition with Bewick’s prints is the best.

Let the tried friend read these six through annually, and he will grow younger and younger every year.

16.2.16

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE next volume of *Archæologia Americana*, in the transactions of the American Antiquarian Society, promises an unusually wide range of interest. The original letters of Lane, the commander of the unfortunate expedition which attempted a settlement on Roanoke Island in North Carolina, in 1585, will be printed here, for the first time, from the originals in the State-Paper Office in London. From the same source is taken a long letter by Captain Newport, describing the first survey of James River in 1607, by the company which founded Virginia. These letters are the earliest manuscripts extant written in the United States. They are the contributions of Hon. George Bancroft. The Society’s own archives contribute next a manuscript almost as old,—a Narrative of a Voyage to Greenland in 1618. This voyage was made by one of the squadrons of the Muscovy Company. The rare work of

Josselyn on the Natural History of New England will follow these papers, edited by Professor Tuckerman, the accomplished Professor of Natural History in Amherst College. A paper on the Sacrificial Mounds of the Scioto Valley, by Mr. Haven, will conclude the volume. In sweeping thus from Greenland's icy mountains to the sands of North Carolina, and the rich bottoms of Ohio, the Society certainly maintains its title as a national institution.

The intelligence of most interest to literary men in our home-circle is the completion of the valuable Index to the Catalogue of the Public Library, and the immediate opening to the public of the circulation of that Library. We shall take an early opportunity to speak at some length of the detail of the working arrangements of this magnificent institution. Let all slow Librarians stand corrected when they learn that this unrivalled Index, with a number of cross-titles unequalled, to fifteen thousand volumes, was prepared from the books and the card-catalogues in six weeks, and was printed in eight weeks more.

Phillips, Sampson, & Co. will publish this spring a theological work regarding which a good deal of curiosity is already excited among well-informed students, by Rev. C. L. Hequembourg of Warren, Pennsylvania. The title of the book is "The New Plan of Creation." Mr. Hequembourg is not so well known in our vicinity as in other parts of this country, but his reputation where he is known is a warrant for the interest of the theologians for this volume.

Political influences were sufficient to prevent the insertion, in Morcelli's great collection of his masterly Latin Inscriptions, of all those he wrote on Napoleon I., as well as to suppress others of the sort written by rival scholars during the Kingdom of Italy. But times change, and we. And though Bourbons, and Hapsburgs, and the rest, have been able to cut the inscriptions from the walls, or raze the monuments that bore them, these literary gems have just now been reproduced in a collection made by Ferrucci at Pisa, and are published at Paris with a dedication to the present Emperor.

The first volume of the French Academy's new Historical Dictionary of the French Language has just appeared, anticipating the analogous work on the English language, projected in England.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

The Harvest and the Reapers; Home Work for All, and How to do it. By Harvey Newcomb. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 18mo. pp. 270.

The New Testament. New York: Collins & Brother. 8vo. pp. 548. (The common version, arranged in paragraphs, with index.)

A Critical and Historical Introduction to the Canonical Scriptures of the Old Testament. From the German of W. M. L. De Wette. Translated and enlarged by Theodore Parker. Third Edition. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 517, 570. (See p. 125.)

The Extent of the Atonement in its Relation to God and Man. By Thomas W. Jenkyn. Third Edition, revised. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 376.

The Living Epistle; or, The Moral Power of a Religious Life. By Cornelius Tyree. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 24mo. pp. 185.

Blind Bartimeus; or, The Story of a Thoughtless Sinner and his Great Physician. By W. J. Hoge. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 24mo. pp. 257.

- Christmas Hours. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 126.
 The Evening of Life. By Jeremiah Chaplin. A New Edition. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 281.
 Salvation by Christ: a Series of Discourses on some of the most important Doctrines of the Gospel. By Francis Wayland. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 386.
 The Great Day of Atonement; Meditations and Prayers, from the German of Charlotte Elizabeth Nebelin. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 200.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- History of Friedrich the Second, called the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. In four volumes. Vols. I., II. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 484, 556. (Reviewed, pp. 78 - 89.)
 Willard Memoir; or, Life and Times of Major Simon Willard, with Notices of his Descendants in the United States. By Joseph Willard. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 8vo. pp. 470.
 A Memoir of the Life and Times of Rev. Isaac Backus. By Alvah Hovey. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 369.
 Self-Made Men. By Charles C. B. Seymour. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 588. (A series of sixty-two brief biographies.)
 History of Prostitution: its Extent, Causes, and Effects throughout the World. By William W. Sanger, M. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 685. (See p. 142.)
 Biography of Self-Taught Men: with an Introductory Essay by B. B. Edwards. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 18mo. pp. 642.
 History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain. By W. H. Prescott. Vol. III. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 8vo. pp. 476. (To be reviewed.)
 The Life and Times of Sir Philip Sidney. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 281. (See p. 141.)
 Memoir of Rev. David Tappan Stoddard, Missionary to the Nestorians. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 12mo. pp. 422.
 History of New England during the Stuart Dynasty. By John Gorham Palfrey. Vol. I. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 8vo. pp. 636. (See p. 137.)

ESSAYS, ETC.

- Thorndale; or, The Conflict of Opinions. By William Smith. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 544.
 The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. With Illustrations. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co.
 The Banks of New York, their Dealers, the Clearing-House, and the Panic of 1857, with a Financial Chart. By J. S. Gibbons. Thirty Illustrations, by Herrick. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 399. (See p. 141.)

POETRY AND FICTION.

- Household Waverley. Woodstock. 2 vols.
 The Four Sisters: a Tale of Domestic Life in Sweden. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 393.
 The Ministry of Life. By Maria Louisa Charlesworth. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 422.
 The Tenant-House; or, Embers from Poverty's Hearthstone. New York: R. M. De Witt. 12mo. pp. 490.
 Ernest Carroll; or, Artist-Life in Italy. A Novel. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16mo. pp. 344. (See p. 149.)
 Matthew Caraby. By Benauly. New York: Mason Brothers. 12mo. pp. 475. (See p. 150.)

Meta Gray; or, What makes Home happy. By M. J. McIntosh. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 207.

The Mustee: or, Love and Liberty. By B. F. Presbury. Boston: Shepard, Clark, & Brown. 12mo. pp. 487.

The New Priest in Conception Bay. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 309, 339. (See p. 148.)

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

A Yacht Voyage: Letters from High Latitudes; being some Account of a Voyage in the Schooner Yacht "Foam," 85 O. M., to Iceland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen in 1856. By Lord Dufferin. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 406. (A very agreeable and entertaining volume, sufficiently described by the title.)

Palestine, Past and Present. With Biblical, Literary, and Scientific Notices. By H. S. Osborn. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son. 8vo. pp. 600. (To be reviewed.)

Wild Sports in the Far West. By Frederick Gerstaecker. Translated from the German. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 12mo. pp. 396. (8 colored plates.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The New American Cyclopædia: a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and C. A. Dana. Vol. IV. Brownson — Chartres. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 775.

Plymouth Sabbath-School Collection of Hymns and Tunes. By H. E. Matthews and John Zundel. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. pp. 96.

Cornell's Grammar-School Geography. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 4to. pp. 108.

Pope or President? Startling Disclosures of Romanism as revealed by its own Writers. New York: R. L. Delisser. 12mo. pp. 360.

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution. Washington: W. A. Harris. 8vo. pp. 438.

Index to the Catalogue of a Portion of the Public Library of the City of Boston. Boston: G. C. Rand & Avery. Large 8vo, double columns. pp. 204.

JUVENILE.

Rollo in Rome. By Jacob Abbott. Boston: Brown, Taggard, & Chase. 18mo. pp. 223.

Bertram Noel: a Story for Youth. By E. J. May. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 359.

Jessie; or, Trying to be Somebody. By Walter Aimwell. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 18mo. pp. 320.

Nightcaps. By the Author of "Aunt Fannie's Christmas Stories." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo. pp. 171.

Howard and his Teacher, the Sister's Influence, and other Stories; also, Trying to be Useful. By Mrs. Madeline Leslie. Boston: Shepard, Clark, & Brown. 16mo. pp. 244, 256.

From Poorhouse to Pulpit; or the Triumphs of the late Dr. John Kitto, from Boyhood to Manhood. A Book for Youth. By W. M. Thayer. Boston: E. O. Libby & Co. 16mo. pp. 349.

The Poor Girl and True Woman. A Book for Girls. By W. M. Thayer. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 16mo. pp. 353.

PAMPHLETS.

Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Amherst College, for the Academical Year 1858-9. Amherst: J. H. Brewster. pp. 27.

Twenty-Third Annual Report of the Boston Society for the Prevention of Pauperism. October, 1858. Boston: John Wilson & Son. pp. 21.

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" Porro si aspicitur Deus est, verus philosophus est amator Dei." — St. AUGUSTINE.

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ART. I. — ~~RICHARD~~ BAXTER.

- S. Hordley,*
1. *The Practical Works of the REV. RICHARD BAXTER, with a Life of the Author, and a Critical Examination of his Writings, by the REV. WILLIAM ORME.* London. 1830. 23 vols.
 2. *Bibliotheca Sacra.* Vol. IX. No. 33, Art. VI.; No. 34, Art. IV.

THE "Great English Rebellion" was not a dispute between ruler and subject upon mere matters of government. It was not simply a contest between Charles and the Parliament, in which the people took sides. Nor was it altogether an uprising of one class against another, — the oppressed against the oppressor. Graver themes even than these entered into the contest. Subjects which pertain to man's profoundest experience, and to his highest aspiration, were brought prominently forward. The English nation found itself engaged in a discussion of the most momentous questions, — of life, of death, of Divine decrees, of human destiny. The commonest soldier in the ranks, and the humblest peasant, — the ablest general, and the most powerful noble, — were alike moved by the great contention. All Europe looked on in amazement at a civil war fomented by theological disputes, and carried on in the name of religion. A king beheaded, an established dynasty overthrown in the shortest possible time, a commonwealth instituted, peace secured, internal commotions pacified, external foes subdued or awed to silence and submission, a Protestant state only waiting for a general war in Europe to demolish

utterly the Roman Church, — these were events of the greatest magnitude to have occurred under the direction of fanatical iconoclasts, ignorant Round-heads, austere Reformers, and psalm-singing Puritans! The civilized world has learned that there was an irresistible power beneath the surface of Puritanism, though upon that surface there might have been many objects of ridicule and scorn.

Prominent among the thinkers and disputants of that memorable time was Richard Baxter. He was not a Puritan, neither was he altogether a Churchman. He was not a Round-head, neither did he belong to the Cavaliers. He did not sympathize with the King in all his acts, nor did he cordially espouse the cause of the Parliament. He was in some favor with Cromwell, and he received the offer of a bishopric from Charles II. He did not approve the doings of the Commonwealth, nor did he heartily support the Restoration through all its days. In our time his name is honored with the utmost veneration by a very large portion of the Protestant Church, and his character is held in the highest estimation by all parties as a man of sincere piety and devout life. Yet the above statement does not seem wholly to harmonize with this reputation. It is a question of some importance, whether Baxter was a trimmer between the two parties in the state, or whether he was too independent to be connected with either. Reminding our readers of Macaulay's forcible definition of a "trimmer upon principle," as he describes the character of Halifax, we shall inquire, as we follow Baxter's life, whether he were or were not one of this class.

The brilliant distinctions regarding "trimming" which Macaulay partly makes for Halifax and partly borrows from him, may be applied with simply a change of phraseology to religious men and religious movements, as well as to politicians and statesmanship. It is hardly to be supposed that the most thoroughly religious person has become entirely exempt from the laws which direct the operations of human nature. Regeneration itself, wide as may be its effects, does not abrogate the statutes of the soul. A religious revolution will be found to be influenced, in some degree at least, by the dictates of worldly policy. We can readily understand how easily there

may be religious "trimmers," who, by successful management, succeed in standing between opposing sects, and by courting both sides secure a favorable hearing. They may be perfectly sincere. Their position may be taken with the genuine desire to harmonize differences and make peace between contending parties. They seek some middle ground, where the two extremes of truth may touch each other. They hold themselves neutral, as spectators of the combat, rather than participants in it. We cannot call them vacillating, for vacillation betrays a want of purpose. But the religious "trimmers" order their conduct upon principle. Without a formal committal to either side, they desire the approbation of both. They wish to be counted with the majority, while yet they dislike to disconnect themselves from the minority. They hold on with one hand to the skirts of the prominent party in the Church, while they stretch out the other hand behind them to the weaker body. It is true, they gain the confidence of neither, and run the hazard of being deserted and cast aside by both. It is true, that the place which they occupy is precarious and slippery. But they, at least, are sure of exemption from interference, and the religious calisthenics necessary to hold their ground may be a good discipline for the mind. They have not only the commonplaces of the selfish Horace, but, if Scripturally versed, they remember the language of Paul, "all things to all men."

Nevertheless, the instinctive judgment of mankind will prefer an independent, decided course, even though it be unsuccessful. The stuff that heroes and martyrs are made of is not that yielding character which bends at the pressure of every circumstance. A true man courts no approval from any party. He prefers his own convictions to the rules of authority. He fights the battles of his own truth. His place is not uncertain. His position is not unintelligible. He seeks no golden mean. He strikes no balance of opposing advantages. He asks no favor, while he fears no frown. If men praise, it is well. Success is brighter by his faithful use of its opportunities. Failure is transformed to victory by his patient endurance. He bravely lives, if necessary he bravely dies, for his truth; his example and his blood become the silent force of the mighti-

est movements. Cowper's "reflection" is better than the original ode of Horace which he translates.

"And is this all! Can reason do no more
Than bid me shun the deep, and dread the shore?
Sweet moralist! Afloat on life's rough sea,
The Christian has an art unknown to thee:
He holds no parley with unmanly fears;
Where duty bids, he confidently steers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all."

Which was the position of the subject of our sketch? The chronological order and the events of his life were as follows.

RICHARD BAXTER was born at Rowton, in the county of Shropshire, England, on the 12th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1615. The first ten years of his life were spent with his grandfather, Richard Adeney. Baxter's father was a freeholder, and possessor of a moderate estate, but compelled to frugality, to release his property from embarrassment caused by gambling debts incurred in youth. With frugality came repentance. When Richard came more directly under his father's influence, it was to receive from him the most practical religious instruction. The parent knew the world and what it was worth. He also knew the power of religious principle, and could teach with better effect from his thorough acquaintance with both sides of the subject. The boy had the usual experience of boyhood. He would tell falsehoods, steal fruit, had the usual amount of boyish levity and fondness of sport, was occasionally arrogant in his own opinion, and sometimes disobeyed his parents. But he had the good sense to see the folly of all these things, and firmness enough to overcome them. At home, Baxter fared sufficiently well, for his father was serious, dignified, and religious in life and doctrine. But abroad, his education seems to have been imperfectly conducted. From six to ten years of age he was under the care of "four successive curates of the parish, two of whom never preached, and the other two, who had the most learning, drank themselves to beggary, and then left the place." At ten years of age he came under the influence of Sir William Rogers, an octogenarian, blind incumbent of two livings,

who never preached, and depended upon his memory to recite the prayers. For reading the lessons, "he employed a common laborer one year, a tailor another; and at last his own son, the best stage-player and gamester in all the country, got orders, and supplied one of his places." One of the curates of this man, who succeeded another who had been officiating with forged orders, became Baxter's schoolmaster. He had been a "lawyer's clerk, but hard drinking had driven him from that profession, and he turned curate for a piece of bread. He preached only once in Baxter's time, and then he was drunk!" His next instructor was of a better and graver character, but he spent his time, not in teaching, but in talking against the Puritans. The teacher who followed was a more respectable man, and a fair scholar. Afterwards, Baxter became a single pupil of Richard Wickstead, chaplain to the council at Ludlow. Here was an opportunity for reading, which was gladly enjoyed. "Bunny's Resolution," Sibbs's "Bruised Reed," Perkins "On Repentance," "Living and Dying Well," and "The Government of the Tongue," were his intellectual and spiritual pabulum. At fourteen, he was confirmed by Bishop Morton in a slovenly and unimpressive manner. Still later, he escaped from a habit of gaming by an extraordinary run of good luck, which he thought an enticement of the Devil. Received into the Church, and free from evil habits, he turned his attention to preparation for the ministry, towards which he had a predilection. Practical theology, first in the best English books, then in foreign systems of divinity, he pursued with ardor, yet with many disadvantages. Of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin he knew but little, having never received an education at any university, or been trained to study these languages by himself. Logic and metaphysics were his delight. Mathematics were always distasteful. Thus passed his life, with occasional sickness, till his eighteenth year, when he went up to London. Court life, to which he was introduced by the father of one of his schoolmates, was very repugnant to him, and he returned home, in season to receive his mother's dying blessing and counsel. More confirmed in his purpose than ever, he applied himself with renewed diligence to his theological studies. At the age of twenty-three, in the year 1638,

he was ordained by Bishop Thornborough, and received a license to preach, and teach a school at Dudley. He immediately commenced his labors with diligence and zeal. Just then his attention was more particularly directed to the subject of non-conformity. Episcopacy he thoroughly believed in, but doubted as to the propriety of wearing a surplice. The ring in marriage he did not scruple, but deemed the cross in baptism unlawful. He could not allow profane persons or drunkards to partake of the communion, nor could he subscribe that there was nothing contrary to the Word of God in the articles and homilies, though he approved of the liturgy. In the three points, the use of the sign of the cross at baptism, an open communion, and subscription, he was a non-conformist. Yet, holding these opinions, he kept them to himself, and opposed, in open argument, the non-conformists of the time. After preaching a year at Dudley, he removed to Bridgnorth, and officiated there as assistant minister. Here he had the opportunity of preaching without committing himself, for he could leave to his principal the duties which he could not conscientiously perform, while he could engage in the usual services of an assistant. Doubtless there were many clergymen in the English Establishment who shared the opinions of Baxter. They retained their position, performed their duties, and were generally faithful men, but could not conform in all points to Church usages. They generally received the name of Presbyterians. They desired to reform the evil practices and dissolute habits into which too many of the English clergymen had fallen. Had the Church been wise, it would have retained these men, the early representatives of that Broad Church party which is giving new life to the Anglican Church in our day. But the Establishment felt itself strong. It became arrogant. It drove out the Puritans. It persecuted the non-conformists. If anything was needed to alienate the moderate men like Baxter, it came in the form of what was called the "*Et-cetera* Oath." This oath formed part of certain canons enacted by a convocation held at London and York, in 1640. The most objectionable clause in it was the following: "Nor will I ever consent to alter the government of this Church by archbishops, bishops, deans, archdeacons, &c., as

it stands now established, and ought to stand." The resistance which the Scotch made to the attempt to impose the Liturgy on them excited, also, great sympathy in Baxter and his friends. They still, however, remained connected with the English Church, contenting themselves with abjuring the *Et cetera* oath, and refusing to pray for the success of the English in the conflict in Scotland. The imposition of ship-money aroused discontents among the laymen, and the great struggle, so long impending between the crown and the people, began. The Long Parliament assembled. The party hostile to the King, and the party hostile to the Church, joined their forces, and the Parliament became the master of the country. As soon as an opportunity was given, the people poured in petitions and memorials, setting forth the ignorance and imbecility of the clergy, and desiring relief. Among others, a petition from Kidderminster represented the minister of the place — a Mr. Dance — to be "an ignorant and weak man, who preached but once a quarter, was a frequenter of alehouses, and sometimes drunk. His curate was a common tippler and drunkard, a railer, and trader in unlawful marriages." These bibulous divines, deservedly in bad odor among the people, were glad to compound the matter with their parishioners by the retiring of the curate, and the consent of the vicar to permit the people to choose their own preacher, while he should continue to read the prayers, and perform the usual parish work. A committee of fourteen was appointed, who selected Baxter as the man best suited to the place. He assented to their choice, and was appointed to the position, April 5, 1641. He removed to Kidderminster nearly a year before his appointment was legally made. Immediately upon the commencement of his preaching he attracted large and influential audiences, and formed dear friendships which lasted through life. Not without danger, however, did he accomplish his work. Some hated him because he preached the doctrine of original sin; some because he slightly inclined to the Parliamentary cause; some were only too willing to believe slanderous reports concerning his character. Baxter's inclinations seem to have been on the side of the Parliament. His loyalty to the State and the Church kept him upon the side of the King. Yet such was

the state of the times that moderation met with no favor, and Baxter, in 1642, withdrew from Kidderminster. At Alcester, where he preached October 23, 1642, he heard, while at church, the booming of the cannon at the battle of Edgehill. Just now he was in a very undecided state of mind. He knew not what course to take. He had no money and no friends. The soldiers of both sides were troublesome and furious. He judged it best to find some place of safety, and wait till the troubles were over. So he went to Coventry, where he had not resided long before the "committee and governor of the city," as he says, "desired me to stay with them, and lodge in the governor's house, and preach to the soldiers. The offer suited well with my necessities; but I resolved that I would not be chaplain to a regiment, nor take a commission; yet, if the preaching of a sermon once or twice a week to the garrison would satisfy them, I would accept the offer till I could go home again." Accordingly Baxter remained in this position about two years, preaching once a week to the soldiers, and on Sundays to the people, taking nothing from either but his "diet." Here, also, he "took the Covenant, and gave it to another, of which afterwards he bitterly repented." Here, too, he openly declared for the Parliament, publishing thirty-two reasons therefor. His preaching was devoted to controversial pleadings against the Anabaptists and the Separatists. With an Anabaptist minister he had a dispute, "first by word of mouth, and afterwards in writing. In conclusion, about a dozen poor townsmen were carried away; but the soldiers and the rest of the city were kept sound from all infection of sectaries and dividers." Another conclusion was that Baxter's opponent was imprisoned, as some say by Baxter's instigation, though he himself denies it. Still another conclusion was the formation of a vigorous Baptist church at Coventry, which has existed there ever since.

While these things were occurring in Coventry, Cromwell was rapidly rising to be the chief man, both in the Parliamentary army and in the state. While he lay at Cambridge with his famous troop, he, with his officers, sent an invitation to Baxter to join him. This Baxter refused to do, declining the summons in no very friendly tone. He reprov'd their at-

tempt, and told them expressly that his judgment "was against the lawfulness and convenience of their way." After the battle of Naseby, where Cromwell's soldiers were victorious, Baxter found it convenient to change his purpose, and went from Coventry into the camp, to ascertain the character of the army. We quote his own language : —

"We that lived quietly at Coventry kept to our own principles, and thought all others had done so too. Except a very few inconsiderable persons, we were unfeignedly for King and Parliament. We believed that the war was only to save the Parliament and kingdom from Papists and delinquents, and to remove the dividers, that the King might again return to his Parliament ; and that no changes might be made in religion, but by the laws which had his free consent. We took the true happiness of King and people, Church and State, to be our end, and so we understand the Covenant, engaging both against Papists and schismatics. But when I came to the army, among Cromwell's soldiers I found a new face of things, which I never dreamt of. I heard the plotting heads very hot upon that which intimated their intention to subvert both Church and State."

There were some sober and honest men. But the soul of the army was composed of "proud, self-conceited, hot-headed sectaries." Independents, Anabaptists, Antinomians, and Arminians were abundant. Our unsophisticated Coventry preacher, who hardly knew what the civil war meant, found that there were men in the army who really thought the King was a tyrant, and an enemy, and who were determined "to master or to ruin him." Nay, they even went so far as to think, that, "if they might fight against him, they might also kill or conquer him." They were "far from thinking of a moderate episcopacy, or of any healing method between the Episcopalians and the Presbyterians." They were determined, "by law or without it, to take down, not only bishops and liturgy and ceremonies, but all who did withstand them." They were particularly bitter against "the Scots, and with them all Presbyterians, but especially the ministers, whom they called" — with a kind of grim, Puritanic humor — "priests and priestbyters, dryvines, and the dissembly men, and such like." Here was a field of missionary labor which Baxter was anxious to enter. There was also a fine opportunity for controversy,

towards which he was by no means indisposed. Having met with Colonel Whalley, "who was orthodox," and being invited by that officer to become chaplain to his regiment, Baxter returned to Coventry to consult his friends, and to deliberate upon the proposal. He called the ministers of the neighborhood together, told them of the condition of things at the camp, reminded them of the allegiance which they all owed to the King and to the Covenant, expressed the opinion that something should be done to hinder the rapid defection then in progress among the soldiers, and finally offered himself as the man to do it. They consented to dismiss him, the committee and governor confirmed their decision, and Baxter departed for the army, with the professed intention of doing what he could to win back the disaffected soldiers to their obedience to Church and State. The singular spectacle was presented of a preacher joining a revolutionary army to preach against revolution. How he was received let him tell.

"As soon as I came to the army, Oliver Cromwell coolly bade me welcome, and never spake one word to me more while I was there; nor once, all that time, vouchsafed me an opportunity to come to the head-quarters, where the councils and meetings of the officers were; so that most of my design was therefore frustrated. His secretary gave out that there was a reformer come to the army to undeceive them, and to save Church and State, with some other such jeers. But Colonel Whalley welcomed me, and was the worse thought of for it by the rest of the cabal."

Nevertheless, Baxter set to work with the best grace possible. He found some queer opinions, — "State-democracy and Church-democracy," anti-liturgy, anti-infant-baptism, Antinomianism, and, what troubled him greatly, liberty of conscience. All these he combated. Most "frequent and vehement" were the disputes about "liberty of conscience, as they called it; that is, that the civil magistrate had nothing to do to determine anything in matters of religion, by constraint or restraint; but every man might not only hold, but preach and do, in matters of religion, what he pleased." Baxter was no friend to this "heresy," and ardently opposed it. Yet it was one of the chief subjects of discussion in the army of Cromwell, and continued to be prominent in English thought

and speech, with occasional interruptions, for two centuries. Its triumph was at last achieved, and under George IV. it was incorporated into the English law. Baxter's own account would imply that he had no easy time in his work among the soldiers. His controversies were frequent and elaborate. On one occasion he disputed "from morning till almost night" with some "sectaries of Chesham." During the two years that he remained with the army, he seems to have accomplished little. Cromwell discountenanced his labors, and he became a somewhat insignificant member of the company. It was a brave thing for him to do, and his courage and faith, in the midst of all his disappointments, merit exceeding praise. Had he been sustained by other ministers, he thought that he might have broken up the plot against the state, and saved "the King, Parliament, and religion." But he was alone, and the course of events was too rapid for a single man to stem. He did not understand that the movement was not upon the surface, but beneath it. He might, with as reasonable a hope of success, have attempted to quench a volcano's fires, or stop the resistless progress of a mountain glacier. Towards the latter part of his stay with the army, he wrote his "Aphorisms," and "The Saints' Everlasting Rest," — the latter book as fresh and vigorous in our day as when first published, and destined for a longer life still. Baxter's estimate of the army was, doubtless, colored by his prejudices. Sprigge, the author of "*Anglia Rediviva*," and chaplain to Fairfax, gives a very different account.

"The officers of the army," says this writer, "were such as knew little more of war than our own unhappy war had taught them, except some few. Indeed, I may say, they were better Christians than soldiers, wiser in faith than in fighting; and could believe a victory sooner than contrive it. Many of the officers, with their men, were much engaged in prayer and reading the Scriptures; and so they went on and prospered. Men conquer better as they are saints than soldiers; and in the counties where they came, they left something of God as well as of Cæsar behind them; something of piety as well as pay."

The Puritan, though he loved theological disputations, and set his face against the authority of Church and State, and was a bitter iconoclast, was still a God-fearing man, with the stern-

est sense of justice, which made him almost as impervious to mercy as he was incapable of fear. Baxter, who was moderate and mild, and disposed to go to no extreme, could not really understand this. He was a conservative reformer, who preferred to stay in the Church and in the State, to rectify their abuses, repair their defects, and improve their character. He could not go outside to batter down the old walls, clear away the rubbish, and build a new edifice upon the site.

The immediate cause of Baxter's removal from the army was a violent bleeding at the nose, which so reduced his strength as to render retirement absolutely necessary. After three months' repose, he returned to Kidderminster.

During Baxter's residence at Coventry, the Westminster Assembly of Divines met. His opinion respecting that body is interesting. He regarded the members as "men of eminent learning, godliness, ministerial abilities, and fidelity." "Yet," said he, "highly as I honor the men, I am not of their mind in every part of the government which they would have set up. Some words in their Catechism I wish had been more clear." He also wished that more had been done to "heal our breaches," and "unite with the Episcopalians and Independents," or to establish some platform upon which all the religious bodies of the country could have stood and labored together for the public weal. Baxter's estimate, it will be seen, is different from that of Clarendon, who called some of the divines "infamous in their lives and conversations, and most of them of very mean parts in learning, if not of scandalous ignorance"; and also from that of Milton, who, exasperated by the reception of his book on Divorce by the Presbyterian clergy, attacked the ministers and their people with great severity, declaring that "there hath not been a more ignominious and mortal wound to faith, to piety, to the work of reformation, nor more cause of blaspheming given to the enemies of God and truth, since the first preaching of the Reformation," than that inflicted by these "teachers and their disciples."

Baxter resided at Kidderminster fourteen years, from 1646 to 1660, with a compensation of about ninety pounds per annum, with the addition of the rent of two or three small rooms

for his lodgings and library. His preaching here, was very successful. So numerous became his congregations, that they "were fain to build five galleries" for their accommodation, in a church which was already "very capacious and most commodious and convenient." Baxter, with great simplicity and frankness, tells the reasons of his success, which it may be beneficial to some of our clerical readers to know.

"One advantage was, that I came to a people who never had any awakening ministry before, but a few formal, cold sermons from the curate; for if they had been hardened under a powerful ministry, and been sermon proof, I should have expected little. I was then, also, in the vigor of my spirits, and had naturally a familiar, moving voice. Another advantage was, that most of the bitter enemies of godliness in the town had gone out into the wars, into the king's armies, and were quickly killed."

The change effected by the success of the wars is also cited.

"For my part, I bless God, who gave me, even under an usurper whom I opposed, such liberty and advantage to preach his Gospel with success as I cannot have under a king to whom I have sworn and performed true subjection and obedience." "Another advantage which I found was the acceptance of my person among the people." "Our unity and concord were a great advantage to us; and our freedom from those sects and heresies with which many other places were infected." "Our private meetings were a marvellous help to the propagating of holiness." "Another thing which advantaged us was some public disputations which we had with gainsayers." "Another advantage was the honesty and diligence of my assistants, and the presence and countenance of honest justices of the peace."

He mentions, also, the relief which he afforded to the poor; the presentation of some of his books, and copies of the Bible; the occupation of the people, who were weavers, and could "set a book before them as they stood at their looms."

"Freeholders and tradesmen," he says, "are the strength of religion and civility in the land; and gentlemen and beggars and servile tenants are the strength of iniquity." "I found, also, that my single life afforded me much advantage; for I could easier take my people for children, in that I had no children of my own."

His practice of physic helped him much, as he could appeal

to the gratitude of his hearers. "Personal conferences," "church discipline," the "suitableness" of his preaching to the dispositions and diseases of his congregation are alluded to.

"Yet I did usually put in something in my sermon which was above their own discovery, and which they had not known before; and this I did that they might be kept humble, and still perceive their ignorance, and be willing to keep in a learning state. For when preachers tell their people of no more than they know, and do not show that they excel them in knowledge, and scarcely overtop them in abilities, the people will be tempted to turn preachers themselves, and think that they have learned all that the ministers can teach them, and are as wise as they." "Another thing that helped me was my not meddling with tithes, or worldly business, whereby I had my whole time for my duty, and also I escaped the offending of the people." "Finally, it much furthered my success that I stayed still in this one place, near two years before the wars, and above fourteen years after; for he that removeth oft from place to place may sow good seed in many places, but is not likely to see much fruit in any, unless some other skilful hand shall follow him to water it."

Besides preaching at home, Baxter felt obliged to help some of the "poor, weak preachers, who had no great skill in divinity or zeal for godliness; but preached weekly that which is true, and lived in no gross, notorious sin." He engaged with some others, having received "about thirty pounds" from London, to furnish assistance to these poor preachers, by giving them an occasional supply, or what our clerical friends now term "a labor of love." "Four worthy men" were chosen, who, in order not to give offence, were "sometimes to go to abler men's congregations."

While Baxter was thus living peacefully at Kidderminster, "where he published his *"Saints' Rest,"* *"Call to the Unconverted,"* and other works less familiar to readers of our time, events of the greatest magnitude were occurring in the nation. Charles I. had been pronounced, by a revolutionary tribunal, "a tyrant, a traitor, a murderer, and a public enemy; and his head was severed from his shoulders, before thousands of spectators, in front of the banqueting-hall of his own palace." Cromwell, by the help of his army, had become Lord Protector. A kingdom had been subverted, a nominal common-

wealth established. The course of events soon made it manifest that Cromwell was the State. His energy made itself felt all over Europe, and having thus, as he supposed, established his authority, in due time he paid the debt of nature, leaving the Protectorate to his son Richard. But the father's genius for ruling died with him, Richard succumbed to the reaction in favor of royalty, the Stuart family was reinstated, and Charles II., amid numerous and enthusiastic plaudits, mounted the throne.

Baxter's opinion of these various measures is on record. He was at no time a partisan of Cromwell, but rather acquiesced in his rule for the sake of peace. The declaration which he makes is characteristic.

"I did seasonably and moderately, by preaching and printing, condemn the usurpation, and the deceit which was the means to bring it to pass. I did in open conference declare Cromwell, and his adherents, to be guilty of treason, aggravated by perfidiousness and hypocrisy. But yet I did not think it my duty to rave against him in the pulpit, or to do this so unseasonably and imprudently as might irritate him to mischief."

Baxter afterwards modified his opinion, and acknowledged that there were "many honest, pious men" among Cromwell's soldiers and adherents. Cromwell seems not to have given himself much care respecting Baxter's opposition, and even showed him marks of confidence. He probably thought, with his usual shrewdness, that there was not much danger to be apprehended from a man who was not willing to preach in public what he thought in private. Baxter was appointed one of a commission to revise the fundamental articles of religion, which, however, accomplished little. He was also invited to preach before Cromwell, when he took his text from 1 Cor. i. 10, and delivered a discourse "against the divisions and distractions of the Church, showing the necessity and means of union." Afterwards, he was honored with one or two conferences with "the Lord Protector," when Baxter gave him his opinion in writing, which Cromwell, however, did not take the trouble of reading. Baxter acknowledged the ability of Cromwell, and rejoiced over the improved condition of the nation during his administration. But he was still at heart a royalist, and

he welcomed the Restoration. When General Monk marched to London, Baxter went up to congratulate him upon his success. Other events followed. The new Parliament appointed "a day of fasting and prayer for themselves." Baxter was one of the ministers selected to preach before the House of Commons on the occasion. He urged the duties of loyalty and concord. "The next morning after this day of fasting, the Parliament unanimously voted home the King." The city of London appointed a day of thanksgiving. Baxter was desired to preach in St. Paul's. He delivered a discourse on "the value of the mercy" obtained, and "the right bounds and qualifications of the joy" exhibited. The sermon was preached May 10, 1660, and is published in Vol. XVII. of his "Works," under the title of "Right Rejoicing." "The moderate were pleased with it," he says; "the fanatics were offended with me for keeping such a thanksgiving; and the diocesan party thought I did suppress their joy." The allusions in the sermon to political matters are very brief and moderate. The biographer of Baxter sums up the conduct of his hero in the following words: "Baxter's conduct during the several changes which have been noticed, does credit to his conscientiousness rather than to his wisdom." We should use different words, but let that pass.

"He acted with the Parliament, but maintained the rights of the King. He enjoyed the benefits of the Protectorate, but spoke and reasoned against the Protector. He hailed the return of Charles, but doubted whether he was free from allegiance to Richard. The craft and duplicity of Cromwell he detected and exposed; but the gross dissimulation and heartless indifference of Charles to everything except his own gratification, it was long before he could be persuaded to believe. Speculations *de jure* and *de facto* often occupied and distracted his mind, and fettered his conduct, while another man would have formed his opinions on a few obvious principles and facts, and have done, both as a subject and a Christian, all that circumstances and the Scriptures required."

Baxter never returned to Kidderminster as the minister of the parish. He made several attempts to regain his place, but the vicar would not consent to his coming, and for a time he resided in London. Here he became interested in Mr. John

Eliot's enterprise in America, of converting the Indians, and was instrumental in securing a fund, which, collected in Cromwell's time, had been sequestrated at the Restoration. By Baxter's exertion a new charter was procured for the corporation having the fund in trust, and a suit at law determined in its favor. He was also appointed one of the King's chaplains. He had several conferences with Charles respecting a plan of union among the different churches. Nothing, however, came of them, as it was found that the King and his chaplain did not agree upon all points. So high was Baxter in the confidence of Charles at this time, that the bishopric of Hereford was offered to his acceptance. Baxter could not at once decide upon the subject, but at last determined to decline the position, as he feared that, in the future, he might be called upon to perform some act of injustice against the non-conformists. He was somewhat distrustful of the King's professed liberality, and, desiring to be saved from any obligation of obedience to the enactments which might subsequently be passed, he preferred remaining in a private position. Although he declined, he persuaded his friend, Dr. Reynolds, holding opinions the same with his own, to accept the bishopric of Norwich.

Soon after this, what was called the Savoy Conference was held, for the purpose of reviewing the Liturgy, that it might better satisfy the non-conformists. The Archbishop of York, and eleven bishops, were on one side; the newly appointed Bishop of Norwich, and eleven non-conformist ministers, on the other. The commission was in existence three months, with occasional sessions. The first meeting was held at Savoy, the residence of the Bishop of London, whence the conference took its name. The conservative party demanded that the non-conformists should present their objections, and make known their wishes. Baxter prepared a reformed Liturgy, and submitted it to his party. It is well worthy the attention of those interested in liturgical services. We have wondered that it has never been reprinted in our times. It was agreed to lay it before the bishops. The conference met, the subject was debated, but no satisfactory conclusion was reached. The conference was dissolved, and the Liturgy remained the

same. The first step towards union and reform had signally failed.

It is not difficult at this time to understand the principles — if they deserve that name — that governed the policy of Charles. Had he been a man of truthfulness, honor, and integrity, his reign might have been the most brilliant in English history. He had every opportunity, and he shamefully abused it. Full of dissimulation and craft, a Roman Catholic in secret, so far as he can be said to have had any religion, he was in no way fitted to govern Protestant Englishmen. Add to this his carelessness respecting public affairs, and the grossness of his passions, and it is a matter of no great surprise that he should soon falsify his professions, especially respecting the religious condition of his kingdom, and permit the ultra-conservative branch of the English Church to shape the religious policy of the state. His declaration of liberality and the covenant against Papists were soon burned by the public hangman, and Baxter, with his non-conformist brethren, fell into great disfavor. An insurrection of the Fifth Monarchy men complicated affairs more seriously.

Baxter, meanwhile, could not obtain the situation at Kidderminster which he had left at the time of the Restoration. Nor could he obtain a license to preach in any diocese in the neighborhood of London. In the year 1662 the Act of Uniformity was passed, to take effect, by a significant coincidence, upon St. Bartholomew's day, August 24th. Two thousand ministers, whose consciences did not allow them to conform, lost their livings. "Episcopal ordination was now, for the first time, made an indispensable qualification for Church preferment." Parliament was filled with fanatical Cavaliers. True, it had precedents in the acts of the Commonwealth for much of its action. But Cromwell's government had ejected clergymen for unfitness and immorality, yet had allowed them a provision sufficient for their subsistence. The government of Charles expelled devout and faithful men for a mere difference of opinion, and left them to starve. The most severe statutes against the non-conformists followed. A justice of the peace, without a jury, could convict and banish from the country. Even New England was not intentionally allowed

for an asylum. A return before the expiration of the sentence would subject the offender to capital punishment. Non-conformist divines were "prohibited from coming within five miles of any town governed by a corporation, or represented in Parliament, or of any town where they had themselves resided," unless they would subscribe to certain test articles.

The effect of these measures could very soon be witnessed. Two thousand faithful men were at once deprived of their influence in the religious and moral instruction of the people. The preachers who took their places pandered to the tastes of the times. Licentiousness and immorality received no rebuke from the pulpit. No Puritan condemnation reached the ears of men in high places. The Church had lost her best support. Persecution of schismatics took the place of admonitions against vice. The ribaldry of the theatre received the sanction of the head of the Church. "It is an unquestionable and a most instructive fact," says Macaulay, "that the years during which the political power of the Anglican hierarchy was in the zenith were precisely the years during which national virtue was at the lowest point."

Baxter suffered in common with the rest of his brethren. His conscience would not suffer him to subscribe to the Act of Uniformity, and he preached his last sermon as a minister of the Church of England, May 25, 1662, twelve days after the act was passed by Parliament. It is to the disgrace of the moderate clergy that so many conformed to the act. Many more than two thousand remained in the Church, accepting the humiliating terms. Among them was more than one Vicar of Bray. They deserved the censure of Locke: "The clergy readily complied with the Bartholomew act; for that sort of men are taught rather to obey than understand, and to use that learning they have to justify, not to examine, what their superiors command." However willing Baxter might have been to compromise for the sake of peace, he was now thoroughly committed to the cause of non-conformity. He took no step backward. Thenceforward his life was spent for the cause of liberty of conscience, which once he had opposed.

On the 10th of September, 1662, at the age of forty-seven,

Baxter was married to Miss Margaret Charlton, whose age was twenty-three; a woman "of prudence, piety, justice, impartiality, and other virtues." Married life was commenced in a very sensible way. "She consented to these conditions of our marriage," said he; "first, that I should have nothing that before our marriage was hers; secondly, that she would so alter her affairs, that I might be entangled in no lawsuits; thirdly, that she would expect none of my time which my ministerial work would require." They lived "in inviolated love and mutual complacency nineteen years." Baxter's life was, however, very unsettled. Removals from place to place, lecturing and preaching when the vacillating policy of the government permitted, the terrible interludes of the plague and the great fire, in the midst of which persecution slept, and the non-conformist clergy did their duty like men, — make a history, which we must not follow in detail, of his active life. After the terrors of plague and fire, arrests for preaching, imprisonments, and the rest, followed again. Baxter was offered a Scotch bishopric by the government, who would have been glad to be rid of him, but he declined. They sent him a pension, but he sent it back. This mild policy changed. The Test Act was passed. The storm became blacker; but still Baxter preached, and with success, it would seem, at various places in the metropolis. What a picture of poor Mrs. Baxter's married life!

So passed the time till 1681, when she died. She had been from earliest youth devotedly attached to her husband. Before marriage she had loved him ardently, "and had almost killed herself in consequence of her effort to conceal" her affection. Her husband hints that "she had expected more from him than she found." He also declares that "she confessed she expected more sourness and bitterness than she experienced." She was a brave, sensible, and affectionate woman, and her death seemed an irreparable loss.

Old age had now come on, and Baxter, alone in the world, with a diseased and emaciated body, was surrounded with difficulties. Again and again was he apprehended, and his goods distrained. Bound over to keep the peace, he was arrested at every violation of the law. The death of Charles

in 1685, and the accession of James II., were calculated to increase the sufferings of the non-conformists. Jeffreys was a fit instrument of James's cruelty. As a man, he seemed to be afflicted with an incarnate diabolism. As a judge, he verified the saying of Plato, that "the worst injustice is that which is inflicted in the name of law." Baxter was an early object of his fury. On the 30th of May, 1685, Baxter was brought to trial for promulgating seditious falsehoods and treasonable doctrines in his "Paraphrase of the New Testament." Baxter's biographer gives a very graphic account of the trial, but our limits will not permit us to make extracts. Suffice it, that Jeffreys treated the prisoner with the most brutal and profane vituperation, and did not even spare the counsel upon either side in his coarse invective. "Snivelling parson," "old block-head," "old knave," "fanatical dog," "hypocritical villain," and other epithets equally appropriate and elegant, were bandied about by the Chief Justice, as though he was among his pot-house companions, rather than in a court of law. His conduct showed, as that of many of his profession since, that the judiciary is brought into deeper contempt by judges themselves than by the action of any other power. Baxter was convicted, as a matter of course. He "was fined five hundred marks, condemned to lie in prison till he paid it, and bound to his good behavior for seven years." Jeffreys would have had him whipped through the city, but the associate justices would not consent to a punishment which would have reflected such lasting disgrace upon themselves. Eighteen months' imprisonment was borne by Baxter with great fortitude. When it was seen that he would not pay the fine, an application was made to James for his release. The King, now in straits on account of his known adherence to Papacy, granted the application, hoping to secure the sympathy of the non-conformists. On the 24th of November, 1686, Baxter was discharged; but he was compelled to give bonds for future good behavior.

The second great English revolution was fast approaching. It would not have been possible without the Commonwealth. Cromwell and his companions had shared the fate of all reformers so radical as themselves, but their appeal lay to the tribunal of posterity, and the seat of everlasting justice.

William occupied a throne which was all the more firm because Cromwell had shaken it so rudely. His accession was the deliverance of the Dissenters. Though Parliament refused to repeal the Test Act, or to allow any enactment comprehending the non-conformists within the pale of the Established Church, it yet passed a Toleration Act, by which "the dissenters, on taking the oaths to government, and subscribing thirty-five and a half of the Thirty-nine Articles, should be placed under the full protection of the law." Baxter, after drawing up an explanation of the Articles, with his friends, accepted the proposition, and subscribed. Presbyterianism no longer existed in England.

Baxter's infirmities now increased, and his death drew nigh. He had lived through three quarters of a century, the most prolific of great events of any in English history. Most of these events he had witnessed. A great part of some of them he had been. The time had come when he was to mingle in the scenes of a higher and holier life. His last sermon was preached in extreme feebleness of body, so that "he almost died in the pulpit." Soon after he was confined to his bed, and "on Tuesday morning, about four o'clock, December 8, 1691," at the age of seventy-six years and twenty-six days, Richard Baxter closed his bodily eyes for ever, and opened the eyes of the spirit on a world where "there is no night." Persecution, judicial brutality, royal cruelty, could now affect him no more. He slept in peace; he awoke in glory.

Through the greater part of his life he was subject to the most painful physical infirmities. In his earliest years he was attacked by diseases from whose effects he was never entirely free. Small-pox, catarrh, cough, hemorrhage, rheumatism, dropsy,—in his later years, strangularia and stone,—with other ails, tormented him sorely. From first to last, no less than thirty-six physicians exercised their skill upon him. "He was diseased literally from head to foot," and lived in almost constant pain. If he was peevish, irritable, and acrid in temper, much is to be excused on account of his physical condition. If his controversial writings were tinged with bitterness, it is to be remembered that his disposition was affected by his unsoundness of body. The great tenacity with which

he clung to life, and the endurance of his constitution, increased his sufferings. At the last these were intensely severe, and death was welcomed as a relief.

Notwithstanding his physical debility, his intellectual vigor was marvellous. He was one of the most prolific writers of his time. No less than one hundred and sixty-eight works were the product of his pen. Sermons, controversial pamphlets, defences of the non-conformist movement, devotional volumes, attacks upon Popery, appeals for Church unity, were written and published with great rapidity. A host of his writings have indeed passed out of general remembrance, and are of little value except as parts of the history of religious thought. His devotional books seem to have the longest life. His "Saints' Everlasting Rest," and his "Call to the Unconverted," have been published and read in an abridged form in immense numbers. They were among his earliest works. The "Saints' Rest" was the first book he wrote, and the second which he published. It was written in the early times of the Revolution, when all England was convulsed by the movements of the period. While all around him were wild with excitement, Baxter, confined by illness, cast his thoughts forward to a more quiet sphere of existence, and calmly wrote of eternal repose. Many touching and beautiful passages occur in the book, and it has been a source of consolation and helpful strength to millions. His "Call to the Unconverted" is a stirring and effective appeal. We can by no means agree with many of the propositions on which he bases his exhortations, but all must admire the earnestness and zeal with which he presses the truths of which he has so firm a conviction.

It is a singular fact, that Baxter himself could not fix upon any definite time when he became convinced that he was a converted man. This uncertainty sometimes caused him great distress of mind, from which he was only delivered by the reflection that education and early convictions were the means by which God communicates his salvation to many, and that the soul of a believer is but gradually delivered from the power of sin.

Though a man of such mental power, he was not an erudite scholar. Yet Barrow, who was a contemporary, Doddridge,

Kippis, Addison, and Wilberforce expressed their commendation of the vigor and clearness of his style. Boswell once asked Dr. Johnson what books of Baxter he should read. "Read any of them," said Johnson; "they are all good." He had the faculty of stating his points clearly, and of selecting those which would tell. He was formidable in controversy, and influential as a leader of his party in the Church. Men sought his counsel, for they knew his practical wisdom. They desired his help, for they knew his efficiency. They demanded his labor, for they knew his untiring industry. He was always at work. The activity of his mind doubtless had its effect upon the continuance of his life. The freshness and vigor of his intellect, and the strength of his will, seemed to counterbalance the weakening influence of disease, and to prolong his life even beyond the limit of "threescore years and ten." He was never indolent and never despairing, and thus he accomplished an amount of work extraordinary even for a strong and healthy man.

The character of Baxter presented a singular variety of aspects. At times he seemed fearless; again, he was politic to the last degree; again, he was conscientious in the extreme; and again, he was casuistical. His biographer finds several occasions to apologize for the apparent want of straightforwardness in his action, and palliates it by referring his conduct to his extreme regard for his conscience. He was hardly a hero; he certainly was not a saint; and he was not bold enough for a martyr. Though he was so bitter a controversialist, a distinguishing quality of his character was the desire for peace. He would try to reconcile contending parties, but would not hesitate to attack and inflame individuals. He wished to secure the approbation even of those against whom his words were levelled, and he made concessions which none but a man of policy would have thought of. In the later editions of the "Saints' Rest," when the Restoration had thrown the Puritans into disgrace, he omitted the names of Hampden, Brooke, and Pym from the list of those whom he expected to meet in heaven. His private opinion of their worthiness remained the same, for this he expressly says in his apology for the omission. He did the unmanly thing in

order, as he says, to "take away from such men as Dr. Jane anything which they might stumble at." The world has forgotten Dr. Jane, and such as he, but it remembers Hampden, Brooke, and Pym with reverence and gratitude. Baxter's cowardly subservience to a degraded public opinion only proclaims his own shame. "The clamor which required the names of such men to be blotted out" may be thought "disgraceful," but the disgrace is shared by him who yielded to it.

Were we disposed to find other instances of this politic phase of Baxter's character, the task is by no means difficult. His biographer acknowledges it many times. Baxter himself does not deny it. Our readers have already noticed several cases. The fact was, as Orme declares in his notice of Baxter's controversy with Dr. Sherlock, that he "was completely entangled between the Church and the Independents. He had to defend his defences of the Church, and his own separation from it; and to vindicate his defences of non-conformity, with the fact of his personal and stated conformity." "I have turned both parties," says Baxter himself, "which I have endeavored to part, against myself." This is the usual fate of those who follow this middle course. They please nobody. In the end, they cannot even satisfy themselves.

While these blemishes are acknowledged to exist, we cannot think of Baxter as the highest style of man. We do not say that he was not entirely conscientious and sincere, and that he did not desire to advance the kingdom of God. We believe him to have been thoroughly conscientious and sincere. If he was a trimmer in this respect, he was a trimmer upon principle. We must pronounce the decision to which these facts point. He was not a bold, independent man, heedless of party. He was a compromiser, and willing to sacrifice many things for the sake of peace. He was earnestly desirous of healing the breaches in the Church. This must explain much of his conduct. When he found that the task was hopeless; when he was willing to take the losing side, and cared no longer about the stumbling-blocks that he might throw in the way of his opponents; when he had decided upon absolute non-conformity, and suffered persecution therefor, — the nobleness of his character came out clearly. Then he was inde-

pendent, manly, truthful, fearless, and consistent. Had he become so earlier in life, he might have been one of the most influential men of his time in determining the future of English history. He might not have died in his bed, but his memory would have been cherished as the defender of liberty and the martyr of the truth!

We cannot close without expressing our admiration for the catholicity of many of Baxter's opinions. His labors were unwearied for the unity of the Church. He would waive non-essentials, if, by so doing, he could bring all Christians into fellowship with each other. He would maintain social and church fellowship with all who, in the judgment of charity, ought to be considered as true Christians. He favored a moderate episcopacy, with a voluntary submission of the ministers to its government. He bravely contended for the right of a Christian congregation to choose its own pastor. While he did not object to a liturgy, pruned of its dogmatic parts, he would not enforce it upon any against their will. A Christian church, in his view, was an association of spiritual persons for their own good, possessing the right of managing their own affairs. The Broad Church movement of the present day, so noble in many of its aspects and results, may find a treasury of material in Baxter's books on Church Communion. We heartily concur in Mr. Orme's declaration:—

“A greater portion of the spirit of Christ, and a brighter manifestation of his holy image, will do more to unite all his disciples than the most perfect theory of church government that has yet been recommended or forced upon the world. When this blessed period of love and union shall arrive, the services of Baxter as the indefatigable advocate of catholic communion will not be forgotten.”

ART. II. — ASSYRIAN HISTORY.

The History of HERODOTUS. A new English Version, edited with copious Notes and Appendices, illustrating the History and Geography of Herodotus, from the most recent Sources of Information; and embodying the chief Results, Historical and Ethnographical, which have been obtained in the Progress of Cuneiform and Hieroglyphical Discovery. By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M. A., late Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford. Assisted by Colonel Sir HENRY RAWLINSON, K. C. B., and Sir J. G. WILKINSON, F. R. S. In four volumes. Vols. I. — III. With Maps and Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1858. 8vo. pp. 690, 616, 568.

OF all questions in ancient history, none has been more hopelessly complicated by confused statements and baseless theories than that of the true chronology of the great Assyrian and Babylonian empires. Our knowledge of them has, until recently, been almost exclusively derived from Ctesias (as reported in Diodorus Siculus), Herodotus, the native historian Berosus, and the Hebrew Scriptures. From Ctesias we have the well-known stories of Ninus, the founder of the Assyrian empire, his warlike queen, Semiramis, and the succession of thirty-one *rois fainéants*, ending with Sardanapalus, the ignominy of whose reign was partially redeemed by his rousing himself too late to a heroic defence against the invaders of his kingdom, and burning himself at last, his wives, concubines, and treasures, in his royal palace. This event has been placed in B. C. 876. The account of Herodotus is wholly at variance with this. According to him, after an Assyrian rule of five hundred and twenty years, all the subject provinces fell away, leaving the empire weakened, but still vigorous, until it was overthrown by Cyaxares. He also mentions Semiramis, but as a *Babylonian* queen, who reigned five generations before Nitocris, the mother of the last king. This would place her reign in the eighth century. From Berosus we have a few precious fragments, mostly at third hand. From these we learn that, after more than a thousand years of Chaldean and Arabian rule (in Babylonia), followed two Assyrian dynasties of 526 and 122 years respectively, and a Babylonian of 87.

We likewise have from him a list of the Babylonian kings from the era of Nabonassar (B. C. 747), and some historical notices of a century or so preceding the fall of Babylon. Besides these authorities, Scripture gives us the names and actions of several kings, both of Assyria and Babylon. It will be seen that the accounts of Herodotus and Berosus confirm each other, and that both are consistent with Scripture, while they are completely contradictory to that of Ctesias. But, notwithstanding their much greater credibility as historians, our modern writers have, for the most part, felt bound to accept the latter (probably because he is the most assuming and circumstantial writer on the subject), to make the others agree where it is possible, and where it is not to reject them altogether. Hence the most blind and profitless labor of reconstruction. *Sardanapalus* was shown to be *Esarhaddon*, the syllable "bal" or "pal" being annexed. As the accounts of the destruction of Nineveh could not be reconciled, resort was had to the desperate hypothesis of two destructions, one B. C. 876, the other B. C. 606. Even Nebuchodonosor, on the authority of the book of Judith, is torn from the Babylonian annals, and made "the last king of Assyria mentioned in the Bible." *

Niebuhr's wonderful clear-sightedness enabled him to see through the fogs which enveloped Assyrian history, and to reconstruct from the scanty materials accessible to him a framework of history not materially differing from that which the late discoveries in Assyria have now placed on a sure historical foundation. He did all that could be done with his materials, but was careful to assure his hearers that, when the Assyrian inscriptions were deciphered, — as they soon would be, — many things would be made clear which he could not understand. † How remarkably this prediction has been fulfilled, we need not say. The interesting discoveries of Mr. Layard are familiar to all, and it is well known that many of the inscriptions discovered by him have been deciphered by Sir Henry Rawlinson, Dr. Hincks, M. Oppert, and others, being found to consist

* See Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography, Vol. I. p. 245. b.

† Lectures on Ancient History, Lecture III.

of valuable contemporaneous records, corroborating or correcting the accounts of the Bible and profane historians. In the work before us these results are given at some length, in the form of notes and essays by Sir Henry Rawlinson and Mr. George Rawlinson, appended to the translation of the first book of Herodotus. It is our purpose to lay the most interesting of these results before our readers.

We must, in the first place, rid our minds of the fables of Ctesias, which have been banished from all respectable histories since the time of Niebuhr, and which at present only linger in those eminently conservative works, — school textbooks of Ancient History. There was, it is true, a Ninus, but it was the Greek name of the city Nineveh, and the king of that name is only another instance of that universal habit of the Greeks of inventing some eponymous hero for every city. There was a Queen Semiramis, but she lived, as Herodotus says, in the eighth century, and although doubtless a remarkable person, was noways a great conqueror. There was, too, a Sardanapalus, but he was a warlike king of the tenth century, who was far from being burned up in his own palace; and there was another Sardanapalus of the seventh century, a peaceful prince and a patron of the arts,* but Nineveh survived him many years. Nineveh was, it is true, destroyed, and very likely in the manner described by Ctesias, but it was under Saracus, not Sardanapalus; her enemies were Cyaxares and Nabopolassar, not Arbaces and Belesys; and it was towards the close of the seventh century, not early in the ninth.

To guide us in laying out a true scheme of Assyrian chronology, we have the table of dynasties preserved from Berosus, and two dates positively fixed, — the accession of Nabonassar in Babylon, B. C. 747, and the destruction of Babylon by Cyrus, B. C. 538. Setting out, then, from this latter date, as that of the close of the dynasties of Berosus, his table will read as follows. We copy from Rawlinson (Vol. I. p. 434).

* Ctesias, perhaps, erroneously thinking the name of the last king to have been Sardanapalus; confounded him with the great king of that name whom he knew to have reigned at about 900 B. C.

Median dynasty,	8 kings,	224 years,	B. C. 2458 to 2234
Chaldæan (?) dynasty,	11 "	(258)* "	" 2234 to 1976
Chaldæan	" 49 "	458 "	" 1976 to 1518
Arab	" 9 "	245 "	" 1518 to 1273
Assyrian	" 45 "	526 "	" 1273 to 747
Lower Assyrian	" 8 "	122 "	" 747 to 625
Babylonian	" 6 "	87 "	" 625 to 538

Passing over the Median dynasty, of which we know nothing further, the history will naturally fall into three divisions, — the early Chaldæan empire of Babylon, the great Assyrian empire from about B. C. 1273 to B. C. 625, and the short but splendid sway of Babylon from B. C. 625 to B. C. 538. It is to be noticed, that, according to this table, the second Assyrian dynasty began at the era of Nabonassar in Babylon, B. C. 747, and ended at the accession of Nabopolassar in Babylon, B. C. 625, the date assigned by Niebuhr to the destruction of Nineveh. Heeren, Grote, and most other writers, place it as late as B. C. 609 or B. C. 606.

The Chaldæans who ruled in Asia under Kudur-Mapula (or Chedor-laomer) about B. C. 1976, and again under the family of Nebuchadnezzar, have been commonly supposed of late to have been invaders from Armenia, where Chaldæans are mentioned by Greek writers. But there are no indications of such a conquest, and it seems more natural to look for their origin in their earliest known seat, — Babylonia. Sir Henry Rawlinson's ingenious and very probable theory is briefly as follows. The Hamitic race which inhabited Mesopotamia (and which he thinks came from Ethiopia) went by the name of Akkad; of these the Chaldæans seem to have been a branch, not however appearing upon the monuments before the ninth century before Christ. He thinks, therefore, that Berosus, "in naming the dynasty Chaldæan, must have used that term in a geographical rather than an ethnological sense." He says: —

"In this primitive Akkadian tongue, which I have been accustomed generally to denominate Scythic, from its near connection with the Scythic

* This number is wanting in the manuscript, and is supplied by an ingenious emendation of Professor Brandis of Bonn.

dialect of Persia, were preserved all the scientific treatises known to the Babylonians, long after the Semitic element had become predominant in the land; — it was, in fact, the language of science in the East, as the Latin was in Europe during the Middle Ages. When Semitic tribes established an empire in Assyria in the thirteenth century B. C., they adopted the alphabet of the *Akkad*, and, with certain modifications, applied it to their own language; but during the seven centuries which followed of Semitic dominion at Nineveh and Babylon, this Assyrian language was merely used for historical records and official documents. The mythological, astronomical, and other scientific tablets found at Nineveh, are exclusively in the Akkadian language, and are thus shown to belong to a priest-class, exactly answering to the Chaldæans of profane history and of the book of Daniel. . . . It is further very interesting to find that parties of these Chaldæan *Akkad* were transplanted by the Assyrian kings from the plains of Babylon to the Armenian mountains, in the eighth and seventh centuries B. C., and that this translation took place to such an extent, that in the inscriptions of Sargon the geographical name of *Akkad* is sometimes applied to the mountains instead of the vernacular title of *Vararat*, or *Ararat*, — an excellent illustration being thus afforded of the notices of Chaldæans in this quarter by so many of the Greek historians and geographers.” — Vol. I. p. 319, *note*.

It should be observed that the cogency of this argument noways depends on the acceptance or rejection of Sir Henry Rawlinson's peculiar ethnographic theories.

What the Arabian dynasty was which came between the Chaldæan and Assyrian empires, we have no means of determining. We can only allude to the evident power and importance of the Arabians in old time, and hint at a conquest like that of Egypt by the Shepherd Kings. It is worthy of remark, that their rule in Babylonia (B. C. 1518 to B. C. 1273) follows directly upon the expulsion of the Hycsos from Egypt, placed by Sir Gardner Wilkinson in B. C. 1520. If we bear in mind that these dates are far from precise, and that the Arabians may have come later into Mesopotamia, or if we assume, with Bunsen, that the expulsion of the Hycsos was a century earlier, the conjecture is natural that the Hycsos, on being expelled from Egypt, invaded Babylonia, and overthrew the Chaldæan empire, ruling in their stead until the rise of the Assyrian empire. But this is pure hypothesis.

Of the condition of Babylonia under the Assyrian sway, we

can only say in general that it was nominally dependent, — somewhat as the great French peers were on the successors of Hugh Capet; — a dependence strictly enforced by able sovereigns, but at other times little more than a name. The seat of government of the Assyrian kings was at first at Asshur (the modern Kilet-Shergat), which seems previously to have been the residence of Babylonian viceroys. We have the names of many kings of the first Assyrian dynasty, but only three or four of them are of especial interest. The earliest of these is Tiglath-Pileser I., whose annals are inscribed on an octagonal prism called the Kilet-Shergat cylinder, several copies of which are extant. The next king of interest is Sardanapalus I., who removed the seat of government to Calat (the modern Nimroud), where he built the “North-west” palace, so well known through the narrative of Mr. Layard’s first expedition. His successor was Shalman-n-bar, the king of “the black obelisk” in the British Museum.

“The most interesting of the campaigns of Shalman-n-bar are those which in his sixth, eleventh, fourteenth, and eighteenth years he conducted against the countries bordering on Palestine. In the first three of these, his chief adversary was Benhadad of Damascus, the prince whose wars with Baasha, Ahab, and Jehoram, and whose murder by Hazael, are related at length in the books of Kings and Chronicles. Benhadad, who had strengthened himself by a close league with the Hamathites, Hittites, and Phœnicians, was defeated in three great battles by the Assyrian monarch, and lost in one of them above 20,000 men. This ill success appears to have broken up the league, and when Hazael, soon after his accession, was attacked in his turn, probably about the year B. C. 884 or 885, he was left to his own resources, and had to take refuge in Anti-Libanus, where Shalman-n-bar engaged and defeated him, killing (according to his own account) 16,000 of his fighting men and capturing more than 1,100 chariots. It was probably at this time, or perhaps three years later, when the conqueror once more entered Syria and forced Hazael to supply his troops with provisions, that the first direct connection of which we have any record took place between the people of Israel and the Assyrians. One of five epigraphs on the black obelisk records the tribute which *Yahna*, the son of *Khumri*, — i. e. Jehu, the son of Omri,* — brought to the king who set it up, con-

* “This title is equivalent to King of Samaria, the city which Omri built.” Mr. Rawlinson suggests, however, an actual or alleged descent of Jehu from Omri.

sisting almost entirely of gold and silver, and articles manufactured from gold. It was perhaps this act of submission which provoked the fierce attack of Hazael upon the kingdom of Israel in the reign of Jehu. (2 Kings x. 32, 33.)"

Of the later Assyrian empire we possess tolerably full and trustworthy accounts during the period of its glory, but its beginning and end are alike obscure. Assuming its destruction in the year B. C. 625, the 122 years of Berosus would place its commencement in B. C. 747. The coincidence of this date with that of the era of Nabonassar justifies us in inferring some connection between them. We have, moreover, monuments of a king of this period, Iva-lush III., which record his reception of tribute from *Khumri*, or Samaria, a fact which would have weight in identifying him with the Pul of Scripture,* especially as his first successor with whom we are acquainted was Tiglath-Pileser. If this is the case, he would be contemporary with Menahem, king of Israel, who reigned about B. C. 760. We learn, moreover, from the monuments, that the wife of this monarch was Semiramis, and that she reigned conjointly with him. This is evidently the Semiramis of Herodotus; he calls her a queen of Babylon, and the monuments show that Iva-lush was peculiarly connected with Babylon. It remains for future investigations to determine the connection of these events and names; at present we can only conclude as probable that the kingdom of Pul or Iva-lush III. was overthrown by Tiglath-Pileser II. at about the time that Nabonassar established an independent government in Babylon. That Tiglath-Pileser was the founder of a dynasty is further shown by the fact that he nowhere mentions his father, as was customary with the legitimate Assyrian sovereigns. Of his reign we have scanty information, adding little to what we knew previously from the Bible.

The two successors of Tiglath-Pileser were Shalmaneser

* Mr. Layard says: "The greater number of Assyrian proper names with which we are acquainted, whether royal or not, appear to have been made up of the name, epithet, or title of one of the national deities, and of a second word, such as 'slave of,' 'servant of,' 'beloved of,' 'protected by,' like the 'Theodosius,' 'Theodorus,' &c. of the Greeks, and the 'Abd-ullah' and 'Abd-ur-Rahman' of Mohammedan nations." The name of the divinity whose name occurs in that of King Iva-lush is read doubtfully Iva or Pul.

and Sargon. Which came first has been a matter of doubt; — it has been supposed by some (it is indeed assumed by Mr. Layard) that the two names belong to one person. This doubt is, however, now resolved by the discovery of an inscription of Sargon, stating that he took Samaria in his first year, a statement not at all inconsistent with the Scriptural account that the siege was begun by Shalmaneser. The name of the latter is only known to us from Scripture, and his reign must have been short. That of Sargon embraced nineteen years, the annals of which are abundantly preserved in his great palace at Khorsabad. He seems to have been a usurper, as, like Tiglath-Pileser, he omits the mention of his father. The date of his accession is shown to have been B. C. 721, by his statement that in his first year he took Samaria and placed Merodach-Baladan on the throne of Babylon, both which events are known from other sources to belong to that year.

Sennacherib, the son and successor of Sargon, came to the throne in the year B. C. 702, which date, like his father's, is fixed by that of his viceroy Belibus, whom he says he placed on the throne of Babylon in his first year, — after expelling Merodach-Baladan a second time, — and whose accession is given by Ptolemy in this year. The length of his reign was probably twenty-two years, as Esar-haddon ascended the throne of Babylon, and probably also that of Nineveh, B. C. 680. The reign of this king is tolerably well known to us through the Hebrew Scriptures; and his great palace at Konyunjik (the true site of Nineveh), more splendid than that of any of his predecessors, is described at length in Mr. Layard's "Nineveh and Babylon." Like Sargon, he removed his viceroy from the government of Babylon, — after another struggle with the party of Merodach-Baladan, who seems to have been the asserter of Babylonian nationality, — and placed his son on the throne.

Under Esarhaddon, the son and successor of Sennacherib, who ruled from B. C. 680 about twenty years, the Assyrian empire reached its highest point of prosperity. He built several palaces, among them the "Southwest palace" at Nimroud, of materials taken from the palaces of former monarchs.

Another at *Nebbi-Yunns*, near Konyunjik, he claims to have been "such as the kings, his fathers, who went before him, had never made." He continued the war with the sons of Merodach-Baladan in Susiana, but instead of placing a viceroy in Babylon, he reigned there himself, probably residing alternately here and in Nineveh. Memorials of him have been discovered here, and hither Manasseh, king of Judah, seems to have been brought to him captive. His conquests in Media, Armenia, Asia Minor, and Egypt appear to have been more extensive than those of any of his predecessors. It is interesting to observe, as signs of his wide sway, such names among the artists employed in building his palaces as these, — *Ægisthus* of Idalium, *Pythagoras* of Citium, *Itho-dagon* of Paphos, *Euryalus* of Soli, — as well as the mention of many workmen furnished him by the princes of Syria and Manasseh, king of Judah. Over all these states Assyria appears to have exercised a sort of feudal sovereignty; but the bond was slight, and the empire far from systematically governed. An acknowledgment of fealty, and the payment of some trifling yearly tribute, satisfied the monarch, but insignificant causes were often sufficient to excite rebellions, which were in general as speedily suppressed and lightly punished. When the nation was found unusually obstinate, marked vengeance was taken. Cities were burned, provinces laid waste, and the inhabitants carried off either to people other devastated districts, or to labor in the enormous public works by which the kings, especially of Babylon, gratified their vanity, or perhaps (as in the canals and reservoirs) largely benefited the trade and agriculture of their country. Of such removals, the fall of the Jewish kingdoms, and the re-peopling of Samaria by other tribes, furnish well-known illustrations.

Esarhaddon was succeeded by Sardanapalus, a peaceful prince, a patron of the arts, whose monuments are the most tasteful that have come down to us. He carried on some wars, chiefly in Susiana, with the grandsons of Merodach-Baladan, but hunting seems to have been his passion. The name of his successor, *Asshur-emit-ili*, cannot be identified with that of *Saracus*, whom we know from Berosus to have been the last king of Nineveh. *Saracus* may therefore have been his brother,

and his reign short. This view is strengthened by the fact of his thus being the eighth in succession from the foundation of the new monarchy.

No date in ancient history has been more disputed than that of the destruction of Nineveh. It has been commonly assigned to B. C. 609 or B. C. 606, on the strength of a statement of Herodotus (I. 103 – 106) that it took place after the Scythian domination of twenty-eight years ; we should also infer from him, although not necessarily, that it came after the war between Cyaxares and Alyattes, which is fixed by an eclipse in the year B. C. 610. But Herodotus, although perfectly trustworthy when relating what he himself saw, is a less sure guide as to earlier times, and it is probable that he is wrong in supposing the Scythians to have *ruled* twenty-eight years. It is hardly possible they should not have left more traces of themselves if this were the case, and it seems likely that this period of twenty-eight years was one only of occasional and destructive inroads, in the intervals of which Cyaxares could carry on his warlike operations. Berosus is at all events much more worthy of credit, who distinctly places the rise of the Babylonian dynasty eighty-seven years before the taking of Babylon by Cyrus, B. C. 538. This is, moreover, the year of the accession of Nabopolassar, which we know from a fragment of Abydenus, a transcriber of Berosus, to have immediately preceded the fall of Nineveh.

A suggestion of great value is made by Mr. Rawlinson in his able essay on the Great Median Empire, that Herodotus is mistaken in assigning so early a date as B. C. 708 to the independence of the Medes. Mr. Grote has already pointed out the completely mythical character of his account of Deioces. Mr. Rawlinson thinks the reign of Phraortes equally so, and places the beginning of Median history at the accession of Cyaxares, B. C. 633. The name Phraortes he finds in that of the usurper *Frawartish*, in the reign of Darius Hystaspes, of whom we learn from the Behistun inscription, whose unsuccessful revolt Herodotus confounds with the successful revolution of the Medes of the previous century. His arguments are, first, that all the Greek writers except Herodotus regard Cyaxares as the founder of the empire, and secondly,

that the monuments show that the Medes continued subject to Assyria as late at least as through the reign of Esarhaddon, about B. C. 660. We think he has proved that Herodotus (I. 95) was mistaken in asserting that the Medes, and following them the other nations of Asia, shook off the Assyrian yoke as early as B. C. 708, and that thereafter the Assyrians "stood alone by the revolt and desertion of their allies." (Herod. I. 102.) Niebuhr saw that Herodotus stated this far too strongly, although he agreed with him that the Assyrian empire was enfeebled at this time. But the monuments show — what we should gather from the Hebrew Scriptures — that even this was incorrect, and that though the Assyrian power may have been diminished for a while in the middle of the eighth century, yet the age which followed, and precisely that which Herodotus gives as that of their depression, was in reality that of their greatest splendor, — the reigns of Sargon, Sennacherib, and Esarhaddon (B. C. 721 to B. C. 660). It is not, however, unlikely that a hardy Median tribe maintained itself in some secluded mountain district, like the kings of Asturias under the Saracens in Spain, which, during the less vigorous rule of Sardanapalus and his successors, gradually subdued the tableland of Media, until, under Cyaxares, it ventured forth to mightier undertakings. It is to be noticed that the accession of Phraortes, as given by Herodotus, would fall after the death of Esarhaddon, during the decline of the empire. That the Assyrian annals do not notice the growth of his power, and his successes against Assyria, is not to be wondered at.

Nabopolassar reigned twenty-one years at Babylon over the empire he had acquired by treachery, having obtained for his share of the plunder the whole southern and western portions of the Assyrian dominions. Of the mighty empire which he founded, we have tolerably full accounts in the Bible, in the fragments of Berosus, and in inscriptions. No sculpture, however, has been found at Babylon to compare with that of Nineveh, and it may be conjectured that paint, plaster, and gilding, as in our modern cities, took the place of solid stone. He appears to have sent aid to Cyaxares in his war against Lydia, and towards the close of his reign he carried on war with Egypt, appointing his son Nebuchadnezzar as commander. This was

the war in which Josiah, king of Judah, without waiting for his sovereign, marched hastily to repel an invasion of Necho, and was defeated and killed. Nebuchadnezzar, more successful, gained a complete victory at Carchemish, and returned home with many captives. His father had died in his absence, B. C. 604, and he succeeded to the throne, on which he sat forty-three years. Here he constructed those great works, — palaces, temples, hanging gardens, walls, aqueducts, canals, reservoirs, — which were the wonder of the ancient world, and which modern times have been slow to credit. But Herodotus and Ctesias, both eyewitnesses, testify to their magnitude, and, as Grote well observes, “to bring to pass all that Herodotus has described is a mere question of time, patience, number of laborers, and cost of maintaining them, — for the materials were both close at hand and inexhaustible.”

Nebuchadnezzar died B. C. 561, and, after three unimportant reigns, Nabonidus (the Labynetus of Herodotus) was placed on the throne by a conspiracy, B. C. 555. In the first year of his reign he was solicited by Cræsus to unite in an alliance with Lydia and Egypt against Cyrus, who had recently overthrown the Median kingdom, and the rapid growth of whose power made him the object of alarm to all these sovereigns. The inconsiderate haste and ill-success of Cræsus do not belong to our plan. Time was given in the fifteen years which intervened between the fall of Sardis and the investment of Babylon to erect the most complete defences, and to lay in a stock of provisions which should outlast the patience of the besieger. The immense area of the city — not far from forty miles in circuit — would not only receive all the inhabitants of the neighboring country within the walls, but would enable the besieged partially to support themselves by agriculture. During this period Nabonidus associated with himself his son Belshazzar (Bil-shar-uzur) as his colleague upon the throne. On the approach of Cyrus, a battle was fought, in which the Babylonians, being defeated, retired within their impregnable walls to abide the siege. Nabonidus himself, however, retired to Borsippa, a few miles distant, leaving his son in command of the city. It was now that Cyrus, fully convinced of the impossibility of taking the city either by storm or blockade, put

in operation the plan, which is narrated with some differences by Herodotus and Xenophon, of turning out of its course the water of the river Euphrates, selecting for this purpose a night when the Babylonians were engaged in a sacred festival. The plan was completely successful, the city was taken almost without resistance, and Belshazzar slain. Cyrus next proceeded against Borsippa. But the disparity was too great; Nabonidus at once surrendered, and the great Babylonian empire was at an end.

We subjoin a compact tabular view of this later chronology, beginning with the era of Nabonassar, which, it is to be remarked, is only thirty years after the commencement of Greek chronology in the first Olympiad (B. C. 776), and only six years after that of Roman (B. C. 753).

- KINGS OF ASSYRIA.
- B. C.
747. Tiglath-Pileser. — Era of Nabonassar.
731. Shalmaneser. — (726, Hezekiah in Judah.)
721. Sargon. — Takes Samaria in the same year.
702. Sennacherib. — Makes Hezekiah tributary. Wars with Egypt. (697, Manasseh in Judah.)
680. Esarhaddon. — (664, Psammetichus in Egypt.)
Two or three insignificant kings.
(639, Josiah in Judah. 633, Cyaxares in Media.)
625. Destruction of Nineveh.

- KINGS OF BABYLON.
625. Nabopolassar. (Same year, Alyattes in Lydia. 610, Necho in Egypt.)
604. Nebuchadnezzar. (593, Astyages in Media. 568, Cræsus in Lydia. 588, Apries, and 569, Amasis in Egypt. 597, Zedekiah in Judah.)
568. Nebuchadnezzar takes Jerusalem.
Three unimportant kings. (558, Cyrus dethrones Astyages.)
555. Nabonidus. (554, Cyrus conquers Lydia.)
538. Babylon taken by Cyrus.

It is sometimes said that the discoveries of Layard, Botta, and Rawlinson have brought to light an extinct civilization. This is partially true, but it would be more exact to say that they have restored the lost annals of an extinct nation. We

know in truth little of the civilization of Assyria and Babylon which we did not know before. It is not from royal palaces like those of Khorsabad and Konyunjik, nor from pompous inscriptions of kings, like those of Bavian, Behistun, and the black obelisk, that we learn the life and inner character of a nation. Had the interpretation of Egyptian hieroglyphics been confined to the obelisk of Luxor, the pyramids of Gizeh, and the tablets of Karnak and Abydos, we should be grateful indeed for the valuable light thrown thereby upon chronology, but history would gain comparatively little. It is the sepulchres of Egypt, the papyrus rolls, the linen cerements, the wooden sarcophagi, the painting on walls and carving in stone, all filled with representations of the life of people, the minutest details of their actions, their trade, their agriculture, their manufactures, their worship, their philosophy, and poetry even, which have placed the civilization of Egypt almost as vividly before the eyes of the nineteenth century as that of China is before the eyes of Americans and English. In Assyria no tombs have been found, and we learn consequently little but the public life of the nation. Everything here indicates — what we knew before — the existence of a grinding despotism. We may infer that it was less oppressive and malignant in Assyria than in either Egypt or Babylon. A high land, well wooded, with undulating surface, giving scope to a variety of occupations, can hardly have been so absolutely ruled as a low, flat, bare tract, swarming with a population like that of Babylonia. And what is more conclusive, notwithstanding the extent, power, wealth, and populousness of Nineveh, we hear nothing there of public works approaching those of Babylon in magnificence and costliness; and in early nations public works are a very fair gauge of the despotism of the monarchs and the abasement of the subjects.

If we compare the art of Assyria with that of Egypt, we shall find another proof of the superiority of its civilization. In Egypt while the canons of proportion varied slightly in the twelfth and nineteenth dynasties, under the family of Psammetichus, and under the Ptolemies, the art was essentially the same at all these epochs, — stiff, angular, unexpressive, formal. The Egyptian sculptures remind us of the Xanthian

and Æginetan marbles, but these have the awkwardness of infancy, those of formalism; the national genius of Egypt had crystallized at the point where the Greek mind, ravished with the glimpse it had caught of the glorious world of art, was just ready to step into that career in which a few years only were needed to give birth to Phidias, Ictinus, and Polygnotus. But Assyria was not, like Egypt, trammelled by traditions of conservatism and non-intercourse. On the grand highway between East and West, she could not but be influenced in everything by the nations around her, while Egypt, shut up in her narrow valley of the Nile, withered self-complacently, clinging every year more closely to her dead customs. So Greek and Phœnician artisans were employed on the palaces of Nineveh, as we have seen above, and the works of every reign show an advance in grace and skill over those of the preceding. The sculptures of Nineveh do not satisfy our artistic cravings, but neither do they disgust us with their dead conventionality. We cannot doubt, that, had the Assyrian empire lasted, and the artists who wrought in its temples and palaces continued to make the progress which is discernible in the reigns of Esarhaddon and Sardanapalus, the shackles of an early formality might have been thrown off, and a true and high school of art have appeared.

Mr. Rawlinson says of the art and manufactures of the Assyrians:—

“They show us a patient, laborious, painstaking people, with more appreciation of the useful than the ornamental, and of the actual than the ideal. Architecture, the only one of the fine arts which is essentially useful, forms their chief glory; sculpture, and still more painting, are subsidiary to it. Again, it is the most useful edifice—the palace or house—whereon attention is concentrated; the temple and tomb, the interest attaching to which is ideal and spiritual, are secondary, and appear simply as appendages of the palace. In the sculpture it is the actual—the historically true—which the artist strives to represent. Unless in the case of a few mythic figures connected with the religion of the country, there is nothing in the Assyrian bas-reliefs which is not imitated from nature. The imitation is always laborious, and often most accurate and exact. The laws of representation, as we understand them, are sometimes departed from, but it is always to impress

the spectator with ideas in accordance with truth. Thus the colossal bulls and lions have five legs, but in order that they may be seen from every point of view with four; — the ladders are placed edgewise against the walls of besieged towns, but it is to show that they are ladders, and not mere poles; — walls of cities are made disproportionately small, but it is done, like Raphael's boat, to bring them within the picture, which would otherwise be a less complete representation of the actual fact. The careful finish, the minute detail, the elaboration of every hair in a beard, and every stitch in the embroidery of a dress, remind us of the Dutch school of painting, and illustrate strongly the spirit of faithfulness and honesty which pervades the sculptures, and gives them so great a portion of their value." — Vol. I. p. 496.

It would be in the highest degree instructive to examine the science of the Assyrians and Babylonians, which, like that of Egypt, appears to have been in the hands of a special class, the Chaldæans. Astronomy was doubtless at the head with both these nations, and it is proved by the exactness of their chronology that this was extensively cultivated at an early date. But for a complete view of this science, as well as others among the Chaldæans, we must wait for the deciphering of the thousands of mythological and astronomical tablets in the British Museum, a commencement of which has scarcely been yet made.

Such was the character of the Assyrian empire, as well as of most of the early empires of the East, and, as long as it was ruled by able and energetic princes, like those of the family of Sargon, it had all the outward show of strength and prosperity.

"But no sooner does any untoward event occur, as a disastrous expedition, a foreign attack, a domestic conspiracy, or even an untimely and unexpected death of the reigning prince, than the inherent weakness of this sort of government at once displays itself, — the whole fabric of the empire falls asunder, — each kingdom reasserts its independence, — tribute ceases to be paid, and the mistress of a hundred states suddenly finds herself thrust back into her primitive condition, stripped of the dominion which has been her strength, and thrown entirely upon her own resources. Then the whole task of reconstruction has to be commenced anew, — one by one the rebel countries are overrun, and the rebel monarchs chastised, — tribute is reimposed, submission enforced, and in fifteen or twenty years the empire has perhaps recovered itself."

Of this the most familiar and striking illustration will be found in the history of the Hebrew monarchy. When the empire of Solomon had fallen to pieces, and his dominions were divided among the hostile states of Judah, Israel, Damascus, Hamath, etc., it was not long before mighty Nineveh began to reduce them one by one beneath its sway. We have shown above the state of these countries at the time of Shalman-bar (about B. C. 878), who appears to have rendered Hamath, Damascus, and Samaria tributary. A key to the enigmatical passage, 2 Kings xiii. 5, "And the Lord gave Israel a savior, so that they went out from under the hand of the Syrians," may perhaps be found in the necessity that Hazael and Benhadad felt to turn all their strength against this formidable foe, and thus to spare the "coasts of Israel." Under the vigorous reigns of Jehoash and Jeroboam II. we hear nothing of the Assyrians; it is probable that their strength declined somewhat after Shalman-bar. But the energetic Pul took advantage of the troubled times that followed to make Israel his vassel. His successors continued to receive fealty and exact tribute until the reign of Hoshea in Samaria, who thought to escape the yoke by transferring it to the rival kingdom of Egypt, "and brought no present to the king of Assyria, as he had done year by year." The usual result followed, — Samaria was taken and destroyed, the country ravaged, and the inhabitants swept into bondage. It was now the turn of Judah, which had equally, under Ahaz, submitted to the invader. But Hezekiah, backed by the powerful party of Isaiah, determined on resistance and alliance with Egypt. Judah was preserved from subjugation for a time, but seems soon to have acknowledged again the suzerainty of Assyria, for we find that Manasseh was sent a captive to Babylon (2 Chron. xxxiii.), and we learn from the inscriptions that he sent workmen to assist in the building of the palace of Esarhaddon. The Assyrian empire passed away, but its sceptre, and probably also its dominions, were transferred to Babylon. That Josiah was a vassal of Nabopolassar is rendered probable by the fact that he resisted so stoutly the invasion of the empire by Necho, in spite of the protestations of the latter, that his arms were not

directed against him. The kingdom of Egypt was at this time flourishing under the twenty-sixth dynasty, and its energetic rulers, having abandoned the traditionary policy of non-intercourse, and thrown open their ports to foreign commerce, exerted themselves to excite the Syrian, Phœnician, and Hebrew vassals of Babylon to revolt, and unite themselves under Egyptian protection. Shortly after the failure of Necho's attempt, a more formidable revolt, was set on foot by the Phœnician cities, and the successors of Josiah, aided by Apries (Pharaoh Hophra), king of Egypt. Tyre was besieged thirteen years by Nebuchadnezzar, but seems never to have been captured. Jerusalem revolted several times, and the Egyptian party was so strong as to carry with it all the kings successively set up by Nebuchadnezzar. Tired out at length with its insubordination, he took the city in his nineteenth year, and carried its inhabitants with him to Babylon, where they probably swelled the number of the slavish workmen whose hands wrought the great works of his reign.

The least satisfactory part of the work is the essay by Sir Henry Rawlinson on "The Religion of the Babylonians and Assyrians,"—not from any negligence or incompetency on the part of the learned author, but from the very nature of the subject, so intricate and so unexplored are these mythological relations. It is of little interest to know that the Man-Bull of the Ninevite sculptures represents the god Nin, "the lord of the brave," identified with the Greek Heracles, and that the Man-Lion is the god Nergal, "the great hero," who is the Greek Ares. Of somewhat more importance is it to learn that the winged circle, sometimes surmounted by a human head, is the symbol of Asshur, the supreme deity of the Assyrians, from whom their country took its name.* No temple of this god is found except at the city Asshur (Kileh-Shergat). "It would seem that he was considered, as the head of the Pantheon, of too high a rank to receive the homage of his votaries in any particular or special temple."

* This symbol is found extensively in Persian sculptures. "The conjecture is probable, that, while in the human head we have the symbol of intelligence, the wings signify omnipresence, and the circle eternity. Thus the Persians were able, without the sacrifice of any principle, to admit it as a religious emblem."—p. 270, note 3.

“The Assyrian kings, however, from the earliest times, evidently regarded *Asshur* as their special tutelary divinity. They constantly used his name as an element in their own titles; * they invoked him on all occasions which referred to the exercise of their sovereign functions. The laws of the empire were the laws of *Asshur*: the tribute payable from dependent kingdoms was the tribute of *Asshur*. He was all and everything, as far as Assyrian nationality was concerned; but he was strictly a local deity, and his name was almost unknown beyond the limits of Assyria proper.” On the whole, the one most interesting religious fact educed from these discoveries is that which has been already noticed, the origin of Assyrian mythology in Chaldæan Babylonia, the continued use of the Chaldæan language and alphabet in religious matters, even when it had gone out of use otherwise, and the consequent existence of a sacred language and a sacred class, — the Chaldæans of later writers.

We have exhibited some of the historical results of cuneiform discovery. We must of course take for granted the skill and fidelity of the translators, for we cannot test these as we can in the case of languages which are commonly known. But granting the accuracy of the translation, — which no one questions, — the only doubt remaining will be how much confidence should be placed in the good faith of the monarchs who have thus commemorated their actions. No doubt there is great temptation to magnify these, and we should receive with caution all statements in which vanity or arrogance may have had part. But this would naturally be chiefly in special incidents, in exaggerating results, in overstating the number of captives or amount of booty. We may accept without hesitation the truth of these inscriptions in their main features, especially when we see to how large a degree they are corroborated by independent testimony. What more may yet be accomplished it is impossible to foresee, but we may be sure that these enterprising scholars will not cease to labor as long as an inscription remains undeciphered or a mound unexplored.

* *As*, *Asshur-dani-pal* (*Sardanapalus*), *Asshur-akh-iddina* (*Esarhaddon*), *Asshur-emit-ili*, *Asshur-dapal-il*, &c.

ART. III.—HISTORY OF METHODISM IN ENGLAND.

The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century, called Methodism, considered in its different Denominational Forms, and its Relations to British and American Protestantism. By ABEL STEVENS, LL. D. Vol. I. *From the Origin of Methodism to the Death of Whitefield.* New York: Carleton and Porter. London: Alexander Heylin.

C. F. White

AUTHOR and printer (and we may add, engraver) have put their hands together nobly to make this book worthy the acceptance of the myriads whom it is destined to reach, and to awaken an impatient desire for the volumes which are to follow it. As we open it and glance at the frontispiece, the face of the good old man, looking forward, as if into the history of which he makes so large a part, revives our old interest and curiosity in regard to it. We have never seen a likeness that gave us nearly so fine and faithful a copy of our ideal of this eminent leader and legislator. How calm and firm, how wise and winning, how fatherly and motherly, at once, it is in its position and expression! It reminds us, especially when we remember what that countenance had to meet, of the old German proverb, *Stark bei mild, Ein goldner Schild*,—"Mild and bold, A shield of gold." We have never read of a man in whose life the saying was more strikingly verified.

We turn to the work itself; and here the style and spirit of the author—the former so direct and perspicuous, free and vigorous, the latter so catholic and Christian—win us to him at once, as trustworthy guide and edifying companion through a field of rare interest. The picturesque particularity of the narrative tempts a moment's comparison with D'Aubigné, but we find it far superior to his in strength, as it is not enervated by those superfluous moralizings which he is continually bestowing upon his reader.

The introductory chapter, on the "Stand-point of Methodism in the History of Christianity," lets us at once into the author's liberality of spirit and largeness of purpose, and exemplifies those qualities which, to an independent Christian, will always commend themselves as the chief distinctions of the Methodist

movement. And when the author winds up his paragraph on the doctrinal freedom of Methodism by saying, "And it has been doubted, *incautiously perhaps*, whether even a Restorationist or Universalist, if exemplary in life, could be adjudged a heretic by its creed," we feel that, though the "incautiously" came from the writer's head, the "perhaps" came from his heart, and we think that the heart, as it had the last, had the best of it, even in the forum of his own judgment.

We are not going to give a summary of this picturesque and jubilant story of the rise and progress of Methodism. It would be as meagre a treatment of the theme, as the common practice of giving an abstract of the plot of a novel. This history, indeed, has all the interest of a novel, and presents incidents which are often really "stranger than fiction."

This History of Methodism, so far as the present volume carries it, might almost equally well be called "The Book of Martyrs." We are moved to exclaim, as we read, "Behold the patience and faith of the saints!" We are tempted to marvel, at first, how it could be that these godly men, even with the irregular manner and the pungent matter of their Gospel-preaching, should draw upon themselves, wherever they went, such a persistent, pitiless storm of persecution. The account of a mob's trampling upon a meek preacher of salvation, "to stamp the Holy Ghost out of him," seems almost incredible. Our incredulity, to be sure, is considerably abated, when we see how a respectable Edinburgh reviewer, who, by his position and profession should have been refined and religious, could, in the beginning of this nineteenth century, talk of these "didactic artisans," "delirious mechanics," this "nest of consecrated cobblers," "the nasty and numerous vermin of Methodism." When we read such expressions, and remember that "he who hateth his brother is a murderer," we are prepared to conceive that the venom of Pharisaism and Sadducism combined, the fanaticism of daintiness and the fanaticism of ignorance, joining hands, might well have vented itself even upon the heads of men whose great offence was Gospel honesty, and even in such heart-sickening atrocities as occur so often in these first decades of Methodism.

It will be said, indeed, that these severities of the critic in

his closet and of the crowd on the common were provoked by the extravagances, if not of the preacher, yet of the hearers and receivers of the new doctrine. These may serve, to be sure, in some degree, to explain the general excitement of the unsympathizing, out of which their excesses of madness against the Methodists grew. Perhaps, however, for practical purposes, the shortest explanation of the fury which this people drew upon itself is as good as any, namely, *the indwelling of Satan in his children.*

Our author speaks repeatedly, and somewhat emphatically, of "the marvellous phenomena" which attended the preaching of Wesley and his fellow-laborers, "and which surprised them as much as their enemies." "The most singular fact about them is," he says, "that for a considerable time the superior ardor and eloquence of Whitefield did not produce them, while under the calmer and more logical preaching of Wesley people dropped on every side, as if thunderstruck. It is also noteworthy, that, from the date of his return from Germany down to this time (1738 - 1740), not one of his texts, as recorded in his journals, was of a severe or terrific character, but they were, as in most of his life, selected from the 'great and precious promises,' or related to the nature and means of personal religion. Yet under such preaching did hardened, as well as sensitive hearers, fall around him like men shot in battle." Two or three years later Wesley went into a special examination of the subject. "He found, first, that all persons who had been thus affected were in perfect health, and had not before been subject to convulsions of any kind; second, that these new affections had come upon them in a moment, without any previous notice, while they were either hearing the preaching or thinking on what they had heard; third, that they usually dropped down, lost their strength, and were seized with violent pain. Their feelings they described differently. Some said they felt as if a sword was running through them; others thought a great weight lay upon them, as if it would press them into the earth. Some said they were quite choked, and found it difficult to breathe, that their hearts swelled, ready to burst; others, that the whole body seemed rending to pieces." His brother Charles, it is said, "who attached less

importance to these marvels, subsequently found, at Newcastle, that the propensity to morbid imitation, which played so many and such epidemic follies in the ecclesiastical history of the Middle Ages, had not a little to do with them." John Wesley, we are told in a note, "seemed always to be puzzled by these problems; his opinions respecting them were, throughout his life, exceedingly vague, if not contradictory." The author seems to think, with "most Methodists," that such physical irregularities "are to be as far as possible repressed, for the power of the work does not lie in them"; but he promises to treat the subject more fully hereafter, and to the fulfilment of that promise we look forward with no small interest. For ourselves we are of Paul's opinion, that "God is not the author of confusion, but of peace, as in all churches of the saints"; and while we often feel sensibly the want of response in our Rational congregations, and are refreshed by the occasional hearty utterance of a sonorous amen to the Lord's or the preacher's word, we cannot but feel that our Methodist brethren have generally carried to an extreme the depending upon sensible evidence and demonstration of spiritual things, — that they have too often challenged the name, not of *Methodists* merely, but of *Mechanists*, in their ways of speaking and acting with regard to the operation of the Holy Spirit; and while we respect and honor and thank Methodism as a part of a great liberal and humanitarian movement in Church history, that is, in the history of civilization, we think that its *peculiar* methods and influences will become less important as general culture advances, while some of those liberal doctrines and sentiments, and habits of thought and action, for which it is, half unconsciously, perhaps, preparing the way, will rise, with the progress of true civilization, that is, of practical Christianity, into higher and higher appreciation. In our view, it is plainly the destiny of human nature, God's offspring, that the head should guide the heart, that the intellectual should preside over the animal part of our constitution. Here lies the true safety, glory, divinity, of man. The religion of forms and sensations is good as it prepares the way for the pure religion of a thoughtful, pious, kindly, *informal* life, contented in itself,

reverent before God, and charitable to man, *uniformly and uninterruptedly.*

Methodism has had a grand mission to fulfil in modern Christendom ; a mission of mediation, we might say, between differing sects on the one hand, and between an exclusive church and a neglected world on the other. And there is a moral majesty in the firm and sure tread with which it has marched to the accomplishment of its work.

In dogmatics, Methodism has always been a standing protest, or rather persuasive, against bigotry. We can willingly believe that the repugnance which the wise father of Methodism felt for theological controversy arose mainly from the twofold apprehension, first, that it would distract and deaden the practical zeal and efficiency of the converts, and secondly, that it might engender bitterness and pride. To quote Mr. Withington's application of the text, he feared that *a viper might come out of the heat*. It is our opinion and experience, that, of all Christian sects, the Methodists are those with whom, in their theological position, the so-called Liberal Christians can most easily sympathize. Our chief practical difference in this respect would probably be, that controversy, which they dread as poison, we regard as the angel that stirs the pool of our Protestant faith, and keeps it from stagnating. Wesley carried his dread of controversy to such an extreme, that on one occasion he laments that he had to "spend near ten minutes in controversy with some Baptists, more than he had done in public for many months, perhaps years, before." For our own part, we do not believe that in the age which is coming, nay, which now is, it is going to be quite practicable for Christian men to agree to use the same, even though they are Scriptural, words and phrases, when we understand them so differently as we do, without telling each other plainly, and asking ourselves distinctly, what we mean by them. We may call what this must lead to *conference* or *controversy*, at any rate it is *reasoning together*, and in some form or other is an important help towards the attainment of the truth which sanctifies the soul.

But we honor and admire Wesley's degree of neutrality in so far as it arose from his making the practical doctrines of religion and Scripture the essential ones, and the practical char-

acter of the dogma the grand test of its importance. Bravely has Methodism contended against the predominance of the merely speculative tendency in the Christian character and Church. And when we think of Wesley's position between Calvinism on the one hand and Pelagianism on the other, we do not remember a better illustration than he and his disciples afford of the pithy saying of "Lacon," that "we should act with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from themselves, and pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God."

The peculiar power of Methodism lies in the practical, wise, humane tendency of its efforts. "By their fruits ye shall know them" is its leading motto, and we believe it can well abide this test. No church, except the Roman Catholic, can compare with the Methodist in the active determination to do away the reproof that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." No church has done so much, (notwithstanding what has been or may be said about the despotic *power* of its hierarchy,) to defend the doctrine of the equal sanctity of sincere ministers of God, whether formally ordained or not; a favorite saying among Methodists is, that "it takes the whole Church to preach the Gospel" (certainly then to perform it).

Perhaps in no one quality did the founder of Methodism more nearly resemble his great Master, than in that true wisdom which is born, not of fear, not of time-serving selfishness, but of God-serving love for the soul of man. That "wisdom from above" was conspicuous in every word and step of this holy man. It inspired that eminent tact by which he felt his way along, *desiring barely to follow Providence, as it gradually opened*. It manifests itself in his pithy comments upon incident and character,—in the very neatness and nicety of his style of expression,—in the pat use of Scripture texts. It was strikingly exhibited in the way (*ingenious* without ceasing to be *ingenuous*) in which he steered clear of the dangers that lay in the Quietism of the Moravians, the Calvinism of Whitefield, and the Ecclesiasticism of Charles Wesley, and in the eclectic spirit that got what was good from each, the quietness from Quietism, the sentiment of the sovereignty of

Divine grace from Calvinism, and from Ecclesiasticism that reverence for "Heaven's first law" which made him for years cling to the hope of reforming the English Church without going out of it, and indeed to the day of his death unwilling to do more than provide against the future contingency "that Methodism would be compelled, sooner or later, to take an independent and permanent form."

We are not sure that Methodism can be as successfully defended against the charge of a tendency (or liability) to bigotry in matters of Christian discipline, as in those of doctrine. Nobly, indeed pre-eminently, have the Methodists held forth and carried out the precept, "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all for the glory of God." Strenuously have they contended for the infusing of religion all through the daily life; but whether they have not been in danger of making the maxim read "life for religion" instead of "religion for life," whether they have not too often adopted too narrow and formal and precise an idea of what religion is, and judged other men's character and conduct with an unwise severity, is a question we are not prepared to answer in the negative.

Of one thing we are confident, that the Methodist movement will be so guided by a good Providence, as to be made a mighty help towards the reign of brotherly equality among men, and of that genuine and wholesome universalism in theology, upon which we believe the coming of that heavenly kingdom so much depends.

ART. IV.—RECENT WORKS ON SYRIA AND THE HOLY LAND.

1. *Asia Mineure et Syrie. Souvenirs de Voyages par MME. LA PRINCESSE DE BELGIOJOSO.* Paris: Michael Levy. 1858. 8vo. pp. 424.
2. *Palestine, Past and Present, with Biblical, Literary, and Scientific Notices.* By REV. HENRY S. OSBORN, A.M. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son. 1859. Royal 8vo. pp. 600.
3. *The Land and the Book, or Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and Scenery of the Holy Land.* By W. M. THOMSON, D.D. New York: Harpers. 1859. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 560, 614.

C. F. Bingham.

Books of Syrian travel and descriptions of the Holy Land have received already their full share of notice in the pages of this journal; and perhaps our readers are already weary of these topics. This consideration has hindered us from bringing into prominent notice several entertaining volumes in French and English which have come to our hands, and it will prevent us in the present instance from occupying the space to which the fit treatment of the theme might seem otherwise lawfully entitled. The "Christian Examiner" ought not, certainly, to neglect any important work on the land of the Saviour, or any valuable contribution to Biblical geography.

The three works above named are valuable and important: the first, from the rank, reputation, and ability of its author; the second, from the magnificent style in which it is issued; and the third, from the novelty of its plan and the fulness and variety of its details. The sacrifices and sufferings of the Princess Belgiojoso in behalf of freedom, not less than her keen wit and her rare powers of observation, would bespeak respectful attention to any work that might come from her pen. This volume, on Asia Minor and Syria, is the best fruit of her years of exile. It illustrates her patience and her courage, and shows that the spirit which could brave Austrian tyranny, and lose for conscience' sake a princely heritage, can be as firm and calm in encountering Arab robbers, and in enduring the fatigues of journeys in the wilderness. One of the charming features of this volume is its radiant cheerfulness.

It has none of the morbid tone of Lamartine or Didier; the exile never seems to feel her solitude, or regret what she has lost; we are not vexed with sighs and lamentings, or perpetual comparisons of Syrian skies and hills with the skies and hills of France or Italy. But even without a pilgrim's faith, with a constant sly rationalism amusing itself over the legends of monkery in the Holy Land, this traveller goes on from city to city, over Taurus and Lebanon and the mountains of Ephraim, with all the zeal and joy of a "passionate pilgrim."

The chapters of this volume of the Princess Belgiojoso were originally published in successive numbers of the *Révue des Deux Mondes*. They contain the record of a journey made in the first half of the year 1852, from her home in Anatolia to the city of Jerusalem, and of her return by a different route. The whole of this difficult and dangerous journey was made by land, — a feat which practised travellers of the other sex have rarely accomplished, and which is still more remarkable when performed by a woman of delicate organization, in company with an invalid daughter, and with no male companion of her own rank and country. Of the privations and perils incident to such a journey the Princess found no lack; but she passed gayly through them all, and in the end her expedition was a success. It acquainted her with the characteristics of primitive races, it opened before her new scenes of natural beauty, and enabled her more intelligently to compare the various sects of the East, and to judge more candidly the institutions of monasticism. Her views on these topics are the best things in the record which she has given.

The account which Madame Belgiojoso gives of Southern Syria, of what is properly Palestine, is more superficial than her sketch of Asia Minor and Northern Syria, and is, we are sorry to say, frequently inaccurate. She neglects to see much that an orthodox curiosity would have sought; her Biblical knowledge is rather confused, and her mistakes of names are quite annoying. She calls Naplous (the ancient Shechem) "*l'ancienne Samarie*," whereas the true site of Herod's capital is the town of Sebastieh, on a hill two hours northwest of Naplous. She blunders about the names of tombs in the valley of Jehosaphat; says that the row of remarkable monu-

ments in that ravine mark the resting-place of "Absalom and two of his companions"; calls the grotto of Jeremiah, near the Damascus Gate, "the grotto of Isaiah"; sees *fish* in the Dead Sea; finds herself on the plain of Jericho "*sur les lieux mêmes où les terribles trompettes de Gédéon avaient retenti*," forgetting that Gideon's battle was on the plain of Jezreel, while *Joshua's* trumpets sounded the assault at Jericho; calls Djenin "*Djer-rim*," and Batroun "*Badoun*"; finds neither "beauty nor character" in the Lake of Tiberias and its environs; and gives throughout most hasty and imperfect descriptions of the sacred localities which she visits, particularly of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. She evidently has more interest in the existing life of Palestine than in its sacred legends. Manners and customs, men and things; women in the harem, whose life she was permitted frequently and fully to witness; Oriental dances, the graceless indecency of which she does not try to veil by fine words, as do so many travellers of the other sex; Aleppo boils, the absurd inconvenience of which she painfully experienced; the richness of Damascus houses; the consul's hogs at Alexandretta, which her American servant mistook for "dogs of a rare species, and could not be convinced of his error"; Lebanon cedars, with the names of visitors carved on their trunks, reminding her of a hotel register; Protestant missionaries, whose sincerity she praises, but the success of whose labors she does not estimate very highly; and American travellers, a class by themselves;—such topics as these are touched and set off in her piquant style. We quote as a specimen her notice of an American travelling party, which she met at Bludan, near Damascus:—

"The group which most drew my attention was composed of four young ladies, belonging to what is called in America the 'aristocracy,' that is to say, to families a long time settled in the New World, and enjoying all the advantages of fortune. These damsels were intrusted to a lady (*une dame*), whom, at the risk of offending, and in default of a more fit phrase of comparison, I should rank in the category of the 'boarding-house keeper.' The said lady dragged after her a wretched husband, always on the border of the tomb. Inconvenient as was this situation, it in no way hindered the progress of the travellers, for the lady was profoundly convinced that movement and change of air

are marvellously suited to delicate health. These four young ladies, and their couple of instructors, had run through Egypt and the Syrian desert, and were now proposing to finish their instructive travel by a residence of some months in the chief capitals of Europe. 'In the mean time they had visited the states of Queen Zenobia, where the Arabs had crowned the governess' queen of Palmyra, a title that only Lady Hester Stanhope had borne before her (to say nothing of Zenobia). This coronation had not been foreseen by the relatives of the four young misses. But leaving aside this little episode, I do not see how such a journey, done on camels, in desert regions and among Arabs, could contribute to form the minds and hearts of these young women, destined to live in another hemisphere, in the midst of a very different civilization and society, or aid them to become submissive daughters, faithful wives, or sagacious mothers. I do not contend that such a journey must do them any harm, beyond the risk of sun-strokes, local fevers, or some physical accident; but I regard it as wholly unnecessary, and it seems to me, moreover, that the parents who think it proper and useful would do well to administer themselves this cordial to their children. Not waiting for my opinion to be adopted by the heads of families in the United States, our four young ladies kept on in their wanderings, drawing after them some young European travellers of leisure, while the learned 'Queen of Palmyra' read aloud indifferently well, to the young ladies and gentlemen, some passages of the Scripture genealogies, or some geographical treatises, 'in order,' said she, 'that the young people may get from their journey all desirable profit.'"

The work of Mr. Osborn is a work of more pretension than the Princess Belgiojoso's modest record of travel. It is issued in the same elegant style as the "Jerusalem" of Dr. Barclay, which we noticed in this journal a year ago. In the copy which has been sent to us the *Preface* is omitted, as was the case in the first edition of Dr. Barclay's work. We cannot say, therefore, that the author has intended to offer this as a scientific and exhaustive account of the Holy Land, or that he claims for his book what the publisher's advertisements have claimed for it. If so, he has certainly failed. The book has striking merits; its paper and type are of the best quality; the large number of wood and steel engravings are admirably executed; the chromographs of birds and flowers are very beautiful, — though we cannot say as much for the chromo-

graphs of Beirût, the Syrian Castle, and the Lake of Tiberias, which are absurdly over-colored and unlikelike, or of the Map of Palestine, which is included among them, but is given without any coloring. The geographical appendix, with the latitudes, longitudes, and Scriptural references of every place mentioned in the Bible, is very full and convenient; the notes at the bottom of the page make great show of learning, and supply by their variety an occasional lack of accuracy; and the style is easy and clear, and not more egotistic than we might expect from a writer who adds to his name on the title-page,—"A. M., Prof. Natural Science in Roanoke College, Salem, Va., Member of the American Scientific Association, and Hon. Member of Malta (Mediterranean) Scientific Institute"!

Mr. Osborn's personal knowledge of the Holy Land is even more limited than that of ordinary tourists. He did not visit Hebron, Gaza, Cæsarea Philippi, Acre, or Mount Carmel, though he prefixes the name of Carmel to one of his chapters. Askelon and Ashdod, and the whole Philistine country, are omitted from his survey. We cannot see that he has added anything by way of discovery, either in antiquities, names, or localities, to what more deliberate investigators have noticed. His historical discussions seem to be taken up from a solemn sense of duty, and to be as much out of place as they are heavy and tiresome. He undertakes in the third chapter to describe the Druses; how correctly may be inferred from the fact that most of his information is drawn from the prejudiced work of Volney. Mr. Osborn makes no mention of Colonel Churchill's work, which he evidently has not seen, and alludes to De Sacy, only to misspell his name. What is meant by the singular statement (p. 81), that the Maronites made "innovations upon the Druses"? We must take leave, moreover, to question the justness of Mr. Osborn's views on the subject of the "horn" which the Druse matrons are accustomed to wear. His argument to show that the Scriptural use of the term has no bearing upon this custom, because *tantâr* and *keren* are different words, seems to us very unsatisfactory. Indeed, all the critical discussions in the volume could be spared without injury. Mr. Osborn is more at home in geology, conchology,

and natural science generally, than in ecclesiastical history or archæology, and only in the former provinces is he a competent observer. What he says about the rocks, shells, flowers, and animals is worth remembering. We are not, however, ready to believe that any shell has been, or will be, found in Palestine, of "several feet diameter" (p. 164). His mention of the curious sponge which he found near Sarepta, full of little hairs of flint, is new, so far as we can remember. So also is his plan of the mosque at Hebron, which he gives in default of any personal narrative of a visit to this town.

Some of Mr. Osborn's illustrations are queer. He is reminded by the wrath of his dragoman of the ready-written sermons sold in London, "in a certain little street, — warranted orthodox, never preached, and twenty minutes." His argument to prove that the Bedouins are *Deists*, and only *Deists*, is original. His views on the subject of Italian angels, — "quite below par," as he expresses it, "their heads, wings, and feathers as common as mosquitos," — are very edifying. He was privileged to hear a *bell* from the hill of Nebi Ismail at Nazareth; a privilege which no traveller has enjoyed before him, and for which a lively imagination must aid the sense of hearing. In the little mosque on Olivet, he saw a "hole in the rock several inches wide and as many deep, where we were gravely told that the Saviour left the mark of his walking-stick when he made his ascension." The attendant must have been making sport of his master's credulity. The hole of which he speaks has scarcely an inch of superficial depth, is in the form of a foot-print, and has been regarded, from Jerome to Chateaubriand, by all orthodox pilgrims, as the last foot-print of the Saviour. No respectable guide would treat it so irreverently as to call it the impression of a *walking-stick*. He sees, too, from a point near Jerusalem, the waters of the Jordan "blue against a background of hills, and very beautiful in the early sunlight." To enjoy such a view, he must have used some highly refracting optical medium, since the waters of the Jordan are too densely shaded by their bordering thickets to be seen directly from any distant point. His judgment of the Arabs of Jericho is as much too harsh as his judgment of the Christians of Bethlehem is too favorable. It is unwise for

any man to pronounce dogmatically upon the morals of a town which he has seen only for an hour or two, or of a people whose language he cannot understand. The statement that one of Saladin's names was "Job" will be new to most readers, who had supposed that his name was "Yussef"; as indeed Mr. Osborn in another place (p. 248) allows that it was. His estimate of the length of the plain of Gennesaret is far out of the way. He calls it "half a mile wide and one and a half miles long." To double these proportions would not be unjust. And his estimate of the descent from Nazareth to the Lake of Tiberias is hopelessly obscure. It is impossible to comprehend his calculations, or understand what he means, when he says that the land between this lake and the Mediterranean near Tuvan, a little village about ten miles west of the town of Tiberias, is fifteen hundred and twenty-five feet. Tuvan, if only ten miles west of Tiberias, would be much nearer to the Sea of Galilee than to the Mediterranean, as the distance in a right line between the two seas is not less than twenty-five miles. Mr. Osborn, in his loose measurements, is very different from Dr. Robinson, whom he evidently tries to imitate in his style of observation.

The work of Dr. Thomson is more unpretending in its tone and less elegant in its dress than the ponderous work of Mr. Osborn which we have noticed. Its intrinsic worth is, nevertheless, far greater. If we cannot speak of it in terms of unqualified praise, and are compelled emphatically to differ from many of its topographical conclusions, we do not the less cheerfully commend it as a real addition to our knowledge of the Holy Land, and a most important aid in the interpretation of the Scriptures. It goes over a great deal of ground, more than we remember in any single work in the English tongue, describes many places which no previous traveller has described, and mentions even in familiar places many things which had before escaped notice. It brings the whole land before us, exploring every nook and corner, from Phœnicia to the Arabian desert. Scarcely any portion of the zigzag route which Dr. Thomson follows lies on the beaten track of travel. He takes the reader to see every object of interest, whether in tradition, natural scenery, or social importance. Very numer-

ous woodcuts embellish the volume, and assist the reader; but, unfortunately, the engraving does not well second the original design, and scenes that are new and attractive are very coarsely presented. The Harpers' editions are never remarkable for the excellence of their woodcuts.

Dr. Thomson's long residence in the Holy Land, his intimate acquaintance with the language and manners of the people, his frequent excursions northward, southward, and eastward, his connection with more than one scientific exploring party, his opportunities to revise, correct, and mature his opinions, would insure for him a substantial and well-considered treatise. Such a work may be regarded as not the least valuable fruit of his mission and life in Syria. If his success in making converts from the various tribes of Syria has been scanty, he will at least in these volumes return to the churches and pastors of his native land good interest for their outlay. His excessive reverence for the letter of the Sacred Word, which shows itself on all occasions, will not annoy the great majority of his readers, but only seem to render his criticisms more trustworthy. Dr. Thomson is an upholder of the literal Scripture against all the cavils of rationalists and all the conclusions of science. "Thus saith the Lord" is sufficient for him, and he would not weaken by any doubt those decisive words. Every miracle must stand as it is literally recorded, in the Old Testament not less than the New. It must be a *whale* which swallowed Jonah, and not a shark or any other fish, because Jesus said it was a whale, and Jesus of course knew. Every act that the Scripture seems to praise, Dr. Thomson feels bound to defend, however questionable its morality. He elaborately argues that Jael was honorable in her treachery to Sisera, and that it was a holy deed when she drove the nail into the temples of her sleeping guest. He cannot see that Jacob's trick to cheat Esau was morally fair, yet he will not doubt its morality, since God chose Jacob, and not Esau. Sometimes he indulges in ingenious pleadings to reconcile fact with the hyperbolical language of the record, as in the case of Samson with the foxes. He is a strict believer in the prophecies as they apply to Jesus; yet, strange to say, he admits the *accommodation* theory in some other applications

of the Old Testament prophecies. This bibliolatry, which may diminish the authority of his volumes with scholars, will undoubtedly give them a wider popularity with the mass of the religious community.

The quasi-dialogue form which Dr. Thomson has adopted, while it prolongs his narrative, lends to this a charm, and makes it easy reading. It is not often that the Socratic method has been applied to a book of travel or geographical information. The effect of it here is certainly very pleasant. Minute as it is, the narrative is never tedious. It was a nice artistic sense which led the author to begin his story at Beirût, the most unbiblical of all the Southern Syrian cities, and end it with Bethany and the Mount of Ascension. Dr. Thomson has grouped picturesquely his redundant materials. He passes from grave to gay, from poetry to history, from fresh flowers to ancient ruins, from meditation to arguments, with a delightful facility. Many of his sketches were written in the fields, on horseback, or beneath the tent, and, throughout, his description of scenery is from present view, and not from memory. His book has no mark of a compilation; and the works of other travellers have been as little drawn upon as Cruden and Calmet. No volumes of the size that we have ever seen furnish so much material for a new Bible Dictionary. Professor Hackett's excellent notes added much to our store of Scriptural illustration, but Dr. Thomson's volumes add far more. They illustrate the natural history of the Bible, the customs, the art, the trade, all the incidents of ancient Jewish life, and, above all, the parables, miracles, and discourses of the Saviour, with a singular freshness and fulness. The details which are given about the dove and the olive, may excuse the needless accompanying vindication of Ararat as the resting-place of the ark. The remarks about the oak are very suggestive, in spite of one or two inelegant expressions, and of the superfluous inquiry whether Abraham dwelt under an *oak* or a *terebinth*, or Absalom was caught by an *alah* or an *allon*. The double index, first of topics treated, and secondly of Scripture texts illustrated, given at the end of each volume, will make these numerous illustrations easier of access.

Such a work may be deemed indispensable to any religious teacher.

Were we to specify the interesting topics treated in this work of Dr. Thomson, we should not know where to begin, or when to stop. It is much easier, though much less pleasant, to note the few defects in what is so full of merit and entertainment; and we may perhaps be excused for saying, that, as an archæological reasoner, Dr. Thomson does not seem to us very careful or altogether candid. He differs with Dr. Robinson often, without giving any reason for his difference; and where his reasons are given, they are, as we think, unsatisfactory. His theory of the site of Capernaum may be allowed to pass; but his remarks upon the topography of Jerusalem are superficial, and his scornful rejection of the traditional site of Gethsemane discredits him as a critic of sacred places. After the ample discussion in the volumes of Robinson and others, one would hardly think that Dr. Thomson could say of the "Tombs of the Kings,"—"I know no good reason for ascribing them to Helena of Adiabene." Is it fair, too, a year after the publication of Barclay's Jerusalem, to say of Bethphage, that it is a town "of which no one now knows anything"? Dr. Thomson, we are constrained to say, treats the discussions of topographers with too much of contempt, and has not the heart to tolerate, as he has not the patience to follow, their ingenious inquiries. Yet he is sometimes quite ready with his own conjectures. He holds, for instance, that the Sychar of the Saviour's time was a different city from the Shechem of the Patriarchs and the modern Nablous; gives as a reason why Jesus never entered Tiberias, that he would become *cereemonially unclean* by walking among its deserted tombs and its degraded populace,—forgetting all at once how Jesus healed lepers and ate with sinners; says of Salim and Enon (which Dr. Barclay has discovered in the vicinity of Jerusalem), that "they *must* have been in the Ghor" of Beisan; adopts the notion that the feet of the messengers on Zion are beautiful because they *stand* on that hill, and not because they *run*, as the most approved modern comment would render it; confounds the "grinders" in Ecclesiastes xii. 3, with "the sound of the grinding" in the following verse, taking no note of the

common opinion, which Macdonald, the last English commentator on Ecclesiastes has repeated, that the "grinders" mean the teeth; denies entirely that the *tares* are wheat *degenerated*; and is quite as ready to catch up correspondence of modern and ancient names, as the slower critics, whose habit in this regard does not seem to please him. The errors of fact in these volumes of Dr. Thomson are few and slight. He sets the Levites upon Ebal instead of Gerizim, gives a wrong title to the church at Bethlehem, and, greatly to our surprise, alters the order of narrative in the book of Samuel, insisting that David played before Saul *after*, and not before, the battle with Goliath. In style the volumes are open to occasional criticism, sometimes for looseness, and now and then in matter of taste. It is hardly dignified to speak of "raising the wind to build a church," or to speak of the "itch" for trading, with the offensive word in italics. A few passages betray the doctrinal ideas of the author, and will sound disagreeably to our unorthodox ears; as where Dr. Thomson speaks of "the God-man, the Divine Logos," sailing on the Galilean Sea; or of the smiling, beautiful infant as a "moral leper," with the poison of leprosy in its soul. Passages such as these are revolting, and stain the general humanity of the book.

We take leave of these volumes with the expression of regret that want of space has prevented us from giving them more adequate notice. We had hoped to include with the works of these three authors the very important Jewish work of Fraukl. But this deserves more than the remnant of an article, and we shall acquaint our readers more fully hereafter with its curious revelations.

6. 9. 1859. ~~ART. A.~~ ~~DR. ICHABOD NICHOLS.~~

1. *A Sermon preached at Portland, Maine, at the Funeral of Rev. Ichabod Nichols, D. D., Pastor of the First Church in Portland.* By ANDREW P. PEABODY, Pastor of the South Church in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Published by Request. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, and Company. 1859.
2. *A Ray of Light from his Countenance. A Sermon preached in the Church of the First Parish in Portland, Maine, on Sunday, January 9, 1859, being the first Sunday after the Public Funeral Ceremonies of the Rev. Ichabod Nichols, D. D.* By HORATIO STEBBINS, Pastor of the Parish. Portland: Printed by David Tucker. 1859.

SOME time since, there appeared in many issues of the daily press a paragraph announcing the death in Cambridge of Ichabod Nichols,—telling the public that he was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on the 5th of July, 1784,—that he bore his father's name,—that he graduated at Harvard College with the highest honors in the celebrated class of 1802,—that he was Mathematical Tutor in the College, and pursued theological studies from 1805 to 1809, on the 7th of January of which year he became colleague pastor with Dr. Samuel Deane of the First Church in Portland, Maine,—that, after the decease of Dr. Deane, he was sole minister until 1855, when, on account of feeble health, he relinquished active duty,—that he published in 1830 an able work on Natural Theology,—had the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity twice conferred on him,—was member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences,—was twice married,—and left, beside his afflicted partner, for his only surviving children, two sons from his first marriage.

We are not sure but the majority of readers, in the universal public, glanced with little interest at even this short record, as respecting one on the dim circumference of their observation, if not altogether out of sight. But we have to say, that to many these few sentences brought back the image of a man, once fairly seen, never to be forgotten. A figure reappeared, noticeable among ten thousand for the surpassing intellectual expression that crowned a vigorous and finely developed physi-

cal frame, and for the moral lustre that played over features, we might not at first judge whether to describe as more beautiful or majestic in their mould. He resembles Goethe, it was often said : and with all the inequalities of nature on one side or the other which such a comparison might immediately, if not amusingly, suggest, some likeness in internal breadth of faculty and versatility of taste might answer to this suspicion of outward similitude. *Trust to the forehead*, runs the Latin phrase ; and a believer in external signs might well remark in him the brow, beneath which was an eye mostly half veiled with its lids or perseveringly bent on the ground, but, when lifted, piercing, Napoleon-like, to the beholder's soul ; as in all the great, and the greatest of all "that wore our garments on him," something peculiar has been in the look. In the face of that doubt which all posthumous panegyric proverbially encounters, and remembering how many there are to consider all eulogy, in the same light that Dr. Johnson did all eloquence, as exaggeration, we yet presume to bring our fearless attestation of his rarely paralleled magnitude, and in many ways exquisite harmony, of soul.

But if he was great, why did he not make that pervading impression of himself ? We answer, they are not alone great who are commonly understood and confessed to be such. "The world knows nothing of its greatest men," says, in his Philip van Artevelde, Henry Taylor. When a distinguished statesman, who had played an important part in the politics of the day, was spoken of as great, *Yes*, replied a thoughtful person in the company, *he was a great man prominent ; there are great men retired*. Thomas Carlyle, expressing to one of our countrymen his admiration of Daniel Webster, proceeded to say that Webster's comparatively obscure father, in his New Hampshire struggles and achievements, was probably a greater man ; — and it is a question whether the unconscious virtue of the wilderness, with scarce a spectator but One to regard it, has not often, in the sight of that One, vied with and outstripped the self-conscious and most applauded merits of cultivated life. Let not our statement be one-sided and extravagant. We have no idea that men are always and necessarily mistaken in the man they choose for their repre-

sentative, hero, or chief. Greatness may be eminent ; but eminence is not greatness, nor is measureless success, — for little men are sometimes, by accident of affairs, or a humor of the hour, or skilful ambition of their own, lifted up, — as Alexander Pope says, pigmies may be perched on Alps, while pyramids are in the vales. He may or may not be a great man who is loudly so denominated, to whom presents of silver plate are made, on whom literary dignities are conferred, whose name is written in resolutions of eulogy or epitaphs of panegyric on a splendid tomb.

Not impertinent are these remarks ; for the person of whom we speak was emphatically one of the great, unknown in the measure of his greatness : for not alone may some unsuspected and self-concealing author of a matchless book deserve for a while to be so entitled ; but how many scores of persons in every generation are unweighed in the proper moment of their words or deeds ! We know of no contemporary of whom this statement is so remarkably true as of our present subject. We live at a time when many a poor talent is blown in extempore blasts of the trumpet of fame. He had no single feature in common with those notorieties which the diffusion of knowledge, the theory of all men's equality, and the field of boundless opportunity have brought forth, especially in America, of all parts of the world, the most abundant crop. He made no figure in the world adequate to the essential proportions of his mind. His name was not read, as some rather ordinary ones are, in half the newspapers of the land. He was not advertised as a brilliant lecturer, magnificent orator, or able reviewer and keen critic of other men. Some unprincipled diplomatists, high-titled officials, half-piratical adventurers, shall have their doings and sayings in the memories and mouths of men wider than his shall ever come to be. But, as, at the final arbitrament of human destinies, those whose excellence has been so secret and undistinguished they are not aware of it themselves, shall be singled out and brought forth for their reward ; so we think it becoming to imitate a little on earth the principles of the supreme bar. If sometimes a departed personage is magnified because of a demand in the community, sometimes he ought to be magnified because

there is no demand or proper appreciation. Yet, of course, all causes in mind or matter must have relative effects; and this man, though no popular celebrity, was a mighty power to all intelligently within the sound of his voice, the moral breath of his atmosphere, and private circle of his acquaintance. All his peers knew him and felt him, and came to his mind as to a mint; and it has long been with us both a particular pleasure to hear the earnest acknowledgments of his unpretending claims, and also a measure of others' title to belong to the same spiritual peerage, that they had a heart to award them. Said one of the strongest theologians of our age, *I am always quick to perceive when I meet anybody the grip of whose thought is firmer than my own*; and we do not believe any one ever talked with Dr. Nichols, when his rational and religious faculties were fairly mustered, who did not own an equal, if not over-match and master. *He has an instinct for the truth, he tends to the largest views*, said one, after hearing him discourse, at their Annual Conference, to his brethren of the clergy. A friend and contemporary of Dr. Channing tells us that *he*, after listening to his brother Nichols, — whom it seems he was willing to consult as to the merit of his own discourse, — said emphatically, as he went down from the desk, *I could not have done that, — he is my superior*. If the very modesty of this comparative self-judgment may in some respects draw its accuracy into doubt, — and we must recognize in the elder and far more noted minister a charm of style, an art of method, a fineness of taste, a boldness in handling public questions, a faculty of continued meditation on single points, a far-sighted plan of influence, and a broad philanthropy, transcending any kindred manifestations in the object of his praise, — we must allow, on the other hand, that, in reference to organic intellectual robustness, original ability for thinking, and gigantic swing of energy in the chosen theme, such a decision may have been no more lowly than right, though rarely, in the open theatre of fame or sheltered walk of social life, have we a case of such generous admiration to quote. But this is no solitary tribute. One of the most remarkable philosophic and imaginative writers of our country told us, his fancy was so kindled by a Duddleian Lecture, delivered by Dr. Nichols, that he was con-

strained to send him a letter, to which the shrinking preacher made no reply.

As appropriate aids in determining his position, we adduce only some specimens of the estimate in which the highest scholars and teachers themselves held this Doctor of Divinity indeed. Such are befitting witnesses. For, after cherishing the sentiment of universal good-will to our fellow-creatures, we should, next, stand by our order, where we move in the great army of humanity; and among his fellows, belonging to the same rank and order of no vulgar nobility, every one who came in contact with him inevitably took something of his stamp and superscription. He was great, not in the dry, cold light of reason only, wide as was her window in his soul, but had innate pith and instinctive energy. He was no spectator merely, according to the image in the song of Lucretius, surveying the field of conflict in which he would not engage, and for whose combatants he did not care, but rather impassioned and quickly kindled with a holy zeal, if self-distrust hindered him from striking as a leader into the thick of the fight. None, indeed, could touch him without getting burnt with his glorious heat. There is much show of ardor, which is like the theatre's paper-scenery with its painted flame. But no geyser or crater ever sent up a warmer column than that hot-spring and sparkle of his real zeal. One of the most eloquent of men, his eloquence was of the most inartificial and unaffected kind. How far tricks of gesture and compass of intonation, practised under an elocutionist or before the glass, will go with an audience! How utterly he stood in the opposite extreme from this, every one that has heard him speak knows well enough. The near-sighted man, no artist at all in his composition or speech, stood up, holding his paper in one hand, not knowing what became of the other, the new wine of the Holy Ghost, of which like the disciples at Pentecost he was full, animating every fibre, his inspiration not so much expressed as escaping from him, oozing or darting, getting out as it could, in a shiver of the nerves, an involuntary shrug of the shoulders, — or a sudden gaze at the audience, which, though many might not understand all he had been saying, seemed to penetrate every bosom, — till, as we have seen,

in the street or country, a whirlwind commence its motion at one little spot, the spirit of the pulpit, in his best essays, as a mighty blast swept the whole congregation, wherever at least was any sensibility to receive it, and the members of the meeting, profoundly stirred, and not conferring with flesh and blood, walked slowly in their heavenly musing home. One, at least, must here in this tribute affirm how frequently he was left reflecting whether anything in the universe was worth thinking of save this eternal truth and law of God! Truly in him a nature of surpassing reach showed its extraordinary size, not, like the earth-born Anakim, in the gross weight he could lift, but in the extent and splendor of the inspiration he let through!

Is not here, then, a lesson of the nature of that greatness which is the topic and the cant of so much of our discourse, as we ascribe it, perhaps very loosely and incorrectly, to things and persons and performances within our sphere? We, for our own part, confess, when we hearken to what goes for eloquence, when we observe who or what it is that frequently passes for great, when we read of the famous, who blaze in print, march the street, resound their designations on human lips, stand proudly up in church and state, and fill the air with the noise of their achievements, till they themselves boast and rejoice over those whose inferiors they essentially and immeasurably are, — that we feel disposed to turn and count it a duty to direct attention to the real great, as either in imperishable speech or congenial action they spread no shallow pools of display here and there, like patches all over a continent, but dig their Artesian wells of influence.

It is a specific quality of greatness to be, not occasional, but permanent. *He delivers himself admirably to an assembly*, it was said of one, *but when he descends from the desk, he is nothing!* With this man there was, in our knowledge of him, no such descent to dulness and disability. His visitations of power were quite as likely to be out of the pulpit as in it; and he could not so surely work himself up for an occasion, as some men of talent do, there being, as in the old demon of Socrates, an element divine and beyond his own command in the genius of the man. His conversation, or rather monologue, was as marvellous as the best of his preaching. It was

not a jet, but a flood ; not festival water-works, but Niagara. Often in the place where he was, after a few throws of the ball, remark and repartee would cease. Beginning to treat the subject in some original and masterly way, as though mesmerizing himself, or magnetized from above, he would gradually close his eyes, — as it were, leave the company and the room, sink into himself, and then soar, circle after circle, — as a bird draws its wing in and down before stretching it to fly, — into the third, into the seventh heaven, knowing no more than Paul did where or with whom he was, whether in the body or out of the body, as though he, too, heard unspeakable words, and, in his wondrous improvisation, repeated of them all it was lawful for a man to utter ; the unwinding of the revelation going on, till the listeners, who, like those men in Galilee, had stood gazing up into heaven, at last were astonished at the progress of the hands on the clock, and, as they looked on him, wondered whether they saw in him more of the angel of wisdom or the simplicity of a child. We never saw any one who in conversation gave so much ; and the longer it lasted, the better and higher, with wondrous ascending, it grew. After what we may be permitted to call a somewhat wide experience with men of superior talents for communication, we remember none whose lips were more unmistakably touched by a coal from the altar, or with whom the unfailing fuel was, in its bright consuming, so long.

May we not call it a lesson of greatness ? To be great is not to court approbation and thrust one's self into notice ; but to have noble thoughts of God and man, to cherish sublime affections and disinterested purposes, that look to God's glory and man's welfare. For light and aid in constructing a scale of such greatness, which may grow and tower in the humblest soul, what earthly or human measure, obtainable through any ephemeral notice or majority of votes, is comparable to these emanations from the Divinity in the breast ? Verily, the standard of what is or is to be great, is not planted on the highway ! When Jesus was born, he was laid in a manger, because there was no room in the inn, a fact suggesting some queries of perennial significance and world-wide application ! Who then had the first choice of chambers, nay, all the places

in that little village-hostelry of Bethlehem, that Mary, afterwards to be magnified by the Church as Mother of God, and Jesus, to rise to superhuman grandeur as the Saviour of the world, could not be admitted? We do not know who they were. There is no telling forevermore! That list of travellers has perished; host and guest are gone. No genealogy can save them, notable in Judæa as they may have been. The great ones were in the stable, and the World-Redeemer's cradle-song mingled with the lowing of the horned cattle, as Watts divinely sings. It is with the disciple often as with the Lord.

In an era and region of notabilities, as transitory as they are imposing, with many a flagrant instance before us how the varnish of manner and the unction of the outside person may be preferred to the well-beaten oil, and how easy the manufacture of artificial and rhetorical and accepted greatness is, we may well mark this point. Greatness, that is genuine, is never quite accommodated here. It lies in very lowly places sometimes, and its dimensions cannot be immediately taken. *A man passes for what he is worth*, is our rough proverb. Yes, with those that understand him, can enter into and go along with him. But how many always are they? Sometimes how scanty in number! With whom, after he grew to manhood, any more than when a babe, did Jesus Christ pass for what he was worth? How frequently his followers, too, like God's servants in the old dispensation, are strangers on the earth! Still is greatness a patriarch and pilgrim and private sojourner, without due entertainment here below. There is no room for it in terrestrial mansions. It asks heaven, it must pass into immortality for its ample space and verge, and it is itself the best evidence of the celestial dwelling and the everlasting life. There must be an abode for the tenant. The bells of churches rang, the clergy of every name assembled at the funeral of the good and great man of whom we speak, in spontaneous, instinctive testimony; but as everything that is really weighty in the sea floats mostly unseen, so deep beyond all such knowledge or celebration was that nature of his in communion with God, in the ocean of his love.

In truth, most great and singular of all in its fulness was the purely religious trait in his character. Vast as was his

general knowledge, delicate his power to weigh arguments or men, and potent the impassioned imagination which would often, like a compound blowpipe, melt the most refractory substances, and condense the long, cool process of reason as into a flying ball of fire, — this was invariably and infallibly discernible, that the fact, the logic, the electric bolt, were all in the service of piety and faith. His greatness was never more evident than in his exercise of prayer. His hearers, it is true, could not always, as we say, *follow* him in it. It was plain as the alphabet, and easy as Scripture, and flowing as the melody of a sacred verse, to him; but it was not indeed always clear and level to the apprehensions of those he was with. It sank into every depth of thought. It rose to every height of aspiration. It was a striving with the secret spirit; it was a ratiocination before the throne; it was a sublime colloquy with God. Now it would be simple as childhood's first lispings of its smallest words, and anon profound and complicated with considerations of the Divine Being which few human ones could comprehend. If a sermon by another had preceded it, in his concluding petition, sometimes, like a musician we have heard of, oblivious of time, he would reshape the theme at length, with glorifying accompaniments, in chambers of imagery the Deity might not refuse to enter, while mortal creatures were amazed at the solemn and artless splendor of this new sort of Holy of Holies. No ascriptions ever ascended where there was less of mere memory, mechanical form, or liturgical repetition; although perhaps it must be owned, in prayer as well as sermon, there was not seldom excess of involution, possibly occasional vagueness, and something of unsmelted ore, as well as the pure metallic gold of feeling and idea. This was the incidental defect in a grand posture of mind. It was the unknown, perhaps unknowable, language of profound and peculiarly individual conceptions of Deity. Like inscriptions on ancient obelisks, which the traveller from afar wonders at, but cannot read, he had parts of speech which were to listeners in general an unknown tongue, as indeed the utterance of the Spirit is as yet far from being all men's vernacular. *What are you looking at?* we ask of one whose eye is fixed long and eagerly in one

direction. High up always was the aspect of this man. Truth and the God of truth were what he looked at and held for ever in lofty survey.

In fine, this was a man of great benignity. He disliked strife, stirred up no dividing questions, but carried, perhaps with over-caution, only the smoothing-plane of peace in his hand. He was, indeed, of a nervous and peculiar temperament. The most filial reverence must not be blind to the boundaries of its object; and none more than he could afford to have his limitations indicated without harm to his permanent repute. Definitions and negations may be unwelcome; but wholly worthless are words of indiscriminating praise. The estimate of a mountain's grandeur depends upon the light and shade, the sloping sides and huge ravines that mark its form against the sky; and slight and inevitable as its seams and valleys showed in this man's outline any apparent defects. Lovers and admirers sometimes are unwilling to suffer any deduction from their favorite saint or friend: he shall not have any shadow, but only a vertical sun shining on his head! But the shadow is a measure of the height; and how great can the stature be which casts none that is appreciable even by the common sight? Some may have found, in him whom we commemorate, variable moods, and more of general benevolence than particular regard. His manners certainly often had the most exquisite charm and exceeding attraction. His smile and his tone were both alike to the eye and ear benedictions. We have heard a departed elder in the ministry dilate on the almost unparalleled courtesy with which he was wont to receive his brethren at his own door. But this benignity was rather goodness to all who came within his view, than the special sympathy which, beyond immediate kindred and acquaintance, goes out to a multitude of individuals. It was a broad, far-shining light; not a row of candles, of which everybody could have one. It was a sun, which did not go travelling round from street to street, and whose rays would not reach you unless you went into them or opened your chamber-windows. He had not the talent or inclination to multiply himself. Invited to any service, he would, in declining, talk more sense than would be in another

man's performance, and enough, in good sooth, for all the parts. In the slight relation he had with most men, without or within his common round, some might find the principal deduction from his power, and a partial explanation of whatever was unsuccessful, as well as great, in his course. The reflective and absorbed, if not absent-minded man, did not habitually go far out of himself. The exquisite susceptibility of his frame caused in him a kind of timidity. He wanted his cloak; he feared the draught from the door; he felt unequal to the case; he dreaded the undertaking. He had almost to be dragged, if indeed anybody was strong enough to drag *him*, to be an actor in any scene of unusual excitement or exhibition. This was not from lack of will or earnestness. There was resolution enough in him, and, well housed as it was, combustible matter too; none of the stuff of manhood was left out. But intrinsic modesty often withstood enterprise and constrained to inaction. Many doubtless wondered the great man did not approach them. But if many in the community, as we have said, did not know he was great, he least of all knew it, or saw in any one's mind that reason for approaching or condescending. Like Moses, when the Almighty seemed almost to come down with him from the Mount, *he* wist not that his face shone. He was sensitive, and expected others' kindly regard and notice as much as they did his. Thus he may have fallen short.

Yet we must take a man for what he was on the whole, and not condemn him for default of what nature perhaps forbade him to be. *He is not — like somebody else!* — we exclaim. Why should he be? If he is like himself, and true to God's mission in himself, it is enough. There are diversities of administrations. Beautiful unspeakably are the numberless attentions of a pastor to the members of his flock, if they be rendered with individual affection, genuine concern to each, and without formality, official assumption, or verbal routine to any. But if they are indiscriminating and technical, paid in a wholesale way, at the expense either of thoroughness of study or specific cordiality of regard, they make the worst case of depreciated value. We talk of the congregation as the *sheep*, and of earthly guides as the *shepherds*. *But*, as one

has said, *grown-up people are getting tired of being denominated or considered as any man's sheep!* A more equal, sincere, and manly relationship is coming to unite the teacher with the taught. Why should the minister be distinguished, as a *divine*, from those who have alike with him received the Holy Spirit? Why should not they reciprocate with him regards and visits on terms of mutual good-will?

Doubtless it is a minister's duty to make a relation both of useful instruction and beneficent sympathy, individually as well as collectively, with all among whom he is placed; and it is unfortunate if anything in his organism limits his practical range. It is wise, however, not to demand excessive and perpetual traversing of the circuit of calls, when it is remembered how seldom the genius born of solitude can be combined with the grace of endless activity. Precious is sympathy; but God have mercy on those tempted by any complaint or exaction to affectation of it! When the dear gift of actual fellowship with all persons meets, for a wonder, in the same minister, with aptness to instruct them in the deep things of God, what rare and well-nigh miraculous light the two gems of faculty cast on each other! If we claim not both of the gems, each other's foils, for this teacher, it is because sincerity finds few so endowed, and none without fault. At times self-coiled and inattentive as a silk-worm to those that stood or passed by, he wove his precious web. He was in his abyss, perhaps, when somebody wanted his care. But no one's strength can go into all human faculties and offices at once and alike; for every development there is corresponding deficiency. Dr. Nichols was lowly and accessible, very tenderly affectionate to every token or appeal; but he went not about very extensively expending himself in manifold acts and volunteer offices for others. He stayed at home, (if our readers will pardon the allusion,) like the king in the story, "counting his money." Yet, oh! it was money of a peculiar coinage, verily, in the realm of the great Sovereign, freely, lavishly given to all who came, though it was not his custom to seek among a thousand people to distribute it. He did not often, in set way, *introduce the subject of religion*; but in all he said, he ever was the subject of religion. A man of centralized, in-

stead of diffused might, a spiritual realist and no holy formalist, small was the portion of human beings with whom, after the ratio of his ability, he was connected, and feeble his popularity as compared with the amount of his manhood. But so, more or less, with real greatness it always is. If he failed of unlimited reach, he made impressions for eternity on those bound to him by inward affinity, and his life was an offering to the Father he worshipped so fervently, and to the Master and supernatural Redeemer he loved and trusted with all his heart. In such greatness of faith, affection, and loyalty, who, with the greatest, may not have a share?

Our object in this imperfect yet altogether conscientious sketch has been to make the payment of a personal debt a contribution also, as all even partial portraiture of greatness and goodness must be, to the public weal. Our limits do not allow detailed criticism of the two discourses whose titles we have transcribed. We can only speak generally of their respective qualities.

Dr. Peabody's sermon at the funeral sets forth the faith which the subject of his eulogy had so transcendently exemplified, with the warmth of his own filial reverence and love, at the same time with a discerning wisdom, adverting, so far as the tenderness of the occasion would allow, to the characteristics of Dr. Nichols's mind and the course of his history. With admirable breadth and brevity he sketches the incidents of his career, dwells fondly on his noble and unspotted name, and portrays, in simple and touching words, the rare glory of his closing days with the unsurpassed heights and humility of his death, of which we have heard that one very near to him said that it was "immortality manifest." Piously with sweet spices alone he embalms the departed, disclosing with many a touch the motions of the *right* hand of his power, while upon the *left* hand of constitution or performance, which was in him as in every mortal that has breathed, he does not think the hour of his obsequies a time to dwell. We rejoice in all the matter and manner of this filial service.

While Dr. Peabody speaks from the knowledge and intimate regard of a quarter of a century, Mr. Stebbins had but a passing acquaintance on which to draw for his characteristics.

The unqualified overflow of tender reminiscence which the heart is fain to prescribe, and which must have made the sentences of the former speaker so grateful to those who surrounded the remains of the old minister, relative, and friend, could not be expected, nay, was not possible, in the speech of the latter, whom Providence neither put into close acquaintance and ample opportunity of spiritual embrace with his subject, nor ordained for him any special similarity of nature or perfect coincidence of sphere. Mr. Stebbins does not follow the accepted style of eulogy. He introduces notes of distinction into his strain of praise; he reproduces in words his own mental impression, exact as a daguerreotype. He ventures the perilous and extraordinary originality of entire plain-speaking. He makes allusions and tells anecdotes of a propriety questionable to some, and the sound of which might please or hurt, according to the idea of the speaker's purpose in the mind of one or other of the audience. But it is very clear that his purpose was made up wholly of kindness and truth. Thus presuming, we affirm our earnest and undoubting judgment that the surviving pastor has rendered a noble and permanently valuable tribute to his colleague and predecessor. A wide-reaching splendor of idea, and a genuine poetic eloquence of sentiment and expression, elevate the theme, and give to the preacher's hearty and exceeding commendation a preciousness which any exceptions he indicates enhance, like the valley-views that offset and measure the altitude of the hills. So can all mortal estimates only hint the ascent and lustre of spiritual and undying virtue.

Thus have we attempted, however poorly, some acknowledgment of obligation to the rare and peculiar personality that has been with us, and passed on its upward way, — not writing under the guidance of the old maxim, *Say of the dead nothing but good!* — nor trying to present him perfect, as eulogists often display their subjects; for it may be questioned whether the colorless white light and blinding dazzle of absolute laudation, that is so common, does not rather hide the features it is meant to reveal, as every mortal countenance is recognized only in a certain variety and contrast of hues. A man of magnificent size can afford to do without a smooth-

faced praise. He belongs not to his kindred and particular friends alone; and, as Cromwell cried out when he sat to an artist, *Paint me as I am*, — a higher law than that of private affection binds us to offer him truly, as one that belongs not to contemporaries only, but to posterity and the world.

Nothing stands more in need of correction than the usual panegyric of obituary notices and ecclesiastic resolutions, dealing so largely as it does in what we should call *unconscious hypocrisy*, if this were not a contradiction in terms, and *sincere cant* were not the better phrase. Certainly the disposition always existing, to weigh with jealous nicety words touching the departed, should not induce fulsome adulation, and cannot excuse any careless inaccuracy, because coexisting with abundant compliment, in our terms. With a truly grand personage for our theme, what any one of us may say can be, indeed, but of little moment. It will hardly alter fact or fame in regard to the mighty character we treat. But truth of testimony is as essential on our part as was any real trait in the worth we would blazon.

If, therefore, — making one more effort, after a brief glimpse for our readers as well as ourselves of the face our pencil has been busy to transfer, — our present maturity should consult with our childhood for a report, we should speak of Dr. Nichols as one whose pulpit discourses, not seldom vague, remote, and balking our youthful faculty, would occasionally, when some event or journey had moved him, burst forth with matchless and electrifying power, — the gentle and solemn tones of whose voice in reading the Scriptures, especially the great doxologies of the Psalms, can never be forgotten, — whose visits were apt to be short and few, but whose benign looks and peculiarly musical laugh made an impression to linger through life, — whom, however, though he was unconscious of any difficulty, for some reason we could not commonly approach, or have contact and intercourse with, even in his personal presence, — whose mind did not so much meet that of the listener, as it chanted on, in its serene height, of the goodness of God and the beauty of the creation, — who, not lacking affection in his own nature, and perhaps from over-acuteness of sensibility, could not come close enough to give sym-

pathy, to the wiping of tears from mutual eyes, to a great number of persons,— who was himself ever lovely, yet appearing at seasons as an abstract personification of goodness and love, and sometimes, in his high, unwearied soaring, like a disembodied spirit, ready to meet and thank its Creator, rather than one intimately acquainted with the strugglings and strivings of those below to reach his side. Such is the image, in a true, cordial, and revering memory of him, which we are sure more than one will verify, which may throw a ray of light on any diversity of unreconciled impressions of his nature, and which we are not ashamed, for ourselves, to hold here in the shadow, or very consciousness, of his bright, translated soul.

On this whole matter, — whether we be pleased or grieved with others' criticism on the living or the dead, and whether we have reason or not in either case to be so, — let us be just enough to remember on how many delicate conditions even our most rational satisfaction depends. The critic must be possessed with that imaginative sympathy, or tact in its largest sense, which introduces him to the heart, and enables him to look out of the eyes of his subject, as well as take an outside survey, and which forewarns him of the effect on those tenderly attached of every word he may use, though it should not prevail on him to use a single one with which his own conscience does not go along. In no task, too, involving the employment of language, are the diamond scales, which so few have in their mental furniture, so necessary to decide the bearing of every almost imponderable expression; while, after all, the inevitable imperfection of all language will in no enterprise more emphatically appear, than in that of the appreciation of human character, many-sided and variable to the observer's eye as it is, and difficult to paint as a bird on the wing. These arrows of the pen or the tongue often hit not the mark at which they were aimed, or, like missiles that glance aside, even wound those they were meant to defend. How often we are surprised to find that our most innocent and kindly utterances excite a feeling opposite to that from which they proceed! Moreover, by hardly less than the heart-drawing of a whole life to the living theme can we become so versed with the unfath-

omable springs of thought and conduct in a mortal breast, as to project any fair photograph of them on the poor surface of a printed page! Every artist, to whom a soul may sit, will of course take a particular direction in his composition or speech. As in the mathematical problem of reducing many mechanical powers to a single line, so from ten thousand testimonies must our moral resultant be gained. Only one Judge, at a look from his eternal seat, can see and determine, in wisdom and mercy, every creature's quality and fate.

ART. VI. — SIAM.

The Kingdom and People of Siam; with a Narrative of the Mission to that Country in 1855. By SIR JOHN BOWRING, F. R. S., Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in China. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1857. 2 vols. 8vo.

J. H. Holland.

THESE agreeable volumes form by no means a full picture of Siam, as Dr. Bowring was permitted an acquaintance with little more than the capital and the court. A very small book would have contained all he really had to add to the narratives of Crawford and Pallesfoix; but, by ingenious interpolations of former history, by frequent repetitions of the tedious minutiae of Asiatic despotism, by abundant references to his own successful efforts, he has contrived to spread himself out over two sizable octavos, and yet carry us neither beyond the threshold of the country nor the commencement of the subject.

In the Farther India lies this little-visited peninsula, a narrow land stretching between Burmah and Cochin China, with an unknown population of perhaps seven millions, with a wilderness country of one hundred and ninety thousand square miles, with hardly any internal communication save by rivers and canals; the principal stream, the Meinam, "the father of waters," overflowing its banks annually like the Nile, and spreading inexhaustible fertility over its adjacent lands. Having been distracted by wars, oppressed by the worst kind of taxation, and cut off from the inspiration of a profitable com-

merce, large portions of this hilly country remain an untrodden jungle, wooded with fragrant and costly forest-trees, tenanted by the tiger, the rhinoceros, the elephant, and their mates, but capable of sustaining almost as crowded a population as China, with the necessities, if not the luxuries, of daily life.

The Siamese, inferior naturally to the European races, have been made still more inert and hopeless by the combined weight of an unimprovable religion, an unmitigable despotism, and a hopelessly embarrassed commerce. They have all the virtues, and lack none of the vices, of their Asiatic neighbors. They are gentle but cowardly, reverential but superstitious, temperate but servile, passionless and unenterprising, imitative but unartistic, peculiarly humane and marvellously indolent, "not dangerous as enemies, but not to be trusted as friends." On the other side of the picture, they are exceedingly fond of their offspring, quite indulgent to their women, remarkably tender in their treatment of animals, and far superior to the semi-barbarians of the adjacent isles.

Two events, perhaps three, in their isolated history, have had a general interest to the world, before the liberal treaty of commerce obtained by Sir John Bowring, which is the occasion of the present work;—the introduction of Buddhism, the still prevalent religion, from Ceylon, in the seventh century of our era, and the Siamese embassy of Louis XIV., which promised great things for the world as well as for this beleaguered land, but which was brought to naught through the murder of the Siamese minister who had anticipated the progress of events by almost a century. Perhaps we should add the appearance of the Siamese Twins among us and in Europe, some twenty-eight years ago, who are now bound to our adopted soil by as strong ties as those which unite them inseparably to one another.

To the present emperor, Mongkut, the credit is due of freely opening his kingdom to European influences, and granting all possible concessions to European commerce;—though not improbably the selfish interests of leading men, the traditional habits of the people, and the arrogant impatience of some foreign merchants, may disappoint the hopes that have been cherished of national elevation.

The three Siamese most interesting to foreigners are the king, the subking, and their prime minister; all of them amiable, liberal, enlightened, progressive spirits; united in the desire of fraternizing with the rest of the world, and the preference of foreign institutions to their own. The king himself is a scholar and a reformer,—has learned Latin from the French missionaries, and English from the American. He has introduced printing-presses and types, both of English and Siamese character, is especially fond of astronomy, can calculate an eclipse, and has made many contributions by his own hand to the history of his country; so that he is relatively a man of wonderful learning, whose reign can hardly help becoming an era in the history of his country, not only by his truly liberal spirit to all other nations and religions, but by the generous treaty recorded in these volumes, which abolishes all monopoly, invites the commerce of the whole world, and only exacts a tariff sufficient to sustain necessary state expenses. Still, a country almost destitute of bridges, roads, inns, facilities of land intercourse,—dependent so entirely upon the water for intercommunication,—occupied by a population generally satisfied with their hereditary lethargy,—cannot be expected at once to avail itself of the mines of wealth in its rice and sugar fields, its sandal and teak wood forests. Besides, there is a power behind the throne mightier than the throne itself. • All Asiatic countries are proverbially immovable, and Siam might claim the highest honors in that army which sits with folded arms in its tents while the rest of the world march on. In a most conspicuous matter the present monarch is overruled by public sentiment, and obliged to conform his private life to ancient tradition. Three thousand females constitute the royal establishment. They are not all of them wives; but such a court is evidently out of keeping with the enlightened views he has obtained in intercourse with Christians, as well as a severe burden upon the finances of the empire.

The relation of the second king to the first, entailing the expense of a second court establishment, a second army and seraglio, and impeding the discharge of business by the necessity of a concurrence which has always to be obtained, prompt-

ing in case of dissatisfaction political intrigue and civil war, seems to be another legendary absurdity which the nation has not begun to outgrow. This second sovereign, Chow-Fa, is approached with nearly equal reverence as the first. Two thousand troops guard his royal person. In the present case, he seems to be even more estimable, intelligent, and advancing than his superior, whose full name is Somdetch Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut.

Probably the prime minister deserves more credit than either monarch. Phra Kalahom, a most distinguished member of the most distinguished family in Siam, actually enthroned the present sovereign, instead of the last king's son, to whom the crown belonged. In every sense a patriot, he understands the true destiny of his country, and shrinks at no popular outcry, no interested opposition in promoting it. Careless about wealth, his liberality of expenditure is remarkable. Familiar with the best views of political economy, he is anxious to reduce them to practice. Conscious of the enormous abuses choking all the channels of industry, he is determined that they shall not remain as an incubus any more.

The commerce of the country has always been eaten up by monopoly. As formerly in France, every article of import or export has been farmed out; so that trade languished, in order that some noble might fatten himself upon its vitals. The English ambassador appears to deserve the credit of giving a staggering blow to this antiquated and ruinous system. It was not hard for one, whose life since his poetical days has been devoted to such subjects, to show that the system which sold out a nation's traffic to individuals interested only in present emolument necessarily prostrated trade, paralyzed manufactures, and choked up commerce;—moreover, that the legitimate income of the sovereign would be far greater from a flourishing than a palsied community, that the period of change with its attendant financial embarrassment would be exceedingly brief, and that the world at large, as well as oppressed Siam, required that this stifling system should be abandoned; besides, that all such fertile countries as theirs had many superfluities which they could profitably export, that commerce was a great civilizer, pacificator, and uniter of

nations, and that questions which the warrior could only settle by violence and outrage, the commercial negotiator could settle in amity and good-will. The Siamese reply was, "What you say is true: the shopkeepers complain they cannot sell, the peasants complain they cannot produce; we have only a few, instead of many ships in the river, as in former times; and matters grow worse instead of better." A sufficient proof of the national poverty is not merely the universal destitution of what we esteem the necessities of life, the utter nakedness even of the royal children, the absence of every comfort from the peasant's huts, but the use of so small a coin as the cowry, only the two hundredth part of a cent, as the common currency; while the fact that rice is produced as low as a dollar for four hundred-weight shows that nothing but the most ingenious obstructions have prevented commerce from flowing freely over the untilled soil, as blessed by God as it has been cursed by man.

The most offensive thing in this isolated land, to a stranger's eye, is a system of reverence which proves the infantine condition of those who receive, as well as those who offer, such disgusting servility, far surpassing any other Oriental obeisance of which the books make mention. No man of inferior rank dares raise his head to the level of his superior,—no mean person can walk across a floor above the heads of his betters,—a servant bearing refreshments is obliged to push the waiter upon the floor, creeping after it as well as he can upon his stomach; while the natives were in extreme distress aboard her Majesty's ship, because some idols lay in the cabin while the sailors trod over them upon the deck above. The monarch is never approached except in the most abject manner, even by the mightiest noble; and the honors paid to father and mother are the greatest excess of reverence. The English embassy, like every preceding one, was obliged to waste a great deal of time, and endure unspeakable annoyance, in ceremonies which were as ridiculous as they were wearisome, and which sufficiently proved that this independent despot had to bow his head to a mightier power than himself, the immemorial traditions of an unchangeable public opinion.

Slavery might be expected to flourish in such a servile com-

munity, and nowhere is it more deeply rooted, though far from severe in its exactions. Where there is no respect to the rights of man as man, the prospect of emancipation, even where the oppressed is of the same color and race as his oppressor, is not very hopeful. The chief part of the enslaved are debtors, — the failure to pay at the stipulated time giving the creditor control over the body of the indebted, which he can use either to pay the interest or the principal of his claim. Captives made in war are slaves, of course. Parents can sell their offspring, and husbands their wives; besides these classes, slaves are made by birth, from gratitude, in fear of famine, and through purchase. Bowring thought them better treated as a class than the servants in England, — as, if emancipated, they are said to sell themselves frequently into service again; and for ill-treatment have always the remedy of paying up the amount which may be due upon the original debt. The severest punishment ever inflicted is handing over the offender to the government, when he becomes a convict and is lost to his master for ever. In small families they are treated as children, consulted about affairs, and made to regard their master's interest as identical with their own. Their principal suffering is from insufficient food, and their appetites are said to be enormous. Where the family is poor, they will sometimes beg or steal to supply its necessities.

The medical system of Siam is only too abundant testimony to the doting ignorance prevalent among all classes. European practice, so eagerly sought in many other Asiatic countries, is as resolutely shunned among the Siamese. Two schools, an Indian and a Chinese, contend for the mastery; either of them absurd enough, as this popular prescription for fever would show: "One portion of rhinoceros horn, one of elephant's tusk, one of tiger's and crocodile's teeth; one portion composed of three parts of vulture, raven, and goose bones; these ingredients to be mixed together on a stone with water; one half to be swallowed, the rest to be rubbed into the body; after which the fever will depart." A curious mode of shampooing prevails; the doctor standing upon his patient's knees and rubbing them with his feet. In criminal cases the real culprit is said to be detected, when other means have

failed, by the peculiar readiness with which he yields to the operation of an emetic. Though the missionaries have suffered very severely by disease, Dr. Bowring, whose long residence as English Governor at Hong Kong entitles his opinion to peculiar weight, pronounces the climate as healthy as any other part of Asia.

The religion of the country is its least hopeful and most unchangeable characteristic. Buddhism, nearly universal, is so engrained into this traditionary mind, that, though the missionaries have had, and still have, every possible facility, though there has never been any persecution, but rather court patronage, though the printing-press has been at work, and the public ear open to appeal, yet the Romish Church, after two centuries' labor, has not five thousand converts; while the American missionaries, who at first rejoiced over the country as Immanuel's land, now report that "the Siamese have entirely refused the Gospel." Dr. Bowring, who befriended the missionaries in every way, and obtained for them many valuable privileges, mourns over their miserable failure; fifteen years of effort having created no Siamese Protestant Church, and brought forward hardly any reliable Siamese convert. Such devoted, fervent, systematic, self-sacrificing effort could hardly have been made among any of our heathen at home, and not yielded many hundred-fold; but then it would not have been invested with the romance, and would not have brought the immediate fame, of this abortive aggression upon heathendom. The ruling monarch, though necessarily a Buddhist, almost patronizes the missionaries, often sends for them to the palace, has his wives instructed by their ladies, and encourages their schools for the young; and yet, though consistent lives and martyr deaths have borne abundant testimony to a religion which the Siamese themselves acknowledge to be superior to their own, the first-fruits of the long-deferred harvest do not yet appear. Should the missionary establishment at Bangkok be abandoned but for a few years, no memorial would remain of their labors but the graves of those that have fallen in this "forlorn hope." Bowring compares the effort to that of going into a full-grown forest, and commanding the trees to vary their forms. Some of the replies to missionary appeals, in the dis-

cussions of which the Siamese are so fond, show no little wit. "If miracles were worked to convert your fathers, why don't you work them to convert us? You say, God will be angry with those who do not listen to you: is he a good God if he is angry? You say, God is very mighty and benevolent; how then can he punish sinners eternally in hell? You say your books are true, and we say our books are true: why don't you believe us, if you want us to believe you?" And on one occasion a priest uttered this as a poser: "Do you hope to beat down our high mountain with your small tools?"

Dr. Bowring's account of Buddhism, nowhere more perfectly enthroned than in Siam, but having millions more of votaries throughout Eastern Asia, we will endeavor to give in the fewest words, as the latest and least prejudiced statement of a still vigorous superstition. He believes the religion to be the remains of a true philosophy, corrupted by the craft of priests and the ambition of princes, so as to overawe and debase the subjects of their control. "The great First Cause, least understood," is with them an Almighty repose, whose work at almost as distant a period as eternity was the universe, the machinery of which was so perfect as to revolve almost without need of change or disturbance from the motions of the spheres. Yet, during these millions of ages repeated incarnations of this lethargic Deity have taken place; the last of which, Gaudama, the present object of Siamese worship, Bowring believes to have been a sovereign of the country thousands of years ago, whose excellent life, exaggerated by Oriental imagination, and embellished with endless fable, has become the groundwork of popular deification. He questions if the faith can be called atheistic, though its essential Deity is this cold abstraction, into which the whole human race will ultimately be absorbed, with the destruction of its individuality. Neither is it acknowledged to be idolatrous, because no Buddhist believes the image he worships to be the actual God, or anything more than an outward representation of one of those manifestations by which, at vast intervals of time, Deity has seen fit to make himself known. They express the immense period which precedes the creation of a Buddha by a figure, not destitute of beauty or impressiveness, of an enor-

mous granite rock visited once in a hundred thousand years by an angel, who should barely touch the rock as he passed with his gossamer robe ; until, by successive visits at vast intervals of time, the whole stone should be reduced to a grain of sand, when the period for training a Buddha would still be incomplete. Gaudama, who had previously lived in four hundred millions of worlds, like each of his predecessors, is a purely contemplative being, absorbed in repose, indifferent alike to the good and the evil, finding his bliss in that infinite rest to which he would at last bring all his votaries. And, as to this Nishvan or Nirvani, the final state of man, it is simply the idea of entire abstraction from all worldly cares, carried to a monstrous excess. Instead of our Christian hopes of ever-increasing blessedness, the leading ideas are eternal peace, perfect repose, and sometimes actual insensibility. A vague dream hovers over the Buddhist future, an utter ignorance of all we know, do, are, save that everlasting repose is the consummation of previous discipline and earthly trial, absolute absorption in Deity the ultimate perfection of the most advanced humanity. The priests of Buddhism are exceedingly numerous, five hundred men with a thousand boys being attached to a single temple. In Bangkok, the capital, these licensed beggars are numbered by thousands ; and the shrines, at which they minister all days of the week alike, are exceedingly costly, extensive, and gorgeous,—with abundance of grotesque figures on the outside, and a huge gilded image, sometimes recumbent, of the object of worship within.

Perhaps it is, as Malcom remarks in his *Asiatic Travels*, “the best form of religion invented by man.” It is certainly the most wide-spread. Though never propagated by the sword, though carried abroad only by the persuasion of persevering devotees, half of China, Cochin China, and Ceylon, all of Siam, Burmah, Tartary, Loo-Choo, and much of Japan, not to name the islands of the southern seas, treasure this as their highest truth, and trust in it as their final salvation. Its forms vary very widely in different countries, but its spirit is ever the same : the names Fo in China, Lama in Thibet, Gaudama in Siam, change in each community, but the idea remains unchangeable.

The substantial objection to Buddhism seems to be its unmitigated, immitigable, all-pervading selfishness, its absorption in fruitless reverie, its aspiration after nothing but individual repose. The best precepts of the Bible are contained in the Badagat; there are no sanguinary rites, no self-inflicted tortures, no priestly tyranny, no impure practices. But the Bonze, with his boundless influence, attempts to render no service to humanity, — the superstitious reverence yielded to his person is never relied on, in any rebuke of open sin, — the daily demand which he makes for a charity never denied, prompts him to no generous charities to others. A more useless body of men can hardly be imagined. Performing no labor, paying no tax, rendering no service to the state, their privations are few, their privileges unprecedented. Once only in every year they retire to the wilderness for twenty-one nights of prayer, the wild beasts respecting their solitude, and, as their devotees believe, even licking their hands and feet. In society they are generally taciturn, haughty, and absorbed in contemplation. The people themselves have very little motive to sympathy with one another; calamity is regarded as the consequence of sin in some former state of existence, and therefore to be endured as necessary discipline lest greater suffering should come in its room, and misery, perhaps, upon him whose charitable aid is only fighting against sacred Nemesis.

The system of merit, which vitiates Paganism everywhere, in Buddhism sets off a positive sin by the offer of a bouquet to an idol, and compensates for crime by gilding a pagoda; while even impunity for time to come, and deliverance from future woe, are obtained by ceremonial zeal, and increased servility in the temple service. The present king of Siam has rendered the questionable service of purifying Buddhism from many an absurd tradition, reconciling it as far as he can with modern philosophy, and restoring the pure Pali text to their sacred books. Klaproth, a German Professor of Oriental Languages, says, "Next to Christianity, no religion has contributed more to ennoble the human race than Buddhism"; while its vast extent, continued prosperity through so many ages, and the wonderful tenacity of its myriad votaries, show that the

system has a perfect adaptation to the Asiatic mind in its present state, to its reverence for tradition, its passion for repose, its tendency to reverie, its dread of effort of every kind ; and that, until that mind shall be generally aroused, it is idle to hope to tear away this flattering dream from lives which float away rejoicing in its golden cloud.



ART. VII.—CONDITION OF THE FREE COLORED PEOPLE
OF THE UNITED STATES.

By James Freeman Clarke.

1. *United States Census for 1850.*
2. *A Report of the Decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Opinions of the Judges thereof, in the Case of Dred Scott versus John F. A. Sandford.* 1857.
3. *A Treatise on the Intellectual Character, and Civil and Political Condition of the Colored People of the United States ; and the Prejudice towards them.* By REV. H. EASTON, a Colored Man. 1837.
4. *Services of Colored Americans in the Wars of 1776 and 1812.* By WILLIAM C. NELL. 1856.
5. *Address to the Constitutional Convention of Ohio, from the State Convention of Colored Men, held in the City of Columbus, January, 1851.*
6. *Triumph of Equal School Rights in Boston.* 1856.

THE Free Colored People of the United States occupy an unfortunate and exceptional position. They stand among us, yet not of us. We know less of them than we know of the people of France and Italy. Born in the midst of us, as their fathers and grandfathers were before them, we yet talk occasionally about sending them back to "their native land,"—meaning Africa.* Allowing them freedom, we deny them equality. In most of the

* See, for an instance in high places of this silly habit, one of the messages of Governor Hunt, of New York, recommending an emigration of the free colored people of New York to "their native soil" of Africa. General Jackson's father was an Irishman, but what would he have said, if you had proposed sending him back "to his native soil" ? It seems time for this absurdity to drop out of the messages of Governors, if it must still linger in the speeches of demagogues and the columns of second-rate newspapers.

Free States they are not allowed to vote, nor admitted into the public schools,* are driven from places of public amusement and from the public conveyances, and are not permitted by social sentiment to engage in more than ten or twelve out of the three hundred and more occupations set down in the census for the white male population. Though citizens in some of the Free States, they are yet prohibited by the laws, or by the Constitutions, of other Free States from entering their borders,—and this in direct violation of the United States Constitution. In the Slave States they fare yet worse, as we shall see further on in this article. The Supreme Court decides that they are not citizens of the United States; inferior courts decide, like Judge Sharkey, of Mississippi, that a white husband and father, cannot emancipate his wife and son, even by taking them to a Free State to do so. Southern legislatures and governors propose to sell the whole body of free colored people into slavery, and put the proceeds into the State treasury.† In Maryland a free colored minister of the Methodist Church was lately sent to the penitentiary for having in his possession a copy of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom."‡ In Mississippi, John Dubarry, a free colored man, was sent to the penitentiary for reading and circulating the speeches of Senators Seward and Sumner. In Washington city a free colored man has just been sent to prison for allowing his own son, a slave, to pass a night in his house, and for giving him food and clothing. Thus, both at the North and at the South, the

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with
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* A young man of color lately applied for admission to Union College. The President left it to the class. They voted by a majority of ten to admit him, but only by his testifying under oath, that he was of French and Indian extraction, and had no African blood in his veins. "A Junior" in the College writes to the papers, indignantly denying that the class was willing to admit a colored man.

† This has been recommended by Southern governors and Southern legislatures. The alternative of emigration is usually to be offered them.

‡ Samuel Greene, a regular licensed exhorter of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Dorchester County, Maryland, sentenced to the Maryland Penitentiary for ten years, by the Dorchester County Court. He is still in the Penitentiary, if not pardoned out very recently, serving out his time. His offence was having in his house a single copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The pastor of the church to which he belonged told Rev. Mr. McCarter, of Harrisburg, Penn., that Mr. Greene was exceedingly useful among the colored people, and often preached to them the word of life.

free colored people are regarded as pariahs, if not as outlaws.* Belonging to a race whom we persist in holding as slaves, we dislike them because we are unjust to them, thus illustrating anew the famous maxim of the profound Roman historian. The defenders of slavery try to excuse their own practices by disparaging the character of colored people.

It is curious to see the variety of their methods and the unity of their aim. If they are religious people, they sanctimoniously declare that the colored people are cursed by God, and doomed by him to be a degraded class, because Noah in a drunken fit cursed Canaan.† If they are scientific people, they learnedly show that the brain of the negro differs essentially from the white man, so that he is not fit for freedom, and never will be.‡ If they are freshly imported Irish patriots, who have bawled themselves hoarse for liberty at home, they instantly express their contempt for the colored man's rights, and their desire for an Alabama plantation stocked with fat negroes.§ If they are those Southerners who talk about *chivalry*, they show their conception of its meaning by hastening to trample on the defenceless and forlorn. Or if Northerners who prate of *Democracy*,|| they understand it to be hatred of

* Dr. J. S. Rock, a free man of color, a gentleman of cultivation and worth, was refused a passport from the United States by General Cass, and took one from the State of Massachusetts, of which he is a citizen. With this passport he entered France, and under its protection went safely to Paris, and remained there. It is a comfort to know that Massachusetts can protect her citizens abroad, when the United States government has the inexpressible meanness to refuse to do it.

† See Rev. Nehemiah Adams, President Lord, Bishop Hopkins, &c.

‡ See Nott and Glidden, "Types of Mankind," &c.

§ John Mitchell, the author of this native sentiment, has lately threatened to come North and turn Abolitionist, if the slaveholders do not go in for the slave-trade. It will be a small but valuable compensation to us for the opening of that traffic, if it saves us from this infliction. He would be a convert of the sort of which Dean Swift said, (when a bad Catholic turned Protestant,) "When the Pope weeds his garden, I will thank him not to throw his weeds on our side the fence."

|| With some honorable exceptions. For example, Mr. Bancroft, in his seventh volume, speaking of the heroes who fought at Bunker Hill, says: "Nor should history forget to record that, as in the army at Cambridge, so also in this gallant band, the free negroes of the Colony had their representatives. For the right of free negroes to bear arms in the public defence was, at that day, as little disputed in New England as their *other rights*. They took their place, not in separate corps, but in the ranks with the white man, and their names may be read on the pension rolls of the country side by side with those of other soldiers of the Revolution."

the colored man, and a denial of his equality with themselves before the law. If they are judges, they promulgate judicially, that when our fathers said it was a self-evident truth that all men were born equal, they meant to say the precise reverse; and that when they contended for the rights of men, they meant that the negro "had no rights which white men were bound to respect"!* If they are politicians, they try to make themselves popular at the South and the North by attacking the unpopular and defenceless colored man.† If they are respectable and conservative citizens, who desire present peace for themselves by smothering volcanoes, they say, "The colored people have an insurmountable prejudice against them here: send them to Liberia." Nearly all classes of persons, therefore, unite in trampling on the colored man, and if it ever happens that the sense of justice and indignation at oppression and wrong leads a man to say a word in defence of this unfortunate people, he is immediately accused of loving negroes more than white men.

We are not conscious of any such preference as this. Our habits and tastes would probably lead us, like others, to prefer the white race to the negro. But as Christian Examiners, believing that we should love our neighbor as ourselves, and that our neighbor is the man who has fallen among thieves and been stripped and wounded, it seems only the right thing to try to do what justice we can to an unfortunate and slandered people. We propose, therefore, in the present article, to state

* Howard's Reports, 1856, p. 407. Opinion of the Court, *Dred Scott v. Sandford*. The Chief Justice says that this opinion "was at that time fixed and universal in the civilized portion of the white race. It was regarded as an axiom in morals as well as in politics, which no one thought of disputing, or supposed to be open to dispute." This "at the time of the Declaration of Independence," the first draft of which by Jefferson said that the king of England "had waged civil war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people, who never offended him," &c. Mr. Chief Justice Taney may ignore the opinions of Wilberforce, Clarkson, Sharp, and Mr. Pitt, but one would think he might remember the views of Jefferson, Franklin, and Washington.

† See, for instance, a speech by Mr. O'Connor, October 1, 1857, before the Supreme Court of New York, in which he asserts that "no single negro has ever risen above mediocrity," and that "no single member of the race has ever attained proficiency in any art or science requiring the employment of high intellectual capacity." He also thinks that Judge Taney concedes too much in calling them "unfortunate." Mr. O'Connor has never heard of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

facts concerning the free colored people of the United States which will be new to some of our readers. Let us see what this degraded, worthless, and inferior people, as they are universally believed to be,—this oppressed and ill-treated people, as they certainly are,—let us see what they have been able to do for themselves, and what progress they are making. Our facts will be taken partly from published authentic documents, and partly from personal observation.

Nothing is more common than to hear it said, in general and sweeping terms, that the free colored people of the country are in a miserably degraded condition,—that they are much worse off in regard to the comforts of life than even the slaves,—that they are constantly exposed to hunger and cold,—that they are lazy, have no tendency to improve, no energy, honesty, industry. Such assertions are indeed the staple of pro-slavery speeches, and have passed almost uncontradicted. They are made quite as commonly at the North as at the South. Senator Brown of Mississippi only went a little way beyond the common opinion, when he lately remarked that “the *slave* is blest with sound health, a sleek skin, and Christian instruction. The *free* African is dwarfed by disease, scrofulous from hunger, and is a barbarian and a cannibal.”

It is a little remarkable, surely, if the free colored people are in such a state of destitution, that they should so seldom appear as paupers in our poor-houses, or as beggars in our streets. By the census of 1850 there were over 9,000 colored people in Massachusetts, and only 89 of these were paupers in the poor-houses; that is, less than one in a hundred. Meantime there were in the same poor-houses 803 paupers born in Ireland, out of a population in Massachusetts of 115,000, or about one to a hundred and thirty-one. But what an advantage has the Irishman over the colored man in Massachusetts! All trades are open to him, while prejudice prevents the colored man from finding employment in the majority of them.

But out of these 9,000 free colored people in Massachusetts 1,439 were returned as attending school in 1850, which is one in 6 or 7. In New York there were 5,447 out of a free colored

population of about 50,000, or about one in 10 ; in Connecticut 1,264 out of a population of less than 8,000, or about one in 7 ; which is nearly the same proportion as were attending school in Alabama and Georgia from the whole white population. Just about the same ratio exists also for the white population in South Carolina and Virginia. From this we may infer, with certainty, that the colored people of Massachusetts, New York, and Connecticut are not in a state of extreme destitution, for such persons cannot send their children even to free schools.

In Boston, and in other cities, it is quite unusual to see a colored beggar, for, in general, the colored people take care of their own poor. The Minister at Large in St. Louis declared, after the two years of his service, that no colored person had in that time applied to him for aid. In Cincinnati we have been told the same thing. Out of a free colored population of 3,500, it was rare to see a colored beggar, though Irish and German are common.

In 1852 a friend, for whose authority we vouch in full, made some investigations concerning the condition of the free colored people in Cincinnati. Their number then was, as we have said, about 3,500. The census had just been taken of their taxable property in real estate, and though not all taken, it amounted to more than 500,000 dollars. Out of 3,500 persons, there were 200 property-holders who paid taxes on this real estate. Four hundred and fifty of their children were in the public schools, and fifty more of them at higher schools in Oberlin and Albany. They supported six colored churches, three of which were Methodist and three Baptist. He asked how many of the colored people attended church ; and they told him that "all attended church, river hands and all." These six churches had over 1,200 members. They had also lately contributed between 2,000 and 3,000 dollars to endow a colored orphan asylum.

The occupations of the colored people of Cincinnati, three fourths of whom had been slaves, were as follows.

One was a bedstead-maker, Henry Boyd, a mulatto, who employed many white hands. His own return of taxable property was 26,000 dollars. His bedsteads are sold through Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana.

One was a master-carpenter, John Woodson, who employed eight or ten hands.

Four or five were grocers. One of them, named Wilcox, was taxed on \$ 59,000. He began life as cabin-boy on a steamboat, then became steward, when he had opportunities to make money by trading between New Orleans and Cincinnati. He said: "I might have bought a farm and lived on my money, but I wished to show, if I could, that colored people could do something beside being barbers. Many advised me not to try, and said nobody would buy groceries of a colored man. I said I would try the experiment. I built this house and store, fitted up the cellar for milk and butter, and have a manufactory of pickles. This morning I received five letters on business from the South. In those boxes there is a thousand dollars' worth of goods just packed for Terre Haute. I have taken stock in banks, so that there may be *one* colored man there to vote. I own a thousand dollars in the Kentucky Trust Company, and am often invited over to meet the Directors."

There were also in Cincinnati three blacksmiths, four shoemakers, one tailor, sixteen or eighteen hucksters (one of them, Phillips, worth \$ 20,000), three cabinet-makers, two boat-stores (the proprietor of one, Mr. Gaines, quite wealthy) and five drinking-shops kept by colored men, one hotel-keeper (who kept the Dumas Hotel), three daguerreotypists (one the best in the city), five or six master-painters, one artist, two plasterers, fifty to a hundred tobacconists' journeymen, twenty draymen, twenty dress-makers and shirt-makers, fifty or sixty seamstresses, four school-teachers, one physician ("and he a quack," added our informant), two druggists, three master-coopers, one large coal and wood yard kept by a colored man, one master brick-mason, one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five barbers, five or six clergymen, five keepers of boarding-houses, two keepers of billiard-tables, two makers of blacking, some hundreds of boatmen on the river, four lime-burners, six colored men on the Board of Education for Colored Schools, and six runners in banks.

Our informant spent an evening at the house of one of these colored men, by name William W. Watson, who was

a slave in Kentucky till 1831, and was sold on the auction-block in that year. He was bought by his wife's brother, a barber in Cincinnati, who raised the money by getting two merchants to indorse his note, on which he borrowed \$750 at two per cent a month. In a year after getting into business, Watson paid for his brother this note, with the interest. Since then, he had bought from slavery his mother, brothers, and sisters (his wife being already free); he had contributed largely to build a church, he always helped fugitives, and was worth (we were told by others) some \$30,000.

Of 7,693 free colored persons in Connecticut in 1850, the largest number, 1,108, were laborers, 316 were mariners, 146 were farmers, 108 servants, 41 shoemakers, 39 barbers, 34 cooks, 12 blacksmiths, and 9 tailors.

In Louisiana, especially in New Orleans, the free colored people are in a better condition than in the extreme Northern States. This is shown by the census, and has been confirmed to us by the colored people themselves. More pursuits are open to them there, and there is less competition from the whites, than among us. Wilcox (in Cincinnati) said that he knew three or four colored cotton-brokers in New Orleans. The census gives nine colored brokers. One of them is the largest broker in New Orleans.* The French and

* The following paragraph lately appeared in the *Plaquemine* (Louisiana) *Sentinel*:—

“**A WEALTHY NEGRO FAMILY.**—An immense estate in Louisiana, embracing over four thousand acres of land, with two hundred and fifty negroes belonging to the plantation, was recently sold for a quarter of a million of dollars. The purchaser was a free negro, who is said to be one of the wealthiest men of the South.”

“The above is from a New York paper, and refers to the Harrison property, which was purchased by Cyprion Ricard, a free man of color of our parish. If the property had contained as many acres as stated above, and as many slaves, it would have brought nearer a million and a quarter than a quarter of a million. On the contrary, the land, we believe, comprised some sixteen hundred acres, and there were about one hundred slaves of all sizes. It lies in the rear of Madame C. Ricard's plantation; and the two plantations, now owned by that family, probably do comprise the number of acres of land and slaves as above stated, making them, doubtless, the richest black family in this or any other country.”

See, also, concerning the free colored planters on Cane River (where they own plantations and negroes for fifteen miles on the bank), Olmsted's “*Seaboard Slave States*,” page 633. Suits to recover freedom in Louisiana are frequent, and are often successful.

Spaniards have less prejudice against color than the Americans. 4 are put down in the census, in New Orleans, as capitalists, 4 as doctors, 4 as engineers, 61 as clerks, 77 as merchants, 244 as planters in Louisiana, 7 as students, and 15 as teachers.

In Philadelphia, by some statistics which were published a few years since, there were 4,019 families of colored people, of whom 241 were living in their own houses. Of these there were about 5,000 able-bodied men over 21, — of whom 1,581 were laborers, 256 mechanics, 240 mariners, 166 shop-keepers, 276 coachmen and carters, 557 waiters, 156 hair-dressers.

The free blacks of Philadelphia owned, by census, \$800,000 of property, divided among 19,000 persons.

In the city of New York the colored people have invested in business carried on by themselves the sum of \$755,000, in Brooklyn \$76,000, and in Williamsburg \$5,000; and they own beside, in real estate unencumbered, in New York \$733,000, in Brooklyn \$276,000, and in Williamsburg, \$151,000; making in all, about \$2,000,000. Twenty years ago, when this population was three fourths of what it is now, its property was less than half what it is now. The only colored beggars seen in New York are those who ask for money to help them buy their wives, their sons, or their daughters.

We shall not go at length into the condition of the colored people in Boston or New England, but beg our readers to examine for themselves, and see if their condition is as miserable and degraded as is usually taken for granted. Go into their churches, and see if you will anywhere see more respectable and orderly congregations. Go into the schools, and see if the colored children who sit by the side of the white children are any less intelligent, well-behaved, or neat in person and attire, than their neighbors. When, in the cars or omnibus, you are near a colored man or woman, or sit with them in the saloon of a Sound steamer, see if they do not appear as well as the average of their white neighbors. And then remember that, a very few years since, no colored child could attend school with the white children, no colored man or woman travel in the cars or on the steamers with the whites, — and you will feel that a people must be improving who are able to break

down such barriers of social prejudice as these. And then visit them in their homes, and having witnessed their comforts and conveniences, we do not think you will find it necessary to ask them if they would prefer to go and live in the slave cabins of Mississippi. The colored people of Boston are accumulating property, and many of them already pay large taxes. They are seldom seen in the almshouses, for they have many benevolent societies, — some of them on the mutual principle, — and in case of need are ready to help each other.

We ought not entirely to omit the colored mariners of the United States in this sketch, however brief it may be. It ought not be forgotten, that to defend the rights of colored mariners of the United States, impressed among others on board a British ship, we made war with England in 1812. In those days, men of color were still citizens, even to Mr. Madison and his Secretaries. By a careful investigation of this subject, made some years ago,* it appeared that there were then

Colored men in the merchant service,		6,000
“ “ “ naval “		1,400
“ “ “ whaling “		2,900
“ “ “ internal navigation,		5,000
		15,300

Of those in the merchant service there sail from the principal ports of the United States as follows : —

Colored seamen sailing from port of New York,		2,200
“ “ “ “ “ Boston,		1,000
“ “ “ “ “ Baltimore,		600
“ “ “ “ “ Philadelphia,		500
“ “ “ “ “ all other ports,		1,700
		6,000

The estimated number of mariners in the United States, according to Captain Thomas B. Sullivan, (exclusive of the internal navigation,) is 150,000, including the naval and mer-

* Published in a series of letters in the Antislavery Standard, New York.

chant service, the whale, cod, and mackerel fisheries. Of this number 25,000, or 16½ per cent, are Americans, the rest being foreigners. Perhaps one half of the native *American* seamen are colored men.

A law was passed by Congress in 1843 to exclude colored seamen from the naval service, but no regard has ever been paid to it. Indeed, since the passage of this law, the Secretary of the Navy, in fitting ships for the African station, has issued a special order to ship a larger proportion of colored men than usual, — the usual rule being to have one colored to twenty white seamen.

— The treatment of the free colored people *in the Slave States* is far more oppressive than in the Free. There, they are not only disliked, but also feared. Yet, though the laws against them are more severe than at the North, their opportunities for prospering are greater. In both respects their condition in the Slave States is analogous to that of the Jews in Mediæval Europe. Hated and trampled on, they were still needed; they were an essential element in the business of society, and therefore they prospered.

The tyranny exercised over the free colored people in the Slave States may be illustrated by a few facts.

1. Every colored man, living in a Slave State, is by law presumed to be a slave. Thus the law of South Carolina of 1740, providing the way by which persons held as slaves and claiming to be free shall bring suit for freedom, says: "Provided, that in any action or suit, &c., the burden of proof shall lay upon the plaintiff, and it shall always be presumed that every negro, Indian, mulatto, and mestizos is a slave, unless the contrary be made to appear." The law of Georgia, 1770, is a copy of this. And in both acts it is added, that, if the plaintiff does not succeed in his suit, the court may *inflict on him any corporal punishment not extending to life or limb*.

This doctrine, says Strend, which presumes every colored man to be a slave, obtains in all the Slave States except North Carolina, where it is confined to negroes of whole blood, while with mulattoes, &c. the presumption is in favor of freedom.

2. Any colored person who cannot prove his freedom by documentary evidence is liable to be imprisoned, and sold as a slave to pay his jail fees.

Such is the law of nearly all of the Slave States.

3. In many Slave States it is contrary to law to teach a *free colored person* to read and write. In Virginia, according to the code of 1849, "every assemblage of negroes for the purpose of instruction in reading and writing shall be an unlawful assembly," and the punishment for being present at it is *stripes*. The punishment of the white person who teaches negroes is fine and imprisonment. Under this law, Mrs. Margaret Douglass was sentenced in 1854 by Judge Baker to pay one hundred dollars, and be imprisoned one month in the common jail of Norfolk.

South Carolina has a similar law, declaring any assembly of slaves, *free negroes*, or mulattoes, for *mental instruction*, an unlawful meeting. (Law of 1800.) So in Georgia. (Act of 1833.) So in Alabama. (Clay's Digest, act of 1832.)

4. In many Slave States the free colored person is obliged by law to submit, without resistance, to any amount of injury inflicted by a white man.

Thus a law of Louisiana declares that "free persons of color ought never to insult or to strike white people, nor presume to conceive themselves equal to the whites; but, on the contrary, they ought to yield to them on every occasion, and never speak to or answer them but with respect, under the penalty of imprisonment," &c.

In Maryland (Act of 1723) a justice of the peace may direct a free colored man's ears to be cropped for striking a white man. The white man may be a robber, a murderer, a man mad with drink, — he may be committing violent outrage on the colored man's wife or daughter, — but he must not strike him!

In Kentucky the law runs, that, "if any negro, mulatto, or Indian, bond or *free*, shall at any time lift his or *her* hand in opposition to any person not being a negro, mulatto, or Indian, he or she so offending shall receive thirty lashes on his or *her* bare back, well laid on."

In Washington City, says Mr. Olmsted, in April, 1855, twenty-four "genteel colored men" (so they were called) were found by a watchman privately assembling in the evening, and were lodged in a watch-house.

"The object of their meeting appears to have been purely benevolent, and when they were examined before a magistrate in the morning, no evidence was offered, nor does there seem to have been any suspicion, that they had any criminal purpose. On searching their persons, there were found a Bible ; a volume of *Seneca's Morals ; Life in Earnest* ; the printed Constitution of a Society, the object of which was said to be *to relieve the sick, and to bury the dead* ; and a subscription paper *to purchase the freedom of Eliza Howard*, a young woman whom her owner was willing to sell for \$ 650.

"I can think of nothing that would speak higher for the character of a body of poor men, servants and laborers, than to find by chance in their pockets just such things as these. And I cannot value that man as a countryman, who does not feel intense humiliation and indignation, when he learns that such men may not be allowed to meet privately together, with such laudable motives, in the capital city of the United States, without being subjected to disgraceful punishment. One of the prisoners, a slave named Joseph Jones, was ordered to be flogged ; four others, *called in the papers free men*, were sent to the workhouse, and the remainder, on paying costs of court, and fines, amounting in the aggregate to one hundred and eleven dollars, were permitted to range loose again."

The census of 1850 contains some tables designed to show that the proportion of colored convicts in the jails and penitentiaries of the Free States is very large, not only in proportion to the white convicts in the same States, but also to the number of colored convicts in the Slave States. We say *designed* to show this ; for the principle of tabulation indicates the purpose. The purpose is evidently to prove by statistics that freedom is unsuited to the colored race, and that they are much more virtuous in slavery. A similar thing was attempted in the census of 1840. It was then attempted to prove that freedom made the black man insane, blind, and deaf and dumb, — and the tables certainly showed this to be the case. But, on further examination, it appeared that these figures were consummate liars, and that, in many of the localities given, the insane colored people existed only in the figures of the census. It was the census that was insane, and not the colored people. Whether similar blunders, all on the side of slavery, may not have been committed in preparing the tables of 1850, we know not ; but we cannot rely fully on the fairness of statement in one like Mr. DeBow, whose principal

business in life, down to the time that he was appointed Superintendent of the Census in the place of Mr. Kennedy, was editing a magazine of the most pro-slavery proclivities, and which he still continues to edit. The *animus* of Mr. DeBow appears in the following sentence (Compend. of 7th Census, p. 86): "*Dwellings and families*. These are not ascertained on the slave schedules. The facts, if known, would compare favorably with those of other classes in most moderate circumstances, and especially with the free colored." "The facts, *if known*"! How Mr. DeBow can tell what facts *not known* would do if they were known, does not appear. All that does appear is this. If he can get any facts which can be made to look as if freedom was an injury and slavery a blessing to the colored man, he parades them in tables. If he cannot get any such facts, he says, "I have not got them; but if I had them, I know that they would show what a curse freedom is to a colored man."

Taking, however, these statistics as given by the census, what do they say, at the worst? Here are the free colored people in the Free States. Most of them were once slaves themselves, or the children of slaves. Educated by slavery, if they are vicious, is it slavery or freedom which is responsible for it? Taught by plantation life to lie for defence and to steal for enjoyment, what shall we expect of them when free? Exposed to the brutalities of overseers, confessedly a degraded class, — witnessing the fierce outbreaks of passion which have made the Slave States a "dark and bloody ground," — shall we expect them to have learned patience and the milder virtues? Shut out from all higher enjoyments, deprived of education and of all refined pleasure, do we think that they should be peculiarly temperate and sober? And when they have come to the Free States, or when born in the Free States, what are their opportunities? Prejudice turns them out of the schools into which we invite the children of newly landed foreigners, — prejudice closes against them the occupations open to all others, — prejudice drives them from the public car, steamboat, omnibus. If the free colored man has a genius for invention, and makes a discovery which would enrich a white man, the law says, "You are

not a citizen, you cannot have a patent." A white shoemaker may become a United States Senator, a white blacksmith Governor of Massachusetts; but when Governor Bashford of Wisconsin issued a commission as Notary Public to H. Nolan, a colored man, the Secretary of State refused to file the paper, and wrote on it, "This appointment is in violation of the Constitution, and is therefore void." * Judge Bicknell of Indiana has decided that railroad companies may require colored passengers to produce evidence of their freedom. If the colored man wishes to buy a Western farm, the United States land offices give him no right to enter land, since he is not a citizen. Thus when Christ says, "The colored people are weak, bear their burdens," Judge Taney, by his Dred Scott decision, says, "They are weak, trample them down lower still." Under these circumstances, what degree of virtue may we fairly expect of them? Put on one side these poor refugees from slavery, uneducated, without money, without a trade, and refused admittance into any, with no hope of a career, conscious of living amid a dark cloud of prejudice. Put on the other side the white population, with its free schools, academies, and colleges, its churches, books, and lectures, its accumulated property, its career opened to all talents. What shall be the respective proportion in jails and penitentiaries from these two classes? Why, from the upper and middle classes of the whites we draw no recruits for the prison. They are almost all taken from the lower fourth.

According to the Compendium of the Census of 1850, the average in the penitentiaries of the Free States was 28 to 10,000 of the free colored persons. Meantime there were 6 or 7 white foreigners to every 10,000 white foreigners, and 2 native whites to 10,000. There were four times as many colored convicts as foreign white, and fourteen times as many as native whites.

But two or three things are to be noticed in this table. The average is 28 convicts to 10,000 colored persons. But in Pennsylvania, which contains 53,000 colored persons, the largest number of any Free State, the average is only 8 to

* *Madison Democrat*, July 16th, 1857.

10,000, — scarcely greater than the average of foreign convicts to the foreign population. The inference is, that, as the number of free colored persons increases, crime is diminished among them. But on the other hand, in Vermont, containing only 718 colored persons, there were none in the penitentiary. Yet both these facts are explained by a single consideration. The colored people are social and affectionate; they need sympathy and kindness; they thrive in the sunlight of good-will; they wither in the cold region of neglect or dislike. Where they are numerous, they are kind to each other, and they do well. Where they are treated kindly by the whites, as in Vermont, where there is little prejudice against them, they also do well. There is no race who will repay with better fruits a little good-will than they.

That there should be few colored persons in the penitentiaries in the Slave States is not surprising. Every plantation is a penitentiary for its own slaves. It punishes them, however, not by five or ten years' imprisonment, but by fifty or a hundred lashes. This is much more economical, for they can thus be sent again to work immediately. Few planters would care to lose the service of a slave for five years, by letting him go to the penitentiary.

On the whole, then, we think we may say, that our colored population are remarkably free from crime, when we consider the disadvantages under which they labor. As long as only 28 in 10,000 commit offences making them liable to the state-prison, we can hardly say that they are vicious, degraded, and criminal as a body. As long as only 89 out of 9,000 were in all the poor-houses of Massachusetts in 1850, we cannot fairly call them a race of paupers. The facts, even when collected and arrayed by those least friendly to them, put down at once the popular sweeping charge of utter worthlessness. These facts show a people struggling against difficulties, and struggling well; contriving, somehow or other, to get a support, though ninety-five occupations out of a hundred are closed against them; making sure progress, sending their children to school, and gradually accumulating property and knowledge.

The colored people are to be educated and moved through their social and affectionate nature. Make of them pariahs

and outlaws, and you corrupt and degrade them ; show them sympathy and kindness, and they repay it a thousand-fold. In all those cities where they are the best treated, — in Cincinnati, and Cleveland, and Columbus, — they are the most prosperous. The feeling toward them in Cleveland, and throughout the Western Reserve, is very kind, and there they do better than in most other places. There you find them master carpenters, master painters, shop-keepers, and growing rich every year.

But what can the colored people of the Free States do to improve their condition? Some say, "They ought to go to Africa." But to this we see objections.

The following seem strong objections to the plan of colonization in Liberia, regarding it either as a plan for getting rid of slavery, or getting rid of the free colored people of the United States. Regarded merely as a missionary station, or a commercial station in Africa, it is unobjectionable. But regarded as a means of putting an end to Southern slavery, or as a means of removing the free colored people out of our way, it is liable to very grave objections. These are : —

1. *Impracticability.* We have in this country, by the last census, 3,198,324 slaves, and 428,637 free colored people. To transport this number to Africa would require a hundred millions of dollars, according to the calculations of the Colonization Society. But that is the least difficulty in the matter. How are the free colored people to be made willing to go? How are the masters of the slaves to be made willing to send them? Instead of sending their slaves to Africa, they now clamor for a revival of the slave-trade, to bring more slaves from Africa. If only the annual increase of the black population in the United States, which is about 100,000 a year, were sent to Africa, how would they be provided for after their arrival? The population of Liberia seems to be usually on the verge of starvation. In 1839, Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, testifies to this; in 1854, Augustus Washington, a missionary of the Colonization Society, testifies to the same thing. Ninety-five per cent, he says, of all who come here with nothing, endure suffering and death to an extent almost incredible.

2. Why should they be sent away? They are wanted here

as laborers ; they are not wanted there. Here, labor is in demand ; in Africa, it is in excess. The attraction of high wages has brought to this country within the last ten years a million and a half of laborers from Europe. How absurd to try to reverse this current, and to send so large a part of our laboring people to Africa.

3. As a missionary work, the plan of sending the colored people to Africa is simply absurd. If they are ignorant, vicious, idle, as you say they are, they ought to be scholars, not teachers. Keep them here in our midst, and let them be educated by the influences around them. Put their children into our schools and churches ; let them see and copy our habits of industry and economy, and let them also do something to Christianize us, by teaching us how to love our neighbor as ourselves.

The practical question for the people of the United States is this: Is it more practicable to remove 4,000,000 of colored people to Africa, or to remove the prejudice against them out of our hearts? Many people think the first the easiest, for prejudice to itself always seems something infinite and immortal. Most Americans, who have never met an intelligent colored person on terms of equality, would think it impossible to sit with them at the same table without very disagreeable sensations. But having done so once, they could think it strange that they ever thought it strange to do so.

It is not best for the colored people, we think, to spend much time in conventions, in passing resolutions, or in making speeches. They may resolve ever so often, that the prejudice against them is a wicked one, and may denounce, in ever so eloquent language, the inequalities of their condition. It will do no good. Conventions and resolutions do not make public opinion, they only concentrate and express it. The public opinion in behalf of the colored people is yet to be made. Every colored man who is industrious, virtuous, intelligent, and gentlemanly, helps to make it. Prejudice cannot be talked down, it must be lived down. To talk is easier than to work, but it accomplishes little.

Colored people ought to make money. A colored man who makes a thousand dollars, does more to put down preju-

dice, than if he made a thousand moderately good speeches against prejudice, or wrote a thousand pretty fair articles against it. No race in this country will be despised which makes money. If we had in Boston or New York ten orang-outangs worth a million dollars each, they would visit in the best society, we should leave our cards at their doors, and give them snug little dinner-parties. We long for the time when there shall be colored people rich as Cræsus in every part of this dear New England.

- The colored people ought to diversify their occupations. They should not be satisfied with being only barbers, waiters, and sailors. Each one who has a special talent should cultivate it. Let him not try to be a lawyer, unless he can be a good one. Let him not write books, of which we have to say, "They are very good, *considering*." But if he can be *first-rate* in anything, so as to be the best dentist, or engineer, or artist, or engraver, or gunsmith, or oculist, or reporter, in the place, then those who wish to have their work well done *must* go to him, and no prejudice will prevent it.

Compare with P. 247. { The colored people should educate themselves and their children. They will find that nothing will be worth so much to them as education. In the Free States, the free schools and academies are open to them, and they can have equal advantages with the children of their most prosperous white neighbors. Let them make use of them.

Let them avoid vices of all sorts, and encourage each other to habits of virtue. In Cincinnati, at one time, all the free colored people belonged to the temperance society. Liquor is the great enemy of the race. It makes them mad. And a single crime committed by a colored man does more to increase the prejudice against the race, than all their friends can do to diminish it. When the next United States census appears, let the colored people see that it shall not find a larger proportion of them in the prisons and jails than there is of other races.

Finally, the colored people ought to have faith in God and man. They must not be discouraged because just now they labor under a heavy weight of prejudice. If they are true to themselves, they will surely overcome it. They may for a

time be excluded from theatres and lecture-rooms and operas ; they may be denied a passport when going abroad, or the protection of their government at home ; they may be refused the right of locating lands and receiving the appointment of notary public, or even, as lately, the right of testifying in the courts of justice of the United States. But no matter. They cannot be prevented from leading noble and useful lives, from informing their minds and improving their hearts ; and so they will be respected and happy when brawling demagogues and slimy statesmen are despised and forgotten.

The people of this country are, in the main, real democrats, not sham democrats. They really believe in an equality of rights before the law for all men. This talk about superior and inferior races will, by and by, disgust them. If they see that the colored people show the qualities of men, they will treat them as such.

ART. VIII. — WHAT MADE FRANKLIN ?

1. *Works of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. With Notes and a Life of the Author.* By JARED SPARKS. Boston. Vol. I. *Autobiography, &c.*
2. *Bonifacius. An Essay upon the Good that is to be Devised and Designed by those who Desire to Answer the Great End of Life, &c., &c.; &c., &c.* By COTTON MATHER. Boston: B. Green. 1710.
3. DEFOE, DANIEL. *Miscellaneous Works.* Oxford. 1840 - 41. 20 volumes.

Rev. E. E. Hale.

It is not often that we get any distinct notion of the genealogy of a great Life. The writers of autobiographies are a little shy of telling us what it was which gave their real bent to character or destiny ; and, indeed, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they do not know.

All the more curious is it, when they do tell us their own notion regarding the birth of their own fame. Not that it is ever possible to make much practical use of the information, but that it suggests some lessons on what constitutes greatness in the world, and what littleness. These lessons are en-

couraging or discouraging, as the observer's ambition looks one way or another. For, to those men whose passion is to see the world helped nearer God, it must be encouraging to see that it goes steadily on, under faithful impulses, although their author's names are for ever lost. To those other people who are at work only for the satisfaction of seeing their names in the Biographical Dictionary, or carved on the corner-stone of a pyramid, or preserved in any of the other penny-papers of the world, it is undoubtedly discouraging to see that the man who gives the original impulse to a great mind is so often forgotten in the midst of the fireworks which proclaim his apotheosis.

The three books whose titles we have placed at the head of this article have suggested to us these reflections. A good deal has been done lately to renew the vital and deep-seated interest which, for a hundred years, this country has taken in Benjamin Franklin. His sepulchre has been refreshed, white-washed, and repaired in Philadelphia, the city where he spent his life, and a noble statue has been erected to his memory in Boston, the city where he was born. Old portraits of him have been drawn from oblivion, and new ones are published daily, of every rank, from the noble print of Ary Scheffer down to the postage-stamp which commemorates daily the founder of the American post-office.

This fame was fairly earned, and will long continue. Our business at the present moment, however, is not to analyze it or extend it; but to go a generation back of its beginning, and inquire as to the genealogy from which this energetic, clear-sighted, sincere, practical mind, now world-renowned, was born.

It happens that Franklin himself has left a distinct record of his own notion on this subject. "There was also," he says, "a book of De Foe's, called '*An Essay on Projects*,' and another of Dr. Mather's, called '*An Essay to do Good*,' which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking, which had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life." In relation to the second of these books he makes a statement even stronger. In writing to the son of Cotton Mather, he says: "Permit me to mention one little instance, which,

though it relates to myself, will not be quite uninteresting to you. When I was a boy, I met with a book, entitled, 'Essays to do Good,' which, I think, was written by your father. It had been so little regarded by its former possessor that several leaves of it were torn out; but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my character through life, for I have always set a greater value on the character of a *doer of good* than any other kind of reputation; and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book."

Now Franklin could compliment like any Frenchman when he chose, but he did not tell lies in his compliments. And when he says, therefore, in his old age, that the public owes the advantage of his usefulness as a citizen to Cotton Mather's "Essays to do Good," he not only says more than anybody else ever said of a book of Cotton Mather's, but he says more, perhaps, than has ever been said of any uninspired volume. In the other passage, which is taken from his Autobiography, he suggests a bit of what we may call the science of mental genealogy worth remembering in after studies of his career. No one else, perhaps, would have dared to say that Benjamin Franklin, the Pennsylvanian, was a cross between Daniel Defoe, the English Whig, and Cotton Mather, the New England Rabbi. But after Franklin has said it himself, the fact may be taken as one of curiosity and value in studies of his character and career.

Our attention having been called to this genealogical fact by Mr. Everett's eloquent address at the dedication of the Boston Library, we were tempted to follow out its interesting hint by some study of the book to which the world owes all Franklin's usefulness, and of the other book which shared with it the honor of giving him a turn for thinking. But fame is a strange thing. You look for the father and mother of Burns, and if you find them at all, you find them in a hovel. We inquired at the royal Astor Library, which compasses sea and land in its collections, backed by the munificence of more than princely liberality; but the Astor knew of neither Defoe's "Essay on Projects," nor Cotton Mather's "Essay to

do Good." It had not found them in all its journeyings, nor had the New York Historical Society, nor the Society Library, nor the Mercantile, nor, in a word, any of the public libraries of New York. We sent to Boston, and Philadelphia, which vie so gracefully in honoring Franklin, but learned that none of their public libraries contained the books to which the world owed all his usefulness. This mystery, however, was subsequently in part explained, when it proved that the great man's memory was doubtless in fault respecting Defoe's *Essay on Projects*, for that Defoe never wrote any such tract at all. The public libraries may be excused that they do not purchase books which have never been made. Franklin had in mind, doubtless, when he wrote, "*Defoe's Complete English Tradesman*," on the title-page of which Defoe promised to give instructions concerning his projects, among twenty other things; but it happened, in the execution, that the chapter on projects was one of those omitted by the author. As for Cotton Mather and his "*Essays to do Good*," we had aimed too high. The book which the librarians rejected had been reprinted a dozen times by tract-publishers in London, Edinburgh, Boston, and New York, half a century ago, and may be found as garbled by that almost mythical person, Mr. George Burder, in every second-hand book-shop.* We were fortunate enough to find a copy of the original edition, preserved among the curiosities of the Library of Yale College, to which it had been presented by the anonymous author, who, indeed, was apt to show his real skin from beneath whatever disguise he had occasion to put on. We fear the precious volume has been read by no one, from Mather's time to ours. It bears in his handwriting the inscription,—

* *Garbled* is a word which does not enough express the utter destruction of the life of the original effected by Mr. Burder. As if in anticipation of the American Tract Society, Mather's whole protest against slavery and the slave-trade is omitted. This was in the edition of April 27, 1807, with this explanation: "As the subject has happily no connection with our country, the passage is here omitted." This was just a month after Wilberforce and Clarkson drove through the act abolishing the trade. The whole passage, however, relating to the treatment of servants, as well as to the trade, never got back into any American edition. This is but an illustration, however, of a corruption which appears in every sentence, which makes Mr. George Burder's "improved edition" almost worthless.

"Bibliothecæ in Academiâ Connecticutensi incipienti; cui incrementa precatur.

"C. M.

"1715."

This is the way Cotton Mather preserved an incognito! In the Preface of this very book he explains at great length why he conceals his name from most of those to whom the book may come.

Of Defoe's "Complete English Tradesman," thus indirectly referred to by the great practical philosopher, we need say but a word, because the resemblance between the methods of Franklin's thought and those of Defoe are quite patent, and the influence of the earlier writer might have been suspected, if it had not been confessed. The book is marked with strong, Franklin-like good sense, as is everything to which Defoe puts his hand. There are some absurdities of political economy in it, as in everything written on such subjects in the seventeenth century. It exhibits very curiously what we may call the infancy of the present system of English commerce, and for the early history of that commerce furnishes a good many interesting suggestions.

The relation between Franklin's mind and Cotton Mather's would not have been so easily detected. But when one is put upon the track, he finds, all along, the seed-grain among a mass of chaff which the great winnowing breeze of Providence puffed away. *Bonifacius* begins with evidence that the author wrote under very high pressure.

"He is very Strongly perswaded, there is a Day very near at hand, when Books of such a Tendency as this, will be the most welcome Things imaginable, to many Thousands of Readers, and have more than One Edition. Yea, *Great will be the Army of them that Publish them!* M.DCC.XVI. is a coming."

This was written in 1710. Mather probably expected that the end of the world was "a coming" in 1716. And so it was, — and so it is still. This was, perhaps, one of the pages torn off before Franklin met with it. If he lost the whole Preface indeed, he did not lose much. It includes a double dedication, first, to "a great and generous benefactor of man-

kind, who has governed and adorned the greatest City on the face of the earth, and so much the delight of that city as well as the rest of mankind, that she shall never consider her honor or welfare better consulted than when he appears for her as a representative in the most illustrious assembly in the world." And secondly, "to his excellent brother-in-law, who has long been valued and shall always be remembered in the country where this book is published." This brother-in-law was Joseph Thompson. We trust the prophecy is fulfilled, and that he is remembered in this country, but we confess for ourselves that we had passed him by, and could not identify him. And once more did the Astor and all the celebrated libraries fail us. The name of Joseph Thompson does not appear in any Biographical Dictionary of any age, and, what is more sad, the name of Sir William Ashurst, the first patron of the book, the "Public spirit who was the delight of the greatest city on the face of the earth," does not appear in any. Indeed, these two magnates, so distinguished in their own time that Mather scarcely condescends to name them, owe at the present moment any occasional recollection of the fact that they ever trod this earth at all, to the circumstance that this book in which their names happened to be mentioned fell into the hands of a tallow-chandler's apprentice about the time they died. Remember that, Lord John Russell and Baron Rothschild, now the successors of Sir William Ashurst in the representation of London, and remember it also, all apprentices in gas-factories!

Of this Preface we speak more at length, because it appears to have been torn off when the book came into Franklin's hands, — and this accident presents a convenient epigram by which we may express the distinction between Cotton Mather's style of presenting things, and Franklin's. Like everything else written by Mather, the book is marked all through by his learned folly and foolish learning; but, as we have said, with the clew once given, one can trace, all through it, instructions and other influences which reappear in the effective public spirit of Franklin's life. And the general rule for reducing these to Franklin-isms is *to omit the Preface*. Franklin is Cotton Mather with the first pages worn off. Very likely,

for instance, we could find in Franklin's works this very sentence: "*We might every One of us do more Good than we do.*" This is exactly Mather's "certain assertion." But he chooses to make it with such due preface as would have buried it to almost any digging but that of the tallow-chandler's apprentice, — of which this is the end: —

"§ 4. Tho' the Assertion fly never so much like a *Chain-shot* among us, and Rake down all before it, I will again Assert it; *That we might every One of us do more Good than we do.*"

The book, like many of Mather's, is made up in good measure from various tracts of his, written at different periods of his life for different purposes. We can, however, easily give a brief sketch of its contents, for its plan is as distinct as Franklin's would have been. After title-page, preface, and dedication of forty-one pages, he "descends unto particulars" and "begins at home." The book then takes order in proposals of ways in which one may do good in his own heart and life, in the conjugal relation and with children. Then come the duties of Children, Masters, Servants, Neighbors, Ministers, and Schoolmasters. Then follow proposals to Churches. Then come proposals to Magistrates, Physicians, Rich Men and Officers, — how they may do more good. Under Officers are ranked Elders, Deacons, Selectmen, Grand-jurymen, Constables, Tithingmen, Military Commanders, and Commanders at Sea, — each of whom have special advice. Then the author addresses Gentlemen of the Law, and then dwells in detail on the value of Reforming Societies, or "Societies for the suppression of disorders," which, he says, "have begun to grow somewhat into fashion," just as we have been saying for the last half-century. The book ends with a catalogue of "desirables waiting for the zeal of good men to prosecute them." These are, —

1. The propagation of the Gospel.
2. The dispelling the ignorance and wickedness in the British dominion.
3. That of Greeks, Armenians, Muscovites, and other Christians.
4. "Poor *Sailours* and poor *Souldiers* call for our Pity."

5. "The Tradesman's Library needs to be more enriched."

6. The establishment of Collegia Pietatis, meaning theological schools, and of Charity Schools.

7. "The works of our day" as indicated in Prophecy. These are, — I. The Reviving of primitive Christianity; II. "The perswading of the *European* Powers to shake off the Chains of *Popery*"; III. "The *Forming* and *Quickning* of that PEOPLE that are to be THE STONE CUT OUT OF THE MOUNTAIN."

Then comes a conclusion, and then as many appendixes as there were prefaces.

Now it must be confessed that, at the first glance, these objects to be attained do not appear much like the great objects of Franklin's life, which were crowned with such majestic success. Yet, of these special objects, the education of the ignorant, the Tradesman's Library, and Charity Schools were, if we descend into detail, among the special objects of his active interest. But it is not in that detail that we find the traces of Mather's influence on his life, but in the grand central idea of the book, and in the sharp epigram in which that idea is couched so often. The following aphorisms seem as if they were taken from Poor Richard: —

"Often mention the poor in your conversations with the rich."

"Always have lying by you a list of the poor people of your neighbourhood."

"Do good unto those neighbours who will speak ill of you after you have done it."

"Take a catalogue of all your most distant relatives, and think wherein may I pursue the good of such a relation."

"To bear evil is to do good."

"The wind feeds nobody, yet it may turn the mill which may grind the corn which may feed the poor."

"One small man, nicking the time, may do wonders."

"You must not think of making the good you do a pouring water into a pump to draw out water for yourselves."

Indeed, we believe we may say, in general, that another Poor Richard, which could only be distinguished from the genuine by a connoisseur, might be made out of the practical sermons and tracts of Cotton Mather. And one who remembers Franklin's early studies in English composition

needs only to read the chapters here on Young Men's Societies and Benevolent Societies, to see how, when Franklin read them, inwardly digested them, and expressed them as briefly as possible in his own words, they took the forms which are so familiar to us in his own practical achievements.

Yet it must be confessed that what we have called the preface to each of these "Franklin-ites" makes up a conglomerate which almost conceals the pure mineral. Thus the pet "desirables" which Mather reserves for himself to accomplish are these two.

"A BOOK, also, that shall be an *Onomatologia Monitoria* and shall advise People how to make their Names become unto them the Monitors of their Duty; might be of much use to the Christened World. And a Book that shall be *The Angel of Bethesda* and shall instruct people how to improve in agreeable Points of Piety, from the several Maladies, which their Bodies may be Diseased withal; and at the same time, inform them of the most Experimented Natural, Specifick Remedies for their Diseases, might be very useful to Mankind. These Two subjects, if not undertaken by any other Hand, may be so shortly by that which now Writes; Except the Glorious Lord of my Life immediately put an End unto it; and my Dayes are past, my Purposes are broken off, even the Thoughts of my Heart!"

And to take only one more instance, when he is giving advice to Rich men of the best expenditures of their wealth, this is the suggestion which charms him most;—that they publish for authors those books which the booksellers refuse,—the very work which was left for the foster-child of James Smithson to accomplish in another generation!

"Sometimes there may be got ready for the Press Elaborate Compositions, of Great Bulk and Greater Worth, by which the best Interests of Knowledge and Virtue may be considerably Served in the World; [Perhaps what may be called, as the *Octapla* of Origen was *Opus Ecclesiæ*] they ly like the impotent man at the Pool of Bethesda; and there they are like to ly, till God inspire some Wealthy Persons to Subscribe nobly for their Publication, and by this generous application of their wealth to bring them abroad."

With delicious unconsciousness, indeed, in this chapter he recommends Rich Men

"to wisely chuse a Friend of Shining Abilities, of Hearty affections, and of excellent Piety; a Minister of such a Character it may be. And Entreat him, yea, Oblige him, to Study for you, and Suggest to you, Opportunities to Do Good: make him, as I may say, your Monitor."

If, as Mather would say, our little scrap of literary history need a moral, it shall be addressed to men of his own profession. Here is one man whom the world ranks as an ass, and another whom the world ranks as its most useful practical genius. The first was a preacher; and the second says, that, for any use he has been to the world, it may thank that preacher. Why is the man called an ass, to whom the world owes its most useful practical genius? Because he could not omit his own prefaces. Because he overlaid everything with such a farrago of introduction. He could not begin at the beginning, and end at the end. The moral would seem to be that this is the greatest practical gift of all. And we leave the two lives with the curious question, How many Mathers may have stood in pulpits for the last eighteen centuries, who would have been Franklins, if they had only known how "to omit their fine passages"? There is a tender appeal in the book on the sin of Sleeping in Church!—How many sleepers would the "Second Church in Boston" have known, if it could have once heard a sermon from the Franklin who lay hidden in Cotton Mather?



ART. IX. — THE OLD RHODE ISLAND QUESTION.

History of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. By SAMUEL GREENE ARNOLD. Vol. I. 1636–1700. New York: Appleton & Co. 1859. pp. 574.

A NEW and very attractive science, or study, has been growing popular in these last years, which has for its object to discover the significance, in various aspects, of the natural features, and even of the profile, of different parts of the earth's surface. It prophesies even the historical relations of land to

land by the way in which they look and lean towards each other in their geographical configuration. Like all other sciences, this too has its quaint and queer turns, its enthusiastic extravaganzas, its reliefs from a too serious study. It has its *lusus naturæ* to show, and can allow its disciples an occasional *lusus mentis*. Mr. Guyot himself, in his charming work on "The Earth and Man," illustrates this pleasant privilege of fancy, when he fondly notices how "the Old World *bends* towards the New," and how "America *looks* towards the Old World," and, by the very determining of its geology and geography, *spreads out its lap* to welcome the tribes which the *opposite* continent exhibits an *inclination* to thrust forth upon the sea of adventure.

Any one who has an eye for the tracing of these coincidences, may find on the maps some odd and grotesque ones, in which one might almost seem to have detected a vein of humor in old Mother Nature herself. Every schoolboy is taught, among the first things, to see how curiously Italy resembles a boot, for instance; but the example of this freakishness of the Jötuns which we have just now in mind is nearer home.

Our readers, when they have looked at the map of New England, may, or may not, have remarked a certain general likeness it bears to a boot (with a somewhat ample top, indeed), or, leaving off Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire, to a shoe, quite long in the quarters and turned up at the toe. If, now, we imagine Rhode Island to be some tough, unyielding lump right under the hollow of this great foot of the old New England Confederacy in the middle of the seventeenth century, jammed in between the heel, Connecticut, the ball of the toe, Plymouth Colony, and the instep, Massachusetts, we shall have a lively, and, though rude, not very unfaithful impression of the early history, the peculiar trials, and the tenacious endurance of the little State, (little in size, but not in historical significance,) which has found so acute, able, entertaining, and candid an historian in the author of the volume before us.

If ever a company of political pioneers and prophets could feel and appropriate that old apostolic language, surely Williams and Clarke and their associates might truly have said,

"When we were come into [Rhode Island], our flesh had no rest, but we were troubled on every side; without were fightings, within were fears." The border and boundary troubles of the Rhode Island settlers, (who would have been certainly pronounced, in ancient times, under the disfavor of the God Terminus,) — those most tedious and thorny territorial disputes, aggravated, if not always instigated, by the bigotry of the surrounding colonies, — which necessarily occupy so large a place in this first volume, are treated by our author with a faithfulness and fairness which, had they been unaccompanied by other qualities, might have made for the general, even New England reader, a dead man's journey of many pages, where, thanks to his skilful and spirited handling, one is led pleasantly along in paths of interest and instruction; — while the more strictly internal dissensions of the little colony, with the faults or frailties of character which promoted them, as well as the circumstances which extenuated them, and the peculiar virtues and energies they called into exercise, will be found depicted here in a strong and vivid manner, and by a true pen.

The account of the Puritans, with which the book opens, is clearly and fairly written. The author admits, with remarkable candor, that, in their treatment of Williams, "their sins were rather of the head than of the heart." He repeatedly reminds us, indeed, with the other Rhode Island writers, that Williams was persecuted for "opinion's sake," an assertion which Palfrey, as well as many other Massachusetts writers before him, denies, maintaining, after Cotton, that no question of religious doctrine was involved. There is, however, a sense in which the assertion holds true; for, after all, what is the liberty to have an opinion without the liberty of expressing it, if one thinks it of any importance? Plainly, then, Williams was dealt with for his opinions, because the majority thought them dangerous ones. Freedom of conscience, Dr. Palfrey must admit, is not really had, except in name, when it is thwarted in the very points where a man has a practical use for it. Logically, therefore, the ground taken should be, that Williams *was banished* for opinion, but that that was not *persecution*. We seem to get a glimpse of a ground, in this

matter, on which the two sides ought to be reconciled. In regard to later developments, Dr. Palfrey drops a remark which leads us to look, in the sequel, for a still nearer approach, on his part, to Mr. Arnold, when he says: "The Puritan's mistake at a later period was, that he undertook by public regulation what public regulation can never achieve, and, by aiming to form a nation of saints, introduced hypocrites among them to defeat their objects, and bring scandal on their cause, while the saints were made no more numerous and no better." Compare this with what Arnold says in regard to the law of Massachusetts, restricting the franchise to church-members, on page 18.

The case of Joshua Verin, who would not let his wife go to Mr. Williams's meetings as often as she wanted to, over which the old chroniclers make merry, was certainly decided in consistency with the principle that no man (that is, human being) should be restrained in his (or her) conscience. Williams's original idea, however, undoubtedly meant this for *civil* government, not domestic; and one of the things Arnold charges upon the Puritans is, that "the sanctity of domestic life was disturbed by the surveillance of the state." But this only shows that the Providence people were *puritanical* also, in their way. It is curious, by the way, that the first interference for protecting liberty of conscience in the infant State was exerted in behalf of woman's rights.

The account of the settlement of the island of Rhode Island is an extremely interesting narrative, faithful, we believe, in all points, except in assuming that the division which led a portion of the settlers at the north end, including all the government, to draw off and set up their standard at what is now Newport, was simply a matter of *expediency*. In our opinion, it was hastened, if not caused, by disaffection, perhaps on both parts, Coddington's and Hutchinson's. Of Coddington it has been said (by Judge Durfee), that "he had in him a little too much of the future for Massachusetts, and a little too much of the past for Rhode Island, as she then was."

The story of Coddington's subsequent usurpation of the government of the southern part of the "Providence Plantations," loosely as the three colonies were held together by the

Narragansett patent, — of Williams's second voyage to England with Clarke, and their securing of a new charter, — and of the proceedings of the government under it, — the circumstances of its suspension during the power of Andros, — the new danger to the little State which followed, upon the arrival of Lord Bellamont, and in the midst of which this volume leaves us eagerly asking "more," — these general heads, and all the curious and instructive details which they cover, are presented in a full, faithful, and lively manner.

The statement of the whole affair between Samuel Gorton and the two governments of Massachusetts and Rhode Island respectively, seems to us an admirable piece of history. The name of Gorton has become, through the inconsiderateness of writers and readers of the history, a somewhat cacophonous one, and ought to be made to sound less harshly. It certainly had, until lately, to our own ears, a sound that seemed to allude to the hangman's knot. It is time these things were set down more fairly.

We began this article by speaking, half playfully, of geographical coincidences. But we would now acknowledge, gravely and gratefully, what we trust we may call without presumption the Providential coincidence presented by the publication of this noble work of a most worthy son of Rhode Island simultaneously with another work, traversing, or destined to traverse, much of the same ground, by a deservedly distinguished son of Massachusetts. May we not hail this phenomenon as an omen of the approach of a perfect understanding *between* the respective admirers of the two illustrious bands of State-founders, as well as a more perfect understanding, on all hands, of the ruling and overruling wisdom of Him who makes men to differ, and makes their warring together a working together for greater ends than the warmest pietists or the wisest philanthropists had contemplated, — who out of their discords educes a higher harmony, and sets the stars, which only *differ* in glory, in constellations of renown, where they give and receive mutual and equal lustre? Let the calm and high tone in which these two thorough and accomplished historians respectively treat their themes be an earnest to us that the time is coming, and now is, when it shall be possible for any

of us to give even-handed justice and high honor to both of those illustrious bands at once, or rather to all four, or five, of them, the founders of Rhode-Island, in both senses of the word, and the earlier settlers of the Bay State, the successive colonists of Plymouth and Salem and Boston.

Of course, it was not to be expected that Mr. Arnold, having for his main object to redeem the glory of his native State, or rather to set it as high as the truth of history should permit and require, would enter so fully and specially into those circumstances, of creed, object, and position, which tend, at least, to make us *less surprised* at the policy of the Puritans of Massachusetts, to modify essentially the idea that they adopted, on the whole, a course which was *so very unnatural*, or that he would dwell at much length on the conservative virtues of the Puritan character in a political or a religious direction. Nor, on the other hand, was it to be expected that Dr. Palfrey, though writing the history of New England at large, inasmuch as he has thus far reached a point only half a dozen years within the limits of Rhode Island history, would, as yet, give the prominence and emphasis to the position and performance of the little State which some of us feel that the peculiarity of her principles entitles her to, and which this fair and thorough writer will probably allow her in a future volume. Even the staid and quiet manner in which he speaks of Roger Williams we can well attribute to a feeling that others will take care, and have taken care, of the fame of that noble man's talents and virtues, (which he, however, emphatically acknowledges,) while the best service he can render the simple and sober truth is to set an example of a calm, dispassionate exposition of those errors on the part of the champion of the better cause, and those urgent arguments of necessity on that of those who could not afford to go so fast as he would, which made it evident that they could not work together, — that two such enterprises as his and theirs demanded separate, or distinct, fields of action.

And, after all, is not this the simple fact of the case, that it was better the two sorts of Puritans should part company for the present? — by *two sorts* we mean, men who, in their principles and policy, so characteristically, and, for practical pur-

poses, essentially differed. If they *could* have lived together, it was better they should live and labor apart.

As to the question how we shall distribute and how designate the *morale* involved in the *manner* of the successive dissolutions of partnership, with all due deference to the discernment of more confident judges, we submit that only the great and final judgment can answer it. There are three sorts of things upon which history undertakes to pronounce, — three things which form a climax of difficulty: *facts*, *motives*, and *merits*. So far as the first of these can throw light on the last two, it is wonderful what ever-new light the sharp eyes of modern research and the division of labor in this department are eliciting from the detection and comparison of items apparently the most insignificant. But from facts to motives, — from outer facts to those inner and impalpable ones, how considerable is the step! And from motives to merits it is vast indeed, and one which a right-minded man will hesitate long to take.

But even the seeing and showing of facts as they were, and placing them in a right relation to each other, so that they shall be in true proportion and perspective, this (which indeed is the whole of the historian's strict and proper province) is (to begin with) no easy task. It is curious to see how the slightest shiftings of the kaleidoscope of the writer's preference may alter the look and leaning of things. Thus, in regard to the (now amusing) suspicion with which the Salem brethren regarded what to this day remains as the Boston Association of Ministers, Palfrey and Arnold both refer to the same authority (Winthrop, I. 117); but the former says, "Against this practice *Williams inveighed*, as being what 'might grow in time to a presbytery or superintendency, to the prejudice of the Church's liberties,'" while the latter represents it as inspiring "the cautious mind of *Skelton* with fear lest," &c., and adds, "In this feeling *Williams* shared, *but remained passive*."* Singly, such differences are trivial, but when you put into the kaleidoscope of partial feeling and fancy a thousand little bits of incident, a slight agitation will produce a marked change of the whole figure.

And when it comes to the question of the *motives* and *merits*

* Winthrop simply says, Skelton and Williams "*took some exception*," &c.

of men of long-gone days, how much more delicate and difficult becomes the task of historical simplicity and soberness! In the case of the Puritan settlers of New England, not to insist upon the mixture or alternation of motives which may, and often does, hold sway in one and the same soul, we must remember that they were a mixed company. Dr. Palfrey well recognizes this, and furnishes us an argument for moderation in judging even the Boston church, in the unquestionable fact that one party would do mainly from one class of motives what another party with different and less worthy feelings would be glad to have done, and the motives that made the most noise would be apt to come down to us as those which really did the business.

A truly difficult and delicate task it is, we repeat, to analyze and distribute the complex motives of men in such a peculiar position as that of the Puritans of Massachusetts, — to decide, for instance, how far their action was determined by state policy, and how far by religious feeling, or to estimate in what proportions the sacred and the secular elements entered into the composition of their life and character, or to make up our minds how far they were actuated in their treatment of dissentient brethren by a sense of the necessity of their position, how far by narrow views of religious duty, and how far by the veritable *odium theologicum*.

The two charges most commonly brought against the Massachusetts Puritans have been of hypocrisy and of inconsistency. As to the former, we are often astonished at the off-hand manner in which men will fling it at their fellows. A being once walked the earth who "knew what was in man" well enough to be justified in saying, "Thou hypocrite!" but we doubt whether any one since has understood deeply enough and far enough back a brother man's internal history, to be warranted in applying that term in its commonly understood sense.

As to the other charge, of inconsistency, the propriety of that depends upon the question, What did the emigrants of 1628 and 1630 come over for? Whether their motive simply was to worship God for themselves freely, or whether, as Dr. Palfrey thinks, they had a sort of presentiment and purpose

from the beginning of ultimately establishing a free political State,—in either view, it was for *their* liberty they came hither. They came as the defenders of *liberty* rather than as the champions of *liberality*, in which latter character, we think it will be generally admitted, when the whole matter is calmly considered, Williams, Clarke, and their associates, had a higher or a broader light than the majority of those from whom they separated. But to say that the founders of Rhode Island were more faithful to their light than the Bay brethren is quite another thing. The Church-and-State men of Massachusetts thought, not only that it was wise and necessary, but that *verily* they *ought* to do many things which we, now, can see were “contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth.” But if God counted Saul of Tarsus *faithful*, notwithstanding his blindness and bitterness, because he acted up to the best light he had, may we not honor the grim fidelity of the New England zealots, notwithstanding all the narrowness of conception, in many respects, with which it was associated?

And if, even in these days of increased light and liberty and liberality, the practical working of the theory of freedom of conscience has often proved such a perplexing and puzzling thing to the wisest heads and the best hearts, may we not well make the more allowance for the Puritans of the seventeenth century, who came hither to realize the idea of a Christian commonwealth? We well remember a singular theme Professor Channing once gave, from Mrs. Farrar's Robinson Crusoe: “I had but three subjects, and they were of three different religions; my man Friday was a Protestant; his father, a Pagan and cannibal; and the Spaniard was a Papist: however, I allowed liberty of conscience throughout my dominions.” Simple-hearted Robinson! happy was it, if neither thy Pagan nor thy Papal subject ever felt in conscience bound to do, as a right, what his creed might not only allow, but impose as a religious duty!

Undoubtedly we shall all admit, that, in some respects, the men of Massachusetts acted under unnecessary apprehension, and with narrow views of religion, if not of policy. But there is one thing in which they were eminently consistent. Whatever blunders they may have made in their measures for

keeping Church and State in one, the idea was in itself a noble one, which floated before the minds of the settlers alike of Plymouth and of Portsmouth, that Church and State ought to be, not merely allied, but identical; in other words, that the law of God is the only safe foundation of human law and order. With all their delusions, they certainly were free from one which has sadly infected their descendants, of undertaking to set religion aside from some of the most prominent and important relations of men. They had not one tribunal called the Divine Testimony for Church Matters, and another called the Public Mind for State Affairs. Theirs was not the folly and the impiety of pretending to ask on certain days and subjects, "What saith the Lord?" and on others swelling the cry, "The voice of the people (or of the greater number) hath spoken: it is the voice of God!" We can sympathize in the evident gusto with which Dr. Palfrey declares that, "in no stress, in no delirium of politics, could a Puritan have been brought to teach, that, for either public or private conduct, there is some law of man above the law of God."

As New-Englanders, we have, to a certain extent and a great extent, a common ground for pride in the Puritanism of our New England ancestry. Cannot a true Massachusetts and a true Rhode Island heart beat in the same bosom? Some of us have special reason for asserting the affirmative. The Pilgrims of Rhode Island, at least the settlers of the island itself, were themselves Puritans, and, as Callender says, "of the highest form." Nor did they, though, in some respects, choice spirits among them, monopolize all the merit of the mixed company, whose numbers differed, indeed, in degree of light and virtue, but which, as a whole, was marked out from the world by rare and shining endowments of mind and spirit. The Puritan is the progenitor of one, whose pedigree we should be glad to see analyzed with the thoroughness it merits, that compound of grit and humor, the Yankee. And what would be left of New England, (to say no more,) if you took away the Yankee, is a question we "seek not to penetrate."

But, after all, the calculating and balancing of human motives and merits seems to us but a small part, but a low and narrow view, of the business of history. When the so-

called Father of History named his nine books after the Muses (who were virtually part of the manifestation of that complex Divinity), he foreshadowed the idea, which seems to us a true one, that the writing of history is a work of piety, as well as of poesy. There is no such thing as profane history. All history is sacred. It is an account of the ways and wisdom of Divine Providence. If one might venture to read Pope's famous line,

"Whatever *was* is right,"

we think that would be a sound assertion. The past is holy and divine. It has become an unalterable part of the great Scripture of Divine Providence. In *studying* history, at least, we are apt to make too much of man, and too little of God. Until we reverse this, the study must fail to impart its best and legitimate influence. A bright day will it be when the writers and readers of history shall have a reverent yearning to vindicate the ways of Providence, which shall make all anxiety to vindicate the measures or merits of men a quite secondary thing.

We are told that when, on one of the occasions preceding his banishment, the magistrates and ministers were for visiting Roger Williams with the immediate severity of law, Cotton besought them first to try the method of argument, for they might yet gain their brother. Upon which Grahame well remarks, that "they gained him, indeed, in a manner less flattering to themselves than a controversial victory would have been, but much more beneficial to the interests of America."

Would that all historical surveys and sentences were governed by the spirit of this reflection! We hail, however, the two works that have been in our view during the preparation of this paper, as harbingers of a new style and spirit in treating the vexed topics of early New England history.

We would gladly make extracts to justify the praise we have bestowed on Mr. Arnold's volume, but rather than undertake to give our readers, by a brick or two, a specimen of his building, recommend to them earnestly to enter and examine for themselves.

Finally, we welcome these two noble brothers to the bright

band of our American historians. Success to them both in their endeavors to find out, and to bring out, the truth in its severe simplicity! Success to the best qualities of the Puritan character, on both sides of the long-agitated question we have referred to! God speed the joint cause of faith and freedom!

ART. X.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY. *L. T. Allen.*

THE chief fact we have to notice in this department among ourselves is the appearance, in one month, of two new theological journals,* which have the common object of reviving and defending the elder faith of New England. What shades of difference in belief may be between them, we have little care to arbitrate. The difference in their temper and aim is hinted in their titles. The "*Congregationalist*" is from beginning to end what its name denotes,—a champion of that ecclesiastical polity which it considers the oldest, the wisest, the freest, the best adapted to the genius of our people and to the Christian work it has in hand to execute. It deals a great deal in statistics and personal memoranda, and makes no very positive declaration of theological opinion. The other is far more significant and decisive. It will know nothing of "controversies between Presbyterians and Congregationalists." Its one aim is, on a doctrinal platform common to both, to defend the Calvinistic faith as the "best of all systems of divine truth hitherto arranged." Its tone is clear, frank, explicit. It apprehends distinctly the radical opposition between the creed it espouses and the dominant spirit of the time,—whether seen in letters, science, or what we more vaguely call the progress of the age. It is a question of principle, not of methods or details, that it has undertaken to discuss,—a question how broad and radical we have endeavored to illustrate in our pages. Its tone is that of conviction, honestly held and frankly maintained. Its firm, well-defined, uncompromising attitude challenges our respect. We may have to meet it, now and then, in the quality of antagonists; but we trust that always, as now, it may be with nothing to impair the comity there should be among Christian thinkers and sincere searchers after truth. "Opinion in good men," says Milton, "is but knowledge in the making." So controversy, among honest men, is but God's truth in the learning.

A clear and able Introduction sets forth very explicitly the rad-

* The *Congregational Quarterly*, Vol. I. No. 1; and The *American Theological Review*, Vol. I. No. 1. January, 1859. Boston.

ical contradiction between Calvinism and any less decisive form of doctrine, any half-way or concealed Arminianism. In this we have only to find fault with the writer's assumption, that Calvinism is the only scheme which makes God the centre of religious thought! The next paper is a very fair illustration of the sort of defiance thrown out to literature as the expression of the dominant mind of the time. It is a zealous and well-aimed attack on the writer of perhaps widest influence of all who now wield the English tongue. When Mr. Dickens entered the field as a champion against the hypocrisies of the time, his incessant caricature, his fondness for broad effects, his very temperament as a man of genius, seeing with the heart rather than the head, left grievous chinks in his harness, of which his assailant does not fail to take advantage, sparing not even the sorrows and scandals that have beset his private life. The article is worth reading, not as a fair general critique, but as a sharp exposure of the vulnerable side of one whom all would love to praise; still more, for its eloquent vindication of the classes who have suffered unjustly from the great novelist's satire. Personal attack or personal retort is a dangerous weapon, used against individuals or classes, and one to be handled charily. We wish the writer of the paper on "endless punishment" had borne this in mind, and regret that an argument so momentous in its issue gets mixed up with a tone of ridicule and assumption unworthy of the grave debate. We wish, as the writer does, "a few solid words ere we part."

This is the only instance we observe of a departure from the temper of fair, manly discussion. In the main, we are moved to honor the evident *purpose* with which the several papers are written. Granting the orthodox system to be true, the only temper intelligible in one who holds it so is that of an incessant, unflinching, uncompromising advocacy. Doubtless the advocates of a strict, well-marked creed have an enormous advantage over those whom intellect and conscience alike compel to harmonize their faith with a different style of culture, and (shall we say?) a more philosophic view of human history. Doubtless, what we call Liberalism is in peril of falling on its ethical side into a crude sentimentalism, and on its intellectual side into a no-creed, devoid of all the more reverent and devout elements of Christian faith. Possibly each may help the other. Such a spirit as that which records a shining example of "ministerial fidelity," or urges those points in our condition which indicate this as a divinely "commissioned missionary nation," can do nothing but good. If controversy come from the aggressive vigor of a creed which seems to us immeasurably narrow as a gauge of the eternal counsel of the Most High, we trust it will be always subordinated to the spirit which makes of the disciples of one Lord, in the lofty yet reverent phrase of St. Paul, "*laborers together with God.*"

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE recent and unanticipated death of Mr. Prescott lends a painful interest to the new volume of his *History of the Reign of Philip the*

Second.* Born at Salem on the 4th of May, 1796, and dying at Boston on the 28th of January, 1859, his literary life was a succession of splendid triumphs. His first attempt as an author was received with rare and well-deserved favor; each new production of his pen added to his reputation; his latest work was his best; and at his death he had long stood, by the consent of all, in the foremost rank of American historians.

This, however, is not the place, nor is this the fitting occasion, for a detailed sketch of his life, or an elaborate estimate of his characteristics as a writer. As his various works have issued from the press, the readers of this journal have been made acquainted with their special merits, and with the general method of his labors. His personal character has been lovingly portrayed elsewhere, by the eloquent lips of college friends and equally intimate associates of later years. Moreover, the time has scarcely yet arrived for a calm and careful survey of his various powers, and a final judgment as to his position among the great writers of history. It is sufficient for our present purpose to say, that an historian whose works exhibit those characteristics to which we have so often had occasion to refer when speaking of Mr. Prescott, whose familiarity with his subject is so profound and exhaustive, whose candor and impartiality are so unyielding, whose reflections are so judicious and well-considered, and whose style is so simple and perspicuous, possesses some of the most essential qualities on which an enduring reputation rests. His fame must be regarded as secure.

But this consideration does not diminish the regret with which we close the third volume of his still unfinished *History*. Enough of it had been written to show how admirably qualified he was, both by knowledge and by practice, to deal with a theme of so much wider and grander interest than any which had hitherto engaged his pen; but enough remained only in promise to sadden the reader as he reluctantly lays down the splendid fragment.

This third volume of Mr. Prescott's great work is less varied in interest than were the two previous volumes. But what it loses in variety of character and incident, it gains in epic unity; and the reader is not distracted by the rush of new events and unknown personages constantly appearing and disappearing upon the scene. In writing a *History of the Reign of Philip the Second*, the historian must often and rapidly pass from country to country, and with each change place himself amidst new circumstances, new customs, and new peoples speaking new languages, — so widely extended was the power of Spain and so comprehensive were her politics. In the volume before us, however, Mr. Prescott is enabled to confine himself almost entirely to the history of the Moorish Rebellion and the War with the Turks. The first eight chapters treat of the condition of the Moors in Spain, and trace with great minuteness the story of their unsuccessful attempt to set up a

* *History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain.* By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. Vol. III. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co.

new empire in the Peninsula. Beginning with some judicious observations on the bitter feelings with which the Spaniards regarded the Moriscoes, and on the oppressive edict which was the immediate cause of the outbreak, Mr. Prescott describes with many graphic touches the descent of the Moriscoes under Aben-Farax upon Granada, the various battles and sieges which marked the progress of the struggle, closing with the death of Aben-Aboo, the last of the Moorish kings, and the expulsion of the misbelievers. The next three chapters are devoted to the war waged against the Turks by the united forces of the Pope, Venice, and Spain, with its crowning victory of Lepanto. The last two chapters in the volume, forming the commencement of the Sixth Book, deal with the domestic affairs of Spain, and are among the most attractive in the entire work. They show how thoroughly Mr. Prescott had mastered his subject, and how rich and various were the materials which he had collected to illustrate the actual condition of Spain in the time of Philip, the Second, and the personal character of the monarch.

In dealing with the events which are narrated in this volume, Mr. Prescott has had not a few opportunities for indulging in those picturesque descriptions in which few historians have surpassed him. These he has not neglected. By single touches and by more elaborate painting, as in the descriptions of the siege of Galera and the battle of Lepanto, he has brought vividly before the reader many brilliant and stirring scenes. His characters of the prominent actors are drawn with a firm and discriminating touch; and there are no more pleasing chapters than those which portray the early life and character of Don John of Austria, and describe the habits and tastes of Philip. Throughout, Mr. Prescott's style has the same pellucid flow which has characterized all his former works. Indeed, we are inclined to think that his style has grown richer and mellower with advancing years. The orderly arrangement of the narrative, too, is even more noticeable in this volume than it was in his earlier writings. It should seem as though, conscious of the uncertainty of his life, he had so written that each chapter might fitly close his long and honored career.

At his death the whole of the two remaining volumes, we are told, had been arranged in outline, and some part of the filling-in had been completed; and from these materials, it is stated, that Mr. Foster Kirk, Mr. Prescott's secretary, will complete the work according to the original plan. For this extremely difficult and delicate task, Mr. Kirk possesses some special qualifications not elsewhere to be found. He is already favorably known as the author of some carefully prepared articles in the *North American Review* on subjects connected with Spanish history, and from Mr. Prescott's own testimony as to the extent of his acquirements; and we cannot doubt that he will discharge this trust in such a manner as will justify the confidence placed in him. Still, we should have preferred that the unfinished work of Mr. Prescott should remain just as he left it.

MR. WILSON returns to the charge in attacking the received accounts

of the gorgeous civilization of ancient Mexico.* In a note added to the book after its completion, he expresses very gracefully his regret that it should appear just when the community is shocked with the announcement of Mr. Prescott's death. There is no room, however, for any fear of implication that "he is assailing the memory of the dead," for he is making no attack on Mr. Prescott, but merely on the great mass of Mr. Prescott's authorities. Mr. Prescott was as much interested in this scrutiny as any man.

We will take an early opportunity to discuss the broad questions which are thrown open by these repeated onslaughts upon the Spanish Chronicles. At present we have only to say, that, although this author has no sort of system in his book-making, he has, what is a great deal better, an immense mass of facts bearing upon his subject, many of which are drawn from sources which other historians have not had at command, and many of them from his own observations among the Indian tribes and in Mexico itself. The book is incoherent indeed, being rather a collection of essays than a single book. We could have wished that some of these essays were omitted, that the author had not mixed up with his attack on the Castilian chroniclers some speculations of his own which seem to us quite as airy as theirs, about the Phœnician migrations to Central America. But we are so glad to get a series of thoroughly made observations and studies in the most curious department of our archaeology, that we will not quarrel with the arrangement of these studies. It is more and more evident that the result of our occupation of parts of Mexico is going to be a great increase of light on the early history of the country.

J. T. Allen

WE are glad to receive now, in their fair English dress, the volumes of Arago's biographical sketches.* The titles of the several papers will suggest the variety and interest of the topics they treat, — pleasant and brilliant episodes, most of them, in the history of the science of the last hundred years. In the form of "éloges," or commemorative discourses, they detail in lively and popular style most of the discoveries and inventions that have marked the higher departments of science. Such names as Bailly, Herschel, La Place, Carnot, Young, and Watt, illustrated by so notable a compeer, are a guaranty of the rare interest of these volumes. But their principal charm lies in the immense personal vigor of the man Arago; — a vigor which led him, perhaps, to hasty conclusions, to imperfect and unsound views in some lesser points, to unworthy personal controversies and political indiscretions, showing him even more the man of active life than the philosopher; but which has given him also a larger space in the regard of men than any intellectual Frenchman of the century whom we can readily name. One cannot help likening him to Carnot,

* A New History of the Conquest of Mexico, in which Las Casas's Denunciations of the popular Historians of that War are fully vindicated. By ROBERT ANDERSON WILSON. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son.

† Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men. By FRANÇOIS ARAGO. (Translated.) First and Second Series. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

the great war minister *par excellence*, and fancying that the arms and policies of state, which he administered so bravely ten years ago, were still fitter for his handling than algebraic symbols and the tools of the astronomer's trade. His autobiography is one of the most exciting pieces of adventure to be found. Sinbad the sailor, voyaging for honest traffic, encountered not stranger hazards, or fell into more numerous, strange, and formidable, unfriendly hands, than the intrepid young surveyor, who crosses the Pyrenees, with his theodolite and chain, to trace that famous meridian arc, the magnificent unit of measure adopted by the French. The series of escapes among bandits and corsairs, the wild coasts of Barbary, and the worse perils of Spanish jails, give us a very curious side view of some scenes and episodes in the great Peninsular campaign. Arago's career as an Academician seems to have been almost as full of excitement as his three years of foreign service. His hearty partisanship, his bold, generous, and ardent nature, are well shown both in the brief hints with which he closes his autobiography, and by the brilliant papers which succeed, — admirable models of their class.

No event that we remember offers so near and striking a parallel to the rise of Methodism, as that form of the Temperance movement initiated about twenty years ago under the name of "Washingtonianism." The most marked and able man of that movement well deserved the tribute which filial honor has rendered since his death.* Mr. Hawkins was the first, and perhaps, on the whole, the best of that class of men, who, rescued from the curse of drunkenness, made it their religion and life-work to rescue others. And, remembering the painful extravagances and mistakes of a class of orators glorying in having been the most abandoned of men, one is glad to find the real honesty, modesty, and worth, the groundwork of religious conviction, and the abiding influence of Christian training, which guided a career so manly and sincere over so perilous a field. The bulk of the biography consists, of course, of the detail of labors and experience in the Temperance cause; and regarded in this light alone, it is among the most instructive and striking chapters in the moral history of the time.

SIMON WILLARD, son of Richard, was born in the year 1605, at Horsmonden, a parish of Kent. There he grew up to man's estate and to Puritan opinions, and there he married and had children. In 1634, crowds of Puritans sought freedom of worship on this continent. "God's providence," says Sir Symonds D'Ewes, in his Autobiography, "this year, especially in the spring-time, put into the hearts of many godly persons, as well women as men, to hazard themselves, their children and estates, to go into New England in America by sea, there to plant one of the most absolutely holy, orthodox, and well-governed churches in Christendom or in that other world." Of these "godly persons, as well women as men," two were Simon Willard, and his wife Mary, who was then twenty years of age.

* Life of John H. W. Hawkins. Compiled by his Son. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.

On his arrival in Massachusetts, Willard went first to Cambridge, and established himself on the piece of land which was owned and occupied twenty-five years ago by his learned descendant, Professor Sidney Willard. There may have been fifty families in Cambridge when Simon Willard joined them, and there was already complaint of "straitness for want of land." A minister — that queen-bee of a New England swarm — appeared in the person of Mr. Peter Bulkley, who came from England the next year; and under his lead Willard's and twelve other households waded and hewed their way to Musketaquid, now Concord. Willard's activity and trustworthiness had become known, and the party had scarcely reached the place before he was engaged by the younger Winthrop to go round to the mouth of Connecticut River and see to the putting up of a plank fort and some cabins. But he got back to his wife and children in season to keep them from starving or freezing during the winter.

At Concord, Willard did a little of everything that was useful, except what Bulkley did as minister. In civil life he was Clerk of the Writs, and in military, captain of the train-band. He represented his town in the General Court. He traded with the Indians, and helped the apostle Eliot in trying to convert them. He was commissioner for the Colony to treat with the Block-Islanders and Pequots, and he served it as surveyor to lay out the bounds of new plantations. Twenty years after his emigration, he was chosen an Assistant, that is, a member of the board — which exercised the highest judicial and legislative functions; and was continued in that office by annual election twenty-three years, till his death; for promotion in those days, for worthy men, if slow, was stable. He was Sergeant-Major, or, as we should call it, Major-General, of the militia of his county, at a time when it behooved a militia officer to be capable and brave. On the occasion of an apprehended conflict with the Nyantick Indians in 1653, he was placed in command of an expedition from Massachusetts, and in that capacity became personally involved in the dispute between his own Colony and its more fiercely disposed confederates.

When King Charles the Second, of blessed memory, came to enjoy his own again, and Lord Clarendon sent over the commission of Colonel Nichols and his three assessors to rout the Dutch from New Amsterdam, and put the democratic colonies of New England in order, Massachusetts appointed Willard, with the Governor and three others, to see what was best to be done about it. The committee watched the visitors like a lynx, listened to them like an adder, and barked at them at the right times like a watch-dog; and the Colony, tempering and alternating masterly inactivity with seasonable warnings proclaimed with bray of trumpet, sent the Royal Commissioners home with full confirmation of what Lord Clarendon had before shrewdly suspected, — that the Puritan plantations had already "hardened into republics."

Willard sold his estate in Concord in 1659, and went to inland Lancaster, where he passed the last seventeen years of his life. He was actively engaged in the operations of the critical war against the Pokanoket King Philip, when he was seized with an epidemic sickness,

to which he fell a victim at Charlestown, on the 24th day of April, 1676.

This story Mr. Joseph Willard, seventh in descent from the subject of it, has told at large, — the way in which such a story should be told.* Himself a learned antiquary and a well-trained man of letters, he has given to his work the interest of various collateral knowledge and of perspicuous and graceful expression. With the personal history of his progenitor he has judiciously interwoven not a little of the general history and of the interesting anecdote of the times; and very few books of any size or description are to be named as more richly illustrative of the first half-century of New England. In the beginning of the volume is condensed some curious learning concerning early times in England, and especially concerning the origin of names of persons and places, and the old life of the men of Kent, the pattern race of English yeomen. And towards the end is placed a list of a part — more than three hundred — of Simon Willard's descendants through three generations, with biographical notices interspersed.

Our New England town histories and family histories — even if put together in a clumsy manner, as they very often are — are works of interest and importance. Nothing helps the general historian more to tread his way securely. As to the latter class of compositions, so diffused is consanguinity in New England, that the history of one name is the history of many races. Almost all people of Yankee birth or ancestry, whether living in that part of Boston from which Cork and Tipperary has not yet extruded us, or in San Francisco, or anywhere between the two, are derived from an original stock of four thousand families, and from the branches of that stock, twisted with each other, over and over again, through seven generations; so that from the history of the name of Willard, for instance, belonging at the end of the alphabet, not only Willards, but Adamses, Browns, Cutlers, Deanes, and so on to the alphabet's end, may trace a graft into their own genealogical tree. So much use a very dry collection will serve. But, in a master's hand, this sort of work takes a different shape and value from that of a mere *mémoire pour servir*. Mr. Willard is not one of those antiquarian pedants whose microscopes exclude all relations of perspective, but a scholar of liberal and comprehensive mind and culture. When he delivered, some years ago, a Commemorative Address before the citizens of Lancaster, he led many to hope that he would himself give personality to the masterly sketch which he drew of the future historian of Massachusetts. If his modesty or his engagements have hitherto deferred that hope, at all events in the present volume he has provided, not only matter of reasonable pride for his own numerous clan, but at the same time aids to the researches of book-designing men, and instruction and entertainment for the general reader.

* Willard Memoir; or, Life and Times of Major Simon Willard, with Notices of three Generations of his Descendants, and two Collateral Branches in the United States; also, Some Account of the Name and Family in Europe, from an Early Day. By JOSEPH WILLARD. With three Engravings. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 8vo. pp. 471.

ESSAYS, ETC.

J. H. Allen

THAT very fascinating and suggestive volume, "*Thorndale*,"* has been too long known, at least by name, to those conversant with the recent fruits of the English mind, to need more than a brief greeting at its reappearance now in an American dress. Perhaps the tone, especially of the earlier part, — which shows the somewhat morbid introspection of a mind of ripe and refined culture, yet held in balance by no plain task-work of active duty, — blinds the reader at first as to the real purport and spirit of the book. A volume of essays it is not, or of new Platonic dialogues, as one might possibly think it after a little acquaintance. But — apart from the tenderness and delicacy of handling it betrays, and that shrinking from dogmatism which seems halting ever between two opinions — a rare amount of vigor in the drawing of character, of human feeling, of something approaching to dramatic skill, and ingenious variety of incident, gives grace and force to its treatment of the eternal problems of good and evil, of God, Man, and the Future. So morbidly scrupulous and self-distrustful is the leading person of the narrative, — and the reason why is signified in his touching recital of the early experience and the weary malady that have driven him upon himself for companionship, — that he dares not even attempt to realize to himself the overwhelming thought of immortality (p. 21). An undercurrent of gentle religious trust, however, as well as of human sympathy, runs through his review of his own intellectual life, and the "conflict of opinions" in which he has been a not quite silent by-stander. "To see Naples and its beautiful bay, and then to die, was precisely the business I had." And here he beguiles the languor of sickness, by recalling the scenes and thoughts of earlier days. The characters of Luxmore, the poet, Cyril, the modern Capuchin, Clarence, the Utopian, and Seckendorf, the stern critic of all theories and faiths, are types, admirably drawn, of so many tendencies in the educated mind of the day. The problems which really engage the deepest speculation, and call forth the most earnest conflicts of faith, we hardly remember to have seen presented in so attractive, clear, and unflinching a way. Seckendorf, the critic of all beliefs and professor of none, sustains the most vigorous and able part in the dialogue. The author seems conscious that, by his own showing, scepticism has the best of the argument; and closes his volume with a subtly wrought and elaborate essay from the assumed hand of Clarence, entitled, "*The Confession of Faith of an Eclectic and Utopian Philosopher*" (pp. 365 – 544), occupying full one third of the volume. This concluding essay seems to us quite beautiful as a protest, deliberately reaffirmed out of a spirit of pure faith in goodness, against the desolating denial which before seemed almost to have crushed it into silence. But as to the dramatic conduct of the story, it seems an intrusion and an afterthought.

Two things will strike the thoughtful reader of this volume. First,

* *THORNDALE*; or, *The Conflict of Opinions*. By WILLIAM SMITH. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

that nowhere, from first to last, is any reference made to an authoritative Faith as deciding those problems of life and destiny, which the writer assumes as problems for evermore to the human intellect. And secondly, that the type of faith which does subsist (other than the mere surrender to an ecclesiastical creed or discipline) is distinctly, as far as it goes, a *socialistic* faith, looking to the indefinite progress of mankind in virtue, intelligence, and social order. How far do these two symptoms really reflect the finer philosophic culture, and religious aspiration, of the present day? Aside from what may be called the *unconscious* Christian element in modern life, this volume would seem to suggest a condition of thought, as to the problems we have spoken of, precisely corresponding with the Pyrrhonism of the later Pagan centuries, — qualified only by the characteristic modern faith in the progress of society. Withal, the prevailing spirit of the book is calm, gentle, even devout and trustful. And we regard it, not as a mere exhibition of the uncertainties that attend all human inquiries into the Invisible, but rather as an illustration of the intimate blending of those inquiries with what is tenderest in the affection and most personal in the experience of men.

J. T. Allen.

THE many readers of Mr. Robertson's Sermons will be glad to add to them the expression of his manly, devout, and vigorous style of thought, in a volume of Lectures and Addresses,* edited since his death. They are more various in the ground they cover, more general in their treatment, more literary in the topics and suggestions they introduce, than belonged to the plain, definite purpose of the Sermons. But we gratefully welcome in them the same noble qualities of mind. They are especially interesting to us, as examples of what is addressed to the workingmen of England in popular lectures and debates, — which seem far more distinctly to aim at the *instruction* of the people than similar institutions amongst ourselves. "The Influence of Poetry," "Wordsworth," "Improvement of the Dwellings of the Laboring Classes," the question of Rank as affecting the progress and position of those classes, and of "the Introduction of Sceptical Publications" into their libraries, are among the topics we find presented in this volume. From the remarks on the last we cite the following true and generous words: —

"Generally, the step from doubt is a reckless plunge into sensuality. Then comes the darkening of the moral being; and then from uncertainty and scepticism it may be that the path lies unobstructed, sheer down into Atheism. But if there be one on earth who deserves compassion, it is the sincere, earnest, and — may I say it without the risk of being misunderstood? — honest doubter. Let who will denounce him, I will not. I would stand by his side, and say, Courage, my brother! You are darkening your own soul; you are contradicting the meaning of your own existence. But God is your Father, and an Infinite Spirit seeks to mingle itself with yours." — pp. 68, 69.

* Lectures and Addresses on Literary and Social Topics. By the late Rev. F. W. ROBERTSON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

WE welcome with especial interest every contribution of earnest and living thought from regions whose civilization is yet more fresh and flexible than our own. A volume sent us from beyond the Alleghanies* stands worthily in the companionship we have given it. With the author's name we have no other acquaintance than that which the title-page gives us. From the Preface and tone of the work we gather that it belongs to a thoughtful man in active professional life, with whom the principles that lie below his every-day matter and his administration of justice have grown to be matters of reflection so habitual and pressing, that his system (in his own language) has "produced itself," and *must* be written. In style it is very plain, simple, and direct, — a little too sententious for easy reading, but well calculated to reiterate the lesson, and re-arrest the attention of those who need it most. Beginning with the simple elements of mental philosophy, it develops a comprehensive and consistent scheme, first of personal obligation, and finally of the wider relations which man holds to the family and the state. All morality, in the author's view, rests on Religion, — on the clearly understood and acknowledged relation of the soul to God. We like the plain and prominent statement of this fundamental truth. We like the direct, earnest, forcible way in which the successive steps of the argument are put forth. We like the author's honest republicanism, and his clear view of the perils, as well as rights and privileges, of a democracy. The volume is one of which the mere existence must do good. And we hope that its grave, somewhat formal and systematic elaboration of its leading idea may not prevent its holding the place it so well deserves, to instruct the restless mind, and guide the impatient temper, of our Western public.

A. A. Miller. ANTIQUITIES.

THE third volume of Schwegler's Roman History,† left at the author's death nearly ready for the press, conducts the student through the storms of civil contests, and the mists of fable and tradition, to the Licinian Laws, which inaugurate at once the "era of good feeling" and the period of well-defined history and certain chronology. So far is only introduction; Roman History did not properly begin until the Licinian legislation had made the state a unit. But for how much we have to thank the author of these three handsome volumes, for putting into orderly shape and clearly stating the various points at issue and the arguments on each side, no one can fairly appreciate who has not attempted to master the intricacies of Roman constitutional history. As the history of the city before the Licinian laws was but a continual and fierce struggle of parties, so all the literature on this period is but bickering

* *Morality and the State.* By SIMÉON NASH. Columbus, Ohio: Follett, Foster, & Co.

† *Römische Geschichte im Zeitalter des Kampfs der Stände.* Von Dr. A. SCHWEGLER. Zweite Hälfte. Vom ersten Decemvirat bis zu den licinischen Gesetzen. Nach des Verfassers Tod herausgegeben von Dr. F. F. BAUR, Professor am Gymnasium in Tübingen. Tübingen. 1858. Verlag der H. Laupp'schen Buchhandlung. Laupp and Siebeck. 8vo. pp. 380.

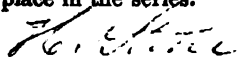
and argument. Nothing is certain, we can hardly say that anything is probable; and when we fairly escape into the period of the Samnite wars, grand in themselves and certain enough for all practical purposes, we cannot but feel grateful to the skilful pilot who has guided us safely through the shoals and breakers into the clear open sea. These three volumes form a complete whole, corresponding precisely in the ground covered to the first two volumes of Niebuhr; and it is not too much to say, that they contain on the whole the most compendious and satisfactory discussion of every point touched upon. We do not mean by this to compare his treatment of special points with that of the great discoverers in this field, Mommsen, Götting, Huschke, Rubino, &c., but to say that their investigations and conclusions will be found in Schwegler's work clearly and fairly stated, and, what is of the utmost importance, placed by the side of opposing views, and compared impartially with them. It is hardly likely that any one will attempt the continuation of this work, nor is it on the whole very desirable; the special period for which it was needed is that ending with the Licinian laws, although it would be of much service as far as to the Punic wars.

PRELLER'S *Roman Mythology*,* a companion to his treatise on Greek Mythology, published four or five years ago, belongs like that to the admirable series of works on classical antiquities publishing by the Weidmann house. This series, which comprises also Mommsen's *Roman History* and Curtius's *Greek History*, is designed to present in a compact form the results of the latest investigations in this field, with little regard to the steps by which the results were reached. Thus this work sums up and presents to us in a readable form the treasures of knowledge which Hartung, Ambrosch, Klausen, Mercklin, and others have been painfully digging out from the confused mass of Roman tradition. It is a great pleasure to follow so keen-sighted and enthusiastic a guide through a labyrinth so newly explored, and we are ready to acknowledge that his very faults illustrate more fully his merits. For that he often looks to fanciful symbolical illustrations for explanations which might be found nearer at hand, is a fault that we are very ready to forgive in an inquirer who, not satisfied with the dry fact of the belief in such a god, and the existence of such a religious usage, seeks an origin of this fact in the character of the people and the nature of the religious idea which ruled among them. This excessive symbolism is the prevailing fault of the work before us, as well as of the Greek Mythology of the same author. But the peculiarities of the Roman character, and the religion which grew up with it, do not allow it to be so obtrusive in this as in the earlier work. The author complains in his introductory chapter that his task is "in more than one respect much less favorable," because the stern and unimaginative disposition of the Romans led them "far more to worship and religion than to mythology and æsthetics."

We have called this a newly explored field; we might also say that

* *Römische Mythologie* von L. PRELLER. Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung (K. Reimer). 1858. 8vo. pp. 820.

it is but just discovered. It is only within a few years that even the learned world has fairly appreciated the wide difference that existed between the Greek and Roman mythologies,—a difference as wide as that in their art, literature, and national character. Nothing would seem more glaringly absurd than the custom which still prevails among us of calling the Greek gods by the Roman names,—as absurd and as misleading, if we care to recognize national distinctions at all, as if we were to call them Odin, Osiris, or Nergal. The original Roman, or rather Italian religion, is shown by our author to have been as homogeneous and as widely acknowledged through the peninsula, as the worship of Zeus, Apollo, and Artemis was through Greece. The process by which this simple national faith was first modified by the association of new divinities, as the Dioscuri, Apollo, Bacchus, Cybele, &c., then gradually undermined by the new rites, until the grand old state religion had become a senseless medley of Roman, Etruscan, Greek, all manner of forms and creeds, and all lifeless,—and the popular traditions and customs were forgotten and fell into desuetude, so that Varro and Virgil themselves could hardly rescue them from oblivion,—is the worthy theme of the most characteristic portion of this treatise. Of course a large proportion of the book is taken up with the ceremonies which formed so large a part of the Roman religion; a good deal too is speculation, and discussion rather curious than valuable, but as a whole it is well worthy of its place in the series.



NOVELS AND TALES.

EVER since "Jane Eyre" took the public by surprise with the wealth of its revelation of interior life, it has been the fashion, especially of female novelists, to give us a full transcript of their thoughts, fancies, affections, trials, and hopes. Sometimes this transcript takes the form of autobiography, generally of a life devoid of incident; sometimes, of exhortation, more or less morbid or pious according to the age or ability of the writer; sometimes, of delineation of character which has no counterpart in anything at all likely to become a woman's experience. The introspective autobiography has been overdone. No person of original genius or force of mind can indulge further in this style of thing, unless a new path is opened, or new depths revealed, unexpected heretofore.

Nobody can accuse the author of "Ethel's Love-Life" * of having discovered any new ways or revealed any hidden springs of thought and action in the female heart. Why her work is called a novel, is puzzling to the reader. In the series of autobiographical letters which Ethel Sutherland writes to her lover, one seeks in vain for the evidence of the fresh, absorbing, regenerating love which she so intensely professes. She undertakes to lay bare her heart, and she goes about the work with all the coolness of a surgeon on a battle-field. But, unfortunately, it happens that it is a *post mortem* examination of the affections. No blood follows the lance which seems to probe the heart to the core. All is dry, cold, nerveless.

* Ethel's Love-Life. By MRS. M. J. M. SWEAT. New York: Rudd and Carleton.

Yet we think Mrs. Sweat has given indications of superior ability. The book is, on the whole, well written; and will be read by many thoughtful and quiet persons with calm interest, and perhaps advantage. But we doubt whether it will be better for them than their own thoughts; or, if so, than their own writings. Let those who are troubled with the doubts, questionings, longings, and dissatisfied aspirations incident to the afternoon of married or unmarried life, pen their confessions if they choose; but before publishing, let them follow the Horatian maxim. We have books enough, Heaven knows, unless they are better; and a work of this kind is more thoroughly forgotten in nine years if published, than if quietly laid on the shelf, and not taken down again until the years of probation are finished.

MOST of the stories contained in the libraries of Catholic religious fiction are too full of miracle, marvel, and pious rhapsody, to repay an unbelieving reader. The legendary chaff in their historical romances is out of all proportion to the genuine wheat. The two works here noticed* are not without fault in this respect. Both convert and Cardinal have anticipated in their narrations some customs of later origin, and have embellished history by their devout fancy. But the sin of neither is excessive in this direction; and, in justice to Dr. Newman, it should be said that he disclaims in his Preface any intention of writing real history, or giving the lives of actual men and women. Most of his characters are fictitious. Dr. Wiseman, on the other hand, writes of real historical personages, and in his disposition of their fate, and his delineation of their characters, has followed with tolerable fairness the record of the Church.

In "*Fabiola*" we are introduced to a considerable number of Diocletian's martyrs; — the lovely patrician, Agnes; Sebastian, the mark of African arrows; Pancratius, the noble boy, whose name is as familiar in London as in Rome; the strong Quadratus; and many others of lesser note. The fortunes of these, for the purpose of dramatic effect, have been interwoven, involving some anachronism; but, in the main, we cannot complain that the Catholic annals have been distorted. "*Fabiola*" is a very well-executed specimen of its class. It describes minutely and vividly the Pagan and Christian life in Rome at the close of the third century, the spirit of the higher and of the lower classes, the scenes in the streets, the ceremonies and construction of the subterranean churches, the methods which Christians were compelled to take to escape detection, the bloody sports of the amphitheatre, and the horror and fury of the last Pagan persecution of the Church. The style of the Cardinal is admirably fitted to this kind of writing. It is warm and florid, and belongs much more appropriately to romantic story-telling than to calm biography. It is the style of an enthusiast,

* *Fabiola*; or, The Church of the Catacombs. By His Eminence CARDINAL WISEMAN. 1857. 12mo. pp. 385.

Callista: a Sketch of the Third Century. By Very Rev. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D. D. 1856. 12mo. pp. 296. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

who is restrained from extravagance only by a constant sense of official dignity. There are no marks of carelessness or haste, and the Cardinal is evidently chary of any statement for which he can be called in question by Catholic authorities. Fabiola's conversion from Paganism to Christianity is very fairly wrought; and the temptation which usually overcomes sectarian novelists to make the passion of *love* lead the proselyting cause, is here resisted. The daughter of Fabius is not converted by any carnal affection, not even by friendship or gratitude. Her lover, and her cousin, and her preserver, all have died before she yields to conviction and takes Christian vows. The immediate influence is the sight of Christian courage under suffering. The martyrdom of her friends, and not her affection for them, finally persuades her. "Fabiola," on the whole, deserves the popularity which it has gained as a Catholic tale, and has much to entertain and instruct every class of readers.

"Callista," though by no means an uninteresting book, is, as a work of art, considerably inferior to "Fabiola." The language is often coarse, flashy, and incorrect, very unlike to the chaste and elegant diction of Dr. Newman's theological works. Without his name on the title-page, we never should have suspected the chief of the "Tractarian" converts of writing in so cheap a dialect. The idea of the book is borrowed from Dr. Wiseman, but its treatment is imitated rather from Samuel Warren and Harrison Ainsworth. The scene is laid in Africa in the middle of the third century, the time of the Decian persecution. The only important historical name that is introduced is that of Cyprian. The purpose is to show how African Christians lived, and what arguments they used in their conflicts with Greek philosophy, Roman discipline, and Numidian barbarity. The success of the attempt is very indifferent. The arguments are never well put, and never finished; nor does Dr. Newman seem very thoroughly to understand the spirit of the age he has undertaken to describe. One has an uneasy suspicion that he is thinking more about the theological conflicts of England in the nineteenth century, and is attempting under this cover to describe them, instead of fixing his thought upon the disputes of the Carthaginian state. May not the brothers Agellius and Juba, the one half a Catholic at the first and a full Catholic in the end, after much doubting and weakness, the other a Christian child, but through pride a bold free-thinker, driven at last into madness and idiocy by his restless self-righteousness, — may not these stand for two brothers who were once at Oxford together, but now have become widely separate, one a priest and a monk, the other a Deist and an "infidel"?

In "Callista" there is a want of finish and a want of heartiness. The writer is not at home in his business. Yet there is talent in the book, as there must be in anything that Dr. Newman produces. He cannot write commonplaces. His intellect has a certain masculine grasp, which makes it strong in its hold upon the reader's attention, even though it seem to be trying to commend falsehood. It was a great gain to the Roman Church when it could win such a man. The author pleads as an excuse for the apparent want of finish in this book,

that it was composed at intervals, and that it was interrupted by other duties. He intended that it should have remained anonymous, and seems to regret that his name should have been connected with it. This regret is judicious. As an anonymous work, "*Callista*" would have passed respectably; but it cannot add anything to the reputation of Dr. Newman, either as a scholar or a writer.

Some other works of Sadlier's series we should be glad to notice, if our limits allowed, and hope hereafter to speak of the recent volume upon the Jesuit missions in Japan and Paraguay, as upon the third volume of *Hue's Christianity in China*, soon to be published.

THE dealings of that very wicked and mystical fraternity, the Society of Jesus, will, for a long time to come, supply with a suitable theme novelists in want of material. There can be no harm in abusing a class of men who have so bad a history, and such underhand ways of doing things. That terrible vow of Jesuit *submission* is the key to innumerable crimes. Anything may be expected from those who have surrendered all personal will, and who act only as parts of a great machine. It is impossible for the critic to suggest improbabilities in the narrative of their villanies. All shapes of iniquity may be presumed in them. Do we not know beforehand that they are fit for nothing but treasons, stratagems, and spoils?

Mrs. Trollope has acted upon this presumption in her novel of *Father Eustace*.* But she is to be commended for her moderation in presenting the character of the Holy Brotherhood. She treats us to a sufficiency of plotting, but quite spares us the horrors which a less practised novel-writer would have scattered over the pages. There is no spectacle of torture-chambers, and no actual murder. The way in which Father Eustace, the Jesuit who has dared to allow it possible for a Jesuit to have a conscience, disappears and reappears, remains to the end unexplained. The chief crime of the Order, to which the other scandals of the book are subordinate, consists in the scheme of Father Sciatavoli, the General of the Fraternity, to get possession of the estates of an English heiress, whose mother is a Protestant, but whose father had been a Catholic. The book begins with an account of the death of this Romanist bigot, and furnishes us with a portrait of his old Jesuit chaplain. It is only necessary to read these opening chapters to know the view of the fraternity which the author proposes to give. You feel certain that the cunning priests are going to come very near succeeding in their schemes, but that they will be foiled in the end.

The story, on the whole, is well managed and interesting, though there is rather too much of it. The characters are numerous, well drawn, and distinct in their individuality. The aristocrats of wealth and the aristocrats of blood are impartially ridiculed, and the dashing hoyden comes in for a share of the sarcasm. The hot-blooded Adelaide Stanberry, the timid and shrinking Fanny Clarence, the dignified but conscientious Lady Sarah, and the pure-hearted, imaginative Juliana De Morley, are

* *Father Eustace. A Tale of the Jesuits.* By MRS. TROLLOPE. London: Knight and Son. 16mo. pp. 550.

all drawn with admirable discrimination. The male portraits are not so successful. The four Messrs. Rowley, the two Messrs. Curtis, the burly Mr. Raymond, and the excellent Mr. Wardour, clergyman of the Church of England, have no particular significance. Five Jesuits appear, each unlike the other. Father Ambrose is a type of the honest, but weak-minded and superstitious Jesuit; Father Edgar, of the sceptical and worldly Jesuit, who stays in the ranks only because he loves to contrive plots and help on villainies; Father Eustace, of the noble and accomplished young man, whom too much reverence has brought into a false position; Sister Agatha, of the ambitious nun, who hopes for personal preferment in her faithful service; and Sciatavoli, of all the gloomy and mystic grandeur of the Order.

It is getting to be the fancy of Parisian novel-writers to choose Oriental themes. The brilliant "mummy" story of M. Theophile Gautier has been speedily succeeded by a romance of the Lebanon.* What next, but that Petra and Sinai shall become the scene of some exciting work of fiction? "The Virgin of the Lebanon" is rather a sentimental than a humorous story. M. Enault is a passionate writer enough, but he has in his style none of that delicate French irony, none of that quaint epigram, which make the charm of such writers as Reybaud, About, and Méry. He is brilliant, yet not sparkling. His descriptions are redundant in the brightness of their colors, but he cannot see or tell the ludicrous features of any scene. The charm of his style is in its warmth, its glow, and its purity.

In this romance, M. Enault has evidently intended to do more than make an exciting love-story. He has aimed to exhibit, in a series of pictures, the varieties of life in the Lebanon mountains, the customs of the people, the religious opinions, the culture and the scenery of a region, which left upon his mind, as it must upon the mind of every traveller, the impression of marvellous capabilities and marvellous beauty. In some of his descriptions there is great extravagance. His account of the palaces of the Maronite and Druse Emirs borrows somewhat of the Oriental hyperbole. His heroes are of a more chivalrous kind than the actual chiefs of the Lebanon, the best of whom are semi-barbarians. Some of the incidents of the story are improbable. Making fair allowance for such exaggerations, the volume may be considered a success. It brings before us the Druse, the Maronite, the Bedouin, the fanatic Moslem dervish, the warlike Ibrahim of Egypt, the merchants of Damascus, the lazy Syrian soldiery, — the convents, hidden in the caves of the mountain, the villages on the hills, the ruins of Baalbec, and the hoary grove of the Cedars, the luxury of Eden and the dreary gorges of Anti-Libanus, — the sports of the Meedan, the feast of hospitality, the wedding feast, and the starting for battle, — midnight council among the rocks and midday attack in the city, — the initiation of a Druse Ockal, — all the most characteristic sights and scenes of that picturesque home of

* *La Vierge du Liban*. Par LOUIS ÉNAULT. Paris: Hachette. 1858. 16mo. pp. 440.

so many and such bold races. The epoch of the story is about fifteen or twenty years ago, when the Pacha of Egypt was in rebellion against the Sultan of Stamboul.

M. Enault writes mostly from his own recollections, though he has assisted his memory by reliable authorities. We have noted very few mistakes, except of exaggeration. His statement, that only three or four villages of the Maronites have *bells* upon their chapels, is quite below the truth. We have heard from the hill of Zachleh half a score at least ringing together; and almost every village and convent in the northern Lebanon is provided with them. The sentiment in which M. Enault is pleased to indulge, suggested by the sound of the Lebanon bell, would be more affecting, were it not so palpably borrowed from Schiller's poem. The reason, too, which M. Enault gives, why Eastern priests are allowed to marry, is not the real reason. The Pope has no such supremacy among the Maronites, that he can change their customs or dictate their domestic arrangements.

Letters about Stamboul GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

MRS. HORNBY'S *Letters about Stamboul** and its neighborhood are spirited and entertaining, yet they would be much improved by condensation. There is a flavor of gossip in these redundant details which were best abated. The temperament of the lady, ardent and enthusiastic, is not the best temperament for one who is to report concerning Oriental manners; and Mrs. Hornby's judgments, concerning the races of the East and their customs, must be taken with large abatement. She describes well, but she does not always observe wisely. She has an admirable sense of fitness in costume, and a practised eye in the combination of colors, whether in dress or in scenery. She can paint the shores of the Bosphorus, the sweet waters of Europe, the illuminations of Ramazan, or the festivities of Christmas; the interior of a mosque, a monastery, an ambassador's palace, or an Effendi's harem; shepherds in the field, soldiers in the camp, tradesmen in the streets, or voyagers on the sea;—and with her dresses and decorations you shall find no fault. But, after finishing these sixty-one letters, you feel that you have not learned anything of special interest about the people of Stamboul; not so much, certainly, as one who stayed there so long and saw so much ought to tell. The book is a good one to amuse hours of leisure, but must not be taken as authority. It is issued in excellent style.

A HANDBOOK of Syrian travel† is now placed in our hands, presenting, in as brief a compass as possible, the most important advice for safety, comfort, and improvement, during a journey still exceedingly severe and very little profitable. Besides supplying this last link in the chain of guide-books belonging to the "Grand Route," the faithful mis-

* In and around Stamboul. By MRS. EDMUND HORNBY. Philadelphia: James Challen and Son. 1858. 12mo. pp. 500.

† Murray's Handbook for Syria and Palestine. By Rev. J. L. PORTER. London. 1858. 2 vols. 12mo.

sionary at Damascus has given more than was necessary of history and chronology, has interwoven descriptive passages from eminent travellers, and has furnished one of the best geographies of the Holy Land anywhere to be found, though in an arrangement too awkward and repetitious for general use. Each town and village is taken up in connection with some particular day's or week's journey, so that the central places have to occur repeatedly, while to some of the distant points of interest we have to wade through heaps of insignificant ruins. De Saulcy is shown up as an ingenious inventor of memorable sites; the American Expedition receives but stinted praise; while Dr. Robinson is justly quoted as an authority not to be impeached, and Stanley's recent work is cited frequently.

Like the rest of those red-covered duodecimos, nicknamed the Englishman's Bible, from the devotion with which John Bull is seen studying them before Gothic altars, and in the midst of kneeling crowds, Murray's Syria is concise, yet full; descriptive, but not imaginative; eminently practical, yet sprinkled with poetry; minute, and yet comprehensive; permanent in general interest, though not without an occasional change in the lesser details. The following story of successful resistance to Bedouin outrage is one of the many interesting narratives which relieve Mr. Porter's itinerary. A little round tower near Gath was the scene of such a contest in 1856 as would do honor to any land. Nearly fifty Arabs, half on dromedaries, half on horses, attacked the little village of Dhikrin. The shepherds had just time to hurry their flocks within the narrow lanes and little courts, when the storm of war burst upon them. The nine men rushed into their tower, unslung their long guns, and prepared for defence; whilst the women and children retreated to an adjoining cavern. A successful shot at the leader of the bandits obliged him to retire: others took his place, but were wounded. The ruffians then tried the east side, where the ascent was easier, but were repulsed, and several men and horses shot down. They then retreated, and, picketing their animals, advanced to the attack in two parties on opposite sides. The shepherds armed themselves with stones, as well as clubs, shovels, and other weapons. On a given signal, the Arabs sprang up and fired a volley, but were allowed to approach within twenty yards, when five shepherds fired, and five of their enemies lay biting the dust. The leader, however, scaled the crumbling wall, when a woman felled him to the earth with a club. A second follower found the same fate, which none were hardy enough to venture upon any more. Meanwhile, the other band were driving off the flocks and setting fire to the houses; but a few shots determined them to retreat, and the women were soon able to extinguish the flames without serious damage. (Vol. I. p. 255.)

The description of Beyroot, in the second volume, is the best yet given, and that of Damascus worthy of him who is devoting the best years of his life to that distant and difficult mission.

JUST as our country, without knowing it, is drifting into a war with Paraguay, a nation of which it knows nothing, for causes on which it is almost as little informed, a book by Mr. Page,* — the officer who was sent out to survey the rivers of the Argentine system, — whose vessel was insulted by a Paraguayan fort, and who knows more than any one else knows of all the mysteries of the new war, is particularly acceptable.

The immense system of rivers which waters half South America, and finds its mouth in the vast estuary known as the La Plata, is, in many of its parts, as little known to the civilized world now, as it was when that estuary was first discovered. By an inconceivable infatuation, the government of Spain refused to develop the interior navigation of those streams, lest the productions of their own provinces in the West should be brought by the La Plata to Europe! Why should they not be brought by the best way? Because two Spanish trading-companies, which had the exclusive privilege of bringing them round Cape Horn would be injured if the king of Spain received his own treasures by the most convenient routes!

After the Spanish domination was thrown off, a like result has followed the nominal independence of these provinces, under the mutual internecine contests which seem inevitable to people of the Celtic race who have been trained under the influences of Rome. The Dictator Francia, Governor of Paraguay as long as he lived, took especial pains to prevent any foreign nations from receiving information as to his dominions. Since his fall, the whole tribe of petty states around Paraguay, and that province itself, have been all too weak to conduct any surveys of their own magnificent water-courses. And when our own government, therefore, in one of those sudden outbursts of scientific zeal which seizes it sometimes, sent an officer to survey those rivers, we certainly had the same rights to conduct such an investigation as any civilized nation has in sending similar expeditions into Africa or Borneo or New Holland. The native governments received the Water-Witch and her commander, Mr. Page, with sufficient cordiality, and seem to have understood that, whether his own nation would be recompensed for the expedition or no, they must themselves profit by it. Some coolness, however, appeared at last on the part of the President of Paraguay, and eventually one of his forts fired into one of Lieutenant Page's vessels. Out of this transaction grows our present war with that so-called republic.

Of all the survey, and all its political connections, a very good sketch is given in Lieutenant Page's volume. It is one of the best of the recent geographical reports by our own officers, but for some reason the government refused to publish it. It will not therefore be ranked among their badly printed reports of useless surveys, but comes to us published under Mr. Page's own supervision, by the Messrs. Harper. It is well illustrated.

* La Plata, the Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay. By THOMAS J. PAGE, U. S. Navy. With a Map and numerous Engravings. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1859. 8vo. pp. 632.

6. 26. 15 MISCELLANEOUS.

AMONG the attractive issues of the past winter is a small volume of poems, entitled "The Olive and the Pine,"* to the authorship of which no hint is given on the title-page. It is a series of contrasted pictures of Castilian and American still-life, the first half of the volume being devoted to Spain, the second half to New England. The tone of the volume is modest, thoughtful, and serious, and the style is simple, yet the author proves her skill in many metres, and her sympathy with other moods than the mood of sadness. She has presented not less distinctly the tinkle of the Andalusian guitar and the swaggering impudence of the Spanish dandy, than the parting of Boabdil from the Alhambra, and the holy radiance of Murillo's Madonna. Close to the picture of sunlight on the turrets of Seville, is the companion piece of shadow on the gloomy mass of the Escorial. Equally beautiful are some of the New England sketches, especially the fragment entitled "The Ocean at Beverly" and "The Broken Home." This last poem, in our judgment, is the finest thing in the volume.

We have taken it for granted that these poems are from the hand of a lady, and, we shall venture to add, of a lady who has been some time resident in Spain, and has seen what she describes. We would fain believe that the success of this unpretending volume may reveal another name worthy to be added to the growing list of American poets.

6. 26. 15
IN speaking of the Cyclopædia of Commerce not long since, we ventured the assertion that, at the present time, the best expenditure of money by a working literary man, who needs books of reference, would be made in the purchase of the separate special Cyclopædias. This statement holds good at least until the completion of some of the larger general Cyclopædias now in progress. We repeat it in connection with Mr. Allibone's astonishing volume,* just now published. In nearly two months that it has lain before us, in the constant tests to which daily life applies it, it has not once failed us. And with each reference to it we are more amazed at the combination of diligence, literary skill, and unfaltering memory which it displays.

Our readers will be good enough to remember, that in the great *Biographie Universelle*, in fifty-two volumes, there are 23,500 biographies. Subsequent French researches brought up one biographical dictionary to nearly 29,000 titles, exhibiting the fame of all the world. Let the reader consider then the exquisite diligence of investigation which has brought out accurately the names of thirty thousand authors in the English language only, and let him gratefully praise the conscientious labor which has prepared the biographies of these authors, and arranged them so that all men may profit by the information thus collected. The difficulty of the task is vastly enhanced, and the value of its com-

* The Olive and the Pine. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1859. 16mo.

† A Critical Dictionary of English Literature. By S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE. Philadelphia : Childs and Peterson.

pletion in proportion, by the obscurity in which most of these thirty thousand lived and died. It is not for facts relating to Walter Scott or to Goldsmith that we need to have such a volume in the work-room, but it is that we may distinguish between the different Griffiths, or Forbeses, or Dunns, or the like; — or that we may find whether somebody whom everybody else has forgotten was alive or dead at a particular era.

The book includes memoirs of living men, as well as those who have died, — memoirs, so far as we have observed, drawn up with curious accuracy. The first volume only is published, but it is understood that the material for the second, completing it, is well forward. And it is announced in the author's wonderful Preface, that, at the end, the reader will find forty copious indexes of subjects, by which means he can at once refer to all the authors who have written upon any given department of letters. The enumeration of authorities in his Preface is itself a most curious record of the literature of biography. It is understood that this gigantic work is from Mr. Allibone's own hand and head, without other literary assistance in the digesting and collating of authorities, but that most graceful and grateful help which every successful literary man finds in the bosom of his own home. We trust that his health may be spared for the speedy completion of an enterprise so magnificent.

We miss but one biography which we should have desired in these thousand pages. It is that of S. Austin Allibone.

THE Report of the Smithsonian Institution * for the year ending December 31, 1857, was presented on the 27th of May of the next year to the Senate of the United States, and has been distributed to the public since our last issue, with an unusual and commendable promptness. The Senate last year attempted to abridge the cost of public printing, and limited the Institution to 440 pages, — a limit which is almost exactly filled. It has hitherto happened that the printing the Annual Report of the Institution has cost the government every year more than the annual expenses of the Institution itself; as, in literature, there are some diarists who spend more of their lives in recording their actions than they do in the actions which are recorded.

The Smithsonian Institution exists under an Act of Congress of August 10, 1846, appointing a Board of Regents, who are directed to make an annual appropriation not exceeding twenty-five thousand dollars for the collection of a Library. As our readers are aware, however, the policy of its government has been to disregard the Library as far as possible, and to expend the money as far as possible for other purposes. The Treasurer's Report for 1857 shows that, for that year, two thousand and nineteen dollars were expended for books, and the rest of the income, amounting to thirty-three thousand dollars, was disposed of for other purposes: four thousand for building, furniture, &c., eleven thousand for publication, researches, and lectures, and thirteen

* Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution. Washington.

thousand for "general expenses." This must be a report very satisfactory to the Board of Regents.

This volume, of four hundred and thirty-eight pages, consists of a Report of the Officers and Regents, which occupies a quarter of the book, and of an Appendix of various scientific papers similar to those published in the transactions of scientific societies. Of the Report itself, the longest document is a defence of Professor Henry from a charge made upon him in the year 1855, by Professor Morse, with reference to the invention of the telegraph. There is also a curious account of the system of exchanges of the Institution, and a general review by the Secretary of the transactions of the year.

There is no doubt that the Smithsonian Institution not only has disappointed those enlightened statesmen who were most active in its organization, but the world of letters and the public at large. The tone of defence which appears from place to place in the Secretary's part of this document, shows that its government understands that this is its position.

PAMPHLETS.

DR. LAMSON'S Anniversary Sermon * is among the excellent of its class, — particularly ample and interesting in its details of local history, and affectionate in the tone of its personal reminiscences. We are glad to learn from it the writer's intention to embody, in a revised and permanent form, the fruits of his valuable studies of Church History, which have appeared heretofore chiefly in the pages of the Examiner.

MR. THAYER'S Valedictory Discourse † is a calm, affectionate review of the principles which have directed his twenty-eight years' ministry, a statement of the special position and duties of the office from whose cares he has withdrawn, and a commemoration of the men who have preceded him in it, or have shared its labors at his side. So pleasing a picture of an harmonious parish and a calmly prosperous ministry it is at the present day seldom given us to see.

THE sympathy so broadly felt at the attack of illness which has suddenly taken one of the most marked and bravest of American preachers from the peculiar post he occupied, has called forth the publication of his last uttered Discourse, ‡ along with the Farewell Letter to the friends who have sustained him for "now nearly fifteen years." The Sermon is on false and true Religion, treated in its author's well-

* A Sermon preached October 31, 1858, the Sunday after the Fortieth Anniversary of his Ordination. By ALVAN LAMSON. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co.

† A Valedictory Discourse delivered in the First Church, Beverly, July 4, 1858. By CHRISTOPHER T. THAYER. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co.

‡ A Sermon for the New Year: What Religion may do for a Man. By THEODORE PARKER. Preached at the Music Hall, on Sunday, January 2, 1859. Boston: H. W. Swett.

known style. From the Letter we quote a single sentence: "If my labors were to end to-day, I should still say, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,' for I think few men have seen larger results from such labors, and so brief."

16. v. 1.
We would fain call attention, from time to time, to the very great interest and value of the stated Reports of our various charitable institutions. At present we have before us the documents relating to the Massachusetts Schools for the Idiotic and Blind.* They are characterized, like previous Reports from the same hand, by a fine blending of scientific skill with the wisdom won from long experience, by religious faith as the groundwork of practical charity, by plain counsel built on sad and startling facts, and by a firm conviction in the Christian progress of society, which will greatly lessen, if not abolish, the great calamities which now we can but imperfectly relieve. We wish that the admirable series of papers, of which these are samples, might become known to every head of a household, and every teacher of the young.

* Eleventh Annual Report of the Massachusetts School for Idiotic and Feeble-Minded Youth. Cambridge: Metcalf & Co.

Twenty-Seventh Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind. Cambridge: Metcalf & Co.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MESSRS. Little, Brown, & Co. have added nine volumes to their series of the British Poets. Four of these complete, in a subordinate series of eight volumes, the collection of Ballads which the Editor has gathered from various sources. One of the new volumes contains the Robin Hood Ballads, another the Border Ballads, another the Historical Ballads, and the concluding one embraces a miscellaneous selection from the Humorous, the Satirical, and the Burlesque, with an occasional intrusion of the Moral and the Scriptural, of this species of composition. A Glossary and a full Index, brief Prefaces, with illustrative notes and references, make these eight volumes of Ballads a complete and most desirable collection, independently of their relation to the whole series of Poets. The other five new volumes contain the Poetical Works of James Montgomery, with a Memoir and Prefaces, general and particular.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

The State of the Impenitent Dead. By Alvah Hovey. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 168.

Jesus Christ, in the Grandeur of his Mission, the Beauty of his Life, and his Final Triumph. By Edward Whitfield. London: Edward T. Whitfield. 12mo. pp. 274.

The Types of Genesis briefly considered, revealing the Development of Human Nature in the World within, and without, and in the Dispensations. By Andrew Jukes. London: Longman & Co. 12mo. pp. 407.

The Christian's Daily Treasury: a Religious Exercise for every Day in the Year. By Ebenezer Temple. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 432.

The Children's Bible Story-Book. Illustrated with 20 Engravings. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 16mo. pp. 290.

Christian Brotherhood: a Letter to the Hon. Heman Lincoln. By Baron Stow, D.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 18mo. pp. 208.

ESSAYS, ETC.

Lectures and Addresses on Literary and Social Topics. By the late Frederick W. Robertson. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 318. (See p. 294.)

Morality and the State. By Simeon Nash. Columbus, Ohio: Follett, Foster, & Co. 12mo. pp. 442. (See p. 295.)

Christian Morals. By James Challen. Philadelphia: James Challen & Co. 18mo. pp. 199.

An Outline of the Necessary Laws of Thought; a Treatise on Pure and Applied Logic. By William Thomson, D.D., Provost of the Queen's College, Oxford. From the Fourth London Edition. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 12mo. pp. 345.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

The Land and the Book; or Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and Scenery of the Holy Land. By W. M. Thomson. (Maps, Engravings, &c.) New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 560, 614.

La Plata, the Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay. Being a Narrative of the Exploration of the Tributaries of the River La Plata, and Adjacent Countries, during the Years 1853-1856. By Thomas J. Page, U. S. N. With Map and Numerous Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 632. (See p. 304.)

Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa, being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the Auspices of H. B. M.'s Government in the Years 1849-1855. By Henry Barth. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 800.

Episodes of French History during the Consulate and the First Empire. By Miss Pardoe. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 361.

Faukwei; or, The San Jacinto in the Seas of India, China, and Japan. By William Maxwell Wood, M. D., U. S. N. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 545. (Faukwei, or "foreign devil," is the name by which strangers from the West are known in China.)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men. By François Arago. (Translated.) 1st and 2d Series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. (See p. 289.)

The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold. By his Son, Blanchard Jerrold. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 450.

Life of John H. W. Hawkins. Compiled by his Son, Rev. W. G. Hawkins. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 12mo. pp. 433. (See p. 290.)

Lives of the Queens of Scotland, and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. VII. (Containing the Conclusion of the Life of Mary Stuart.) New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 470.

The Monarchies of Continental Europe. The Empire of Austria; its Rise and Present Power. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Mason Brothers. 12mo. pp. 520.

Trials of a Public Benefactor, as illustrated in the Discovery of Etherization. By Nathan P. Rice, M.D. New York: Pudney & Russell. 12mo. pp. 460.

POETRY AND FICTION.

Poems. By Frances Anne Kemble. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16mo. pp. 312.

The Poetical Works of Fitz-Greene Halleck. New York: Appleton & Co. 16mo. (Blue and Gold.)

Poems, by George P. Morris; with Illustrations by Weir and Darley. Engraved by American Artists. 4th Edition. New York: Charles Scribner. 8vo. pp. 365. (Crimson, Gilt.)

Sylvan Holt's Daughter. By Holme Lee. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 422.

The Laird of Norlaw. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 390. Household Waverley.—Count Robert of Paris. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The Old Plantation, and what I gathered there in an Autumn Month. By James Hungerford. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 369.

EDUCATION.

A New and Easy Method of Learning the German Language. By F. Ahn. 1st Course. 1st American from the 8th London Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 125.

Le Cabinet des Fées; or, Recreative Readings, arranged for the express Use of Students in French. By Georges Gérard. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 332.

The New Liber Primus: a Practical Companion for the Latin Grammar, and Introduction to the Reading and Writing of Latin; on the Plan of Crosby's Greek Lessons. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 12mo. pp. 126.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Street Thoughts. By H. M. Dexter. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 12mo. pp. 216.

The Scouring of the White House; or, The Long Vacation Ramble of a London Clerk. By the Author of "Tom Brown's School Days." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 324.

European Life, Legend, and Landscape. By an Artist. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son. 8vo. pp. 154.

Howe's Drawing-Room Dances, &c. Arranged for the Piano-Forte. Boston: Hubbard W. Swett. Square 8vo. pp. 94.

The American Almanac, and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the Year 1859. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 12mo. pp. 384.

Annual Obituary Notices of Eminent Persons who have died in the United States. For the Year 1857. By Nathan Crosby. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 8vo. pp. 432.

The Manual of Chess, by Charles Kenny. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo. pp. 122. (A new appearance of quite an old friend.)

The Comedies of Terence, literally translated into English Prose, with Notes. By Henry Thomas Riley. To which is added the Blank Verse Translation of George Colman. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 609.

Brief Expositions of Rational Medicine, to which is prefixed the Paradise of Doctors, a Fable. By Jacob Bigelow, M. D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. pp. 69.

Reply to the "Statement of the Trustees" of the Dudley Observatory. By Benjamin Apthorp Gould, Jr. Albany: Charles Van Benthuyssen. 8vo. pp. 366.

The Massachusetts Register, containing a Record of the Government and Institutions of the State, together with a Variety of Useful Information, for the Year 1859. (Serial number, 93.) Boston: Adams, Sampson, & Co. 8vo. pp. 303.

PAMPHLETS.

Eleventh Annual Report of the Massachusetts School for Idiotic and Feeble-Minded Youth. Cambridge: Metcalf & Co. pp. 42.

Twenty-Seventh Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind. Cambridge: Metcalf & Co. pp. 36. (See p. 308.)

A Sermon preached Oct. 31, 1858, the Sunday after the 40th Anniversary of his Ordination. By Alvan Lamson, D. D. Published by Request. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. pp. 63. (See p. 307.)

Tracts for Thinking Men and Women. No. 4. The Rights of Wrong; or, Is Evil Eternal? By C. F. Hudson. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. pp. 16.

A Valedictory Discourse delivered in the First Church, Beverly, July 4, 1858. By C. T. Thayer. Published by Request. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. pp. 52. (See p. 307.)

Who is our God, — the Son or the Father? a Review of Rev. H. W. Beecher, by Thomas J. Sawyer. New York: Thatcher & Hutchinson. pp. 39.

State University of Michigan. A Catalogue of Officers and Students for 1859. Ann Arbor. pp. 63.

Ninth Annual Report of the Association for the Relief of Aged Indigent Females. Boston: John Wilson & Son. pp. 49.

Twenty-Sixth Annual Report of the Seamen's Aid Society of the City of Boston. pp. 31.

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THE

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"Porro ei sapientia Deus est, verus philosophus est amator Dei." — ST. AUGUSTINE.

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THE
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MAY, 1859.

ART. I.—THE PARSEES, OR FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

The Parsees: their History, Manners, Customs, and Religion. By
DOSABHOY FRAMJEE. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. Bombay:
Smith, Taylor, & Co. 1858.

O. Tiffany
THE author of this work is himself a Parsee, of liberal education, and familiar with the English language, in which his book is written. It is therefore doubly welcome, as an authentic account of the most progressive of the Oriental races, and as containing much information hitherto unknown. The great mass of readers are profoundly ignorant of the numbers, wealth, and intelligence of the Parsee people; even well-read men believe them simply a scattered race of idolaters, who worship alike a farthing taper and the sun; while others imagine them an extinct nation, whose touching history they remember from that enchanting tale which won the heart of Lalla Rookh, as she heard it from the lips of Feramorz.

Foreigners in India, or in the seaports of China open to Europeans, as soon as they become at all familiar with the distinctive marks of race and the variety of costumes which meet the eye, find themselves much interested in a class of Orientals whom they at once separate from the Chinese, Hindoos, or Moslemin. These peculiarly marked men are the Parsees. We shall see hereafter, that the term Fire-Worshippers is not one that can be applied to them with strict propriety. In stature, costume, and manners, they differ from all others: they are generally taller, and of more powerful

frames, many indeed being models of physical strength ; their demeanor has nothing in common with the fierce insolence of the Moslem, but, without the servility of the Hindoo, partakes of the frank courtesy of the European. Their dress, better adapted to display the person than the Chinese garb, yet lacks the grace of the Mohammedan robes. In warm weather, they are dressed in linen coats, fitting tightly to the body and descending to the knees, with sleeves loose and long below the elbows, and above quite narrow, while the collar is cut low, displaying the neck. The trousers are very large, of the same material as the upper garment, or of fine white nankeen or grass-cloth.* Peaked shoes, of the exact shape which children associate with Bluebeard's costume, form part of the Parsee dress ; while the head-gear differs entirely from that of any other people. The head is shaved, excepting on the temples ; and when within doors a close-fitting skull-cap is worn, being exchanged on going out for the turban. This has not the Moslem folds, and is not particularly becoming ; it slants back from the forehead, is gathered into plaits behind, and is usually of dark chocolate-colored cotton. The face of the Parsee is also shaved, with the exception of the upper lip ; and so enormous is the moustache, that it is frequently seen projecting beyond the ears as one walks behind its possessor. The complexion is swarthy ; the eyes are large, dark, and full of intelligence. Such are the people whom the stranger learns in the East to know as the shrewdest of Oriental merchants ; but beyond this he seldom cares to inquire, nor imagines that their history is full of romantic and touching incident, — that they are lineal descendants of those ancient Persians who swarmed in myriads at the will of Xerxes, and that " in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren," they have preserved, through twenty-three centuries, the faith of Zoroaster.

Mr. Framjee writes at the commencement of his book : " The remnant of that mighty and flourishing race of people who

* In winter the white trousers are replaced by others of blue or scarlet woollen stuff, and an outer coat put on, of dark hue, edged with fine red cord.

inhabited Persia centuries before the Christian era, and whose dominion, in its most prosperous period, reached as far as the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean on the south, the rivers Indus and Oxus on the east, the Caspian Sea and Caucasian mountains on the north, and the deserts of Lybia and the Mediterranean on the west; whose grandeur, magnificence, and glory were unequalled by any nation of ancient times; whose kings were at once the most powerful of monarchs and the wisest and most beneficent of rulers;—that remnant is known in India under the designation of Parsees, a name which they derive from their original country, Pars or Fars. That province, called by the Greeks Persis, contained the chief city of the empire, and the most splendid of the royal palaces, and from it the whole kingdom gained its name. Of the remnant of the ancient Persians now found in Western India, and chiefly in Bombay, where they form a most numerous and respectable class of the population, it is proposed to give in this publication a short history.”

With Yezdezird III., the forty-fifth king of the Sassanian dynasty, the ancient Persian monarchy expired; and about the middle of the seventh century, the country being invaded by the fanatical Omar, the Persian army was utterly defeated at the village of Nahavand, within fifty miles of Ecbatana, the capital of Media. After a former battle at Jalula, “Yezdezird fled from Holwan, and concealed his shame and despair in the mountains of Faristan, from which Cyrus had descended with his equal and valiant companions. The courage of the nation survived that of the monarch: among the hills to the south of Ecbatana or Hamadan, one hundred and fifty thousand Persians made a third and final stand for their religion and country; and the decisive battle of Nahavand was styled by the Arabs the victory of victories. If it be true that the flying general of the Persians was stopped and overtaken in a crowd of mules and camels laden with honey, the incident, however slight or singular, will denote the luxurious impediments of an Oriental army.”* No sooner were the warriors of Omar successful, than, with the fell spirit of Moslem bigotry,

* Gibbon.

they proclaimed the faith of Mohammed as the only true religion, and offered to the conquered Persians the alternative of the sword or the Koran. By every means of cruel oppression, by threats of extinction and examples of terror, they forced the inhabitants to accept the Prophet's creed, and in such numbers did they abjure their ancient rites, that it is said one hundred thousand persons daily abandoned their fire-temples. In a very short time the Zoroastrian religion was almost entirely crushed out by the Saracens. Such, however, as refused to forswear, were forced to flee from their merciless tyrants, and took refuge among the rocky fastnesses of Khorassan. Here for a hundred years they eluded pursuit, but were finally tracked, and once more dispersed. Many now took refuge in the small island of Ormuz, near the mouth of the Persian Gulf. They remained in this spot but a very short time, as the hand of persecution still followed them, and they determined to remove to the shores of India. It is not very clearly known when this exodus took place, nor the numbers of those who emigrated; but it is believed that several expeditions were organized and accomplished. According to the earliest Parsee work on the subject extant, compiled in 1599, Div or Diew, one of the first known seats of Portuguese power in the East, was selected. Here they stayed for nineteen years, their place of abode being a small island in the Gulf of Cambay, on the northwestern coast of Hindostan. Why they left this spot is not explained; but sailing to the south, after imminent risk of shipwreck, they reached Sanjan, about twenty-five miles south of Damann, in A. D. 717. The Rajah of Sanjan, Jadao Rana, a man of kind and liberal spirit, received them favorably, and, after minute inquiries as to their condition and belief, permitted them to land under certain conditions, they drawing up for his information a statement of their creed and religious customs, which we shall detail in the course of this article. During their residence at Diew, they had become familiar with Hindoo manners and customs, and therefore found it expedient, in dealing with the Rajah of Sanjan, to ingraft upon their own ceremonies some of the idolatrous practices of India, such as worshipping the cow, which had nothing to do with the Zoroastrian faith. They resorted to

this device in order to gain favor with the Rajah, and, succeeding in doing so, they were permitted to reside in his city, on condition of adopting the language of the country, ceasing to speak their own; they were to go without arms, and dress and marry their females after the Indian fashion. They then took possession of a tract of waste land near Sanjan, and in a short time, under constant care, made it repay their toil.

Once more in safety, they renewed the practice of their religion, and, building a fire-temple, rekindled the sacred flame on its altar, A. D. 721. For three hundred years they now lived in peace, increased and multiplied, while many of them scattered themselves over the peninsula of Gujerat. In 1507 the Rajah of Sanjan was threatened by a Mohammedan chief living at Ahmedabad, and the Parsees were called upon to aid in the defence. They mustered fourteen hundred fighting-men, under a brave leader, named Ardashir, who routed the Mohammedans in several engagements, but at length, being overpowered by a superior force, was himself killed in battle, leaving the Moslem general, Aleef Khan, master of the field. The Hindoo government was overthrown, the Parsees again subjected to persecution and scattered, most of them taking refuge in the mountains of Baharout, where they remained about twelve years, afterward moving from place to place at short intervals, taking with them always the sacred flame which had been kindled at Sanjan. It is now at Oodwara, thirty-two miles south of Surat, and held in especial veneration as the oldest temple-fire in India.

After various misfortunes the wandering Parsees again made a settlement about Nowsaree and Surat, and began to display their great abilities as merchants and traders, having ever since their exile from Persia been engaged with the arts of husbandry. One of their number was patronized by the Great Mogul at Agra, the monarch being delighted with his mechanical skill, and conferring extensive favors upon him. Through the influence of this man, the English obtained valuable privileges from the Mogul about the middle of the eighteenth century. The Parsees of Surat acquired wealth and reputation about the middle of the sixteenth century, but they became greatly more important after the establishment of the Europe-

ans, acting between them and the natives as brokers, which situations they still hold in most of the foreign houses at Bombay. It may here be remarked, that the Parsees early appreciated the character of the English, their energy and dominant power. They thoroughly venerate and rely on the Anglo-Saxon character, and, knowing the value of its protection, repay it by unshaken fidelity. The British crown has no subjects more completely devoted to its interests than the Parsees.

Bombay rose into consideration as Surat and Nowsaree began to decline, the latter being now merely the city of the Parsee priests, some of whom are sent every year to perform their offices for the Bombay population. The inducement held out to the Parsees to settle in this place is not now known, neither is the exact date of their arrival, but the time was probably about 1668. Dr. Fryer, an English traveller visiting Bombay in 1671, speaks of a "Parsee tomb lately raised." The first act of this people is, always, wherever they settle, to build a *dokhma*, or "tower of silence," as a receptacle for their dead. The island was ceded to England in 1668, as the dower of Catherine of Braganza, wife of Charles II., when the Parsees and all other settlers came under British rule. Dr. Fryer makes no other allusion to the Parsees; so at the period of his visit they must have formed a very insignificant portion of the population. One Lowjee, a shipwright, was among the earliest settlers. Under his care the Bombay dock-yard was established, in 1735, and the post of master-builder has ever since continued in his family. Many fine specimens of naval architecture have been constructed in this yard, among others a noble frigate, a drawing of which, with the portrait of her Parsee builder, appeared in the Illustrated London News a year or two since. Descendants of other early and distinguished families still reside in Bombay, having acquired wealth and position, which it is to be hoped they may continue to enjoy without renewed exposure to ferocious Moslem hordes.

Following the plan of Mr. Framjee's narrative, before proceeding to treat of the flourishing and opulent community of Bombay Parsees, we will return to those who never emigrated from Persia, and who now, a mere handful of people, suffer every species of persecution at the hands of their fierce masters.

Their lands and houses have been desolated. Fair regions which once blossomed like the rose are now arid and deserted; fields once rich with heavy harvests are now the haunts of wild beasts; monuments of ancient renown are overthrown; once famous cities are become the strong-holds of robber bands. So rapid was the conquest of Persia, such thorough work did the Moslem conquerors make of it, that scarce two centuries sufficed to convert nearly the whole empire to Islamism. And it is a significant fact, proving that time works no change in the tender mercies of Mohammedan rule, that, although the Persian followers of Zoroaster numbered one hundred thousand persons about a century ago, their present strength scarce amounts to seven thousand. These are now confined to Yezd and twenty-four neighboring villages, and it appears from reliable authority that there were in 1854 in this region one thousand houses or families, with a population of 6,658, of which number 3,310 were males and 3,348 females. About twenty-five only were merchants; all the others were laborers, gaining a scanty living by tilling the soil, or by the trades of bricklayers, carpenters, weavers, &c. At Kirman about four hundred and fifty of the race exist, and at Teheran, the capital of Persia, some fifty merchants are found, as well as a few gardeners attached to the Shah's palace. Four successive revolutions have within a century and a half almost annihilated the Parsees of Persia; in each one, no matter by whom fomented, they have suffered every indignity. Under Nadir Shah and his successor they were again forced to choose between conversion, flight, or slaughter, and at this day they are utterly at the mercy of their foes. Of course it is nearly impossible that a people harassed with such continual persecution should preserve either intellectual culture or sound information concerning their own religion. The Parsees of Bombay were at one time in hopes of obtaining from their Persian brothers some of their ancient liturgical books, but on inquiry it appeared that none had been preserved. Professor Westergaard of Copenhagen, who visited Persia in 1843, wrote to a friend in Bombay regarding these sacred volumes: "I stopped at Yezd eleven days, and though I often went out among them (the Parsees), I did not see more than sixteen or seventeen books

in all; two or three copies of the Vendidad Sadé, and the Izeshiné (which they call Yaçu), and six or seven of the Khordé Avesta, of which I got two and part of a third. These, besides part of the Bundesh, and part of another Pehelvi book, were all I could get, though I tried hard to obtain more, especially part of the Izeshne with a Pehelvi, or, as they say, Pazund translation, of which there is only one copy in Europe, at Copenhagen." In another place the same traveller found that not one could read the Pehelvi, and the people told him that, when a Mohammedan chief gave up the town to pillage, many of the inhabitants were killed and most of the books destroyed.

Nearly all these people are exceedingly poor, yet they are ground to the dust by obnoxious imposts from which the Mohammedans are free; one of the most burdensome being the *jujia*, or-poll tax. Owing to the venal and greedy character of the public tax-gatherers, this is often made much heavier than at first decreed by the imperial authority. It appears that about one thousand adult Parsees are required to pay it; of this number two hundred can do so without difficulty, and four hundred with much sacrifice, while the others are utterly unable to meet it. These last then undergo a terrible ordeal; they are subjected to great cruelties, are put to the torture in hopes of extorting money, when those whose resolution cannot hold out are forced to embrace Islamism, in which case the tax is remitted. If still obdurate, the victim has no resource but flight, leaving his family in beggary. No Persian Parsee can obtain justice at the hands of a Mohammedan: his safety is even endangered by the attempt. The plaintiff is usually treated with contempt, and the decision given on principle against the unbeliever. The sanctity of his fire-temples and "towers of silence" is set at naught, and if he is murdered by a Moslem, the act is one rather to be commended. Still, in spite of their wretched condition, the character of the Parsees is said to be worthy of admiration, the men noted for integrity, and their women preserving chastity in the midst of temptation. The Bombay Parsees in their prosperity have not forgotten their unfortunate countrymen; means have been devised for their relief, schools established for the gratuitous

instruction of their children, and it is supposed that some effort will be made by way of remonstrance with the Persian court regarding the cruel injustice practised toward its Zoroastrian subjects.

The number of the whole Parsee people does not at this day exceed 150,000 persons, the greater part of whom reside in Bombay and in the province of Gujerat, about two hundred miles to the north of it. According to the census taken on the night of the 20th of August, 1851, the Parsees in that island on that day amounted to 110,544, of whom 68,754 were males and 41,790 females. It is doubtless much larger now, as within the last twenty years their increase has been very rapid. Even fifteen years ago they were confined to a part of the fort and native town; now they have dispersed themselves all over the island, but still preserving their pure race, marriage with the Hindoos and Mohammedans being strictly forbidden. There are still at Surat about 20,000 of their number, but the most enterprising sought Bombay as its commercial importance was developed, while upwards of twenty thousand more are scattered in Persia, and in various cities of Hindostan and China. All the Indian Parsees are divided into two great sects, the Shensoys and the Kudmis, the first being by far the most numerous, the other claiming about ten thousand souls. These two bodies differ on no article of faith, their forms and ceremonies are the same, their members freely mingling in society, and in all relations of life. They simply differ as to a date in their chronology, in calculating the era of Yesdezird III., the last king of the Sassanian dynasty, from whom they reckon time, as Christians date from the birth of the Saviour, and Moslems from the Hegira. The difference of time between the two sects is about one month, and the only trouble to which it has so far led was a violent discussion styled the "Kubeesa Controversy," which, like most others of the same nature, only ended in convincing the disputants more firmly of their several points, and at this day the leading men of each party pay little regard to the dispute.

The Parsee year is divided into twelve months, and each month into thirty days with distinct names, so that in regard to the dispute "the chief importance of the matter arises from

the fact that a Parsee when he prays has to repeat the year, month, and day on which he offers his petition ; therefore the mention of the date is the only distinction between the prayer of a Kudmi and that of a Shenshoy, and the same difference exists in the keeping of the festivals which are common to both sects." These festivals are quite numerous, and the most important of them are religiously observed. One of the principal feasts is that of Pappati, or New Year's day, and is in honor of Yesdezird III., the unfortunate monarch who was dethroned by the Caliph Omar about 640 A. D. The Parsees reckon their era from him, because it was the ancient custom of Persia to date from a monarch's accession, and as Yesdezird had no successor, of course they have continued to count from the last of their sovereigns, their current year being 1227. As their years are divided into three hundred and sixty-five days, and leap year is unknown to them, they add from time to time certain days to make up the deficiency. On *Pappati* the Parsees universally rise at an early hour, put on new suits of clothes, and in large numbers resort to their fire-temples, visit their friends and relatives to perform the *Hamma-i-jour*, or "joining of hands," which is a social custom something like the wishing of a happy new year. Their friends and relatives are invited to breakfast, after which they spend the day in their country-houses and clubs in festive enjoyment, while the poor are also remembered, and new suits of clothes presented to servants.

The *Khordad-Sal* is in honor of the birth of their great prophet Zoroaster, born in the city of Rai, in the north of Persia, about 520 B. C. *Furrohurdin Jasan* is set apart for those ceremonies performed in honor of the dead, especially for those who have died abroad, and the date of whose demise is not certainly known. *Ardibehest Jasan* is in honor of the angel Ardibehest Amsaspund, who controls the sacred fire, and on this day the fire-temples are crowded with worshippers, who adore the flame, not as an object of worship, but as a symbol of the Deity. The *Nowroz* is a celebrated festival, which falls generally on the 21st day of March, corresponding to the vernal equinox, and is in honor of Jamshid, the most famous of the Persian monarchs, whose glory is the frequent theme

of Eastern poets, and supposed to be represented in the ancient bass-reliefs of "superb Persepolis." Jamshid flourished, according to tradition, 3,000 years before Christ, and this festival is observed by many of the modern Orientals for the purpose of computing the solar year, and for state purposes, such as the collection of revenue, agricultural arrangements, &c. *Ava Ardui Sur Jasan* is a festival in honor of the angel who presides over the sea, on which day the Parsees approach the sea, or any stream of water, and chant prayers in the Zend language. Many superstitious practices have in the course of time crept into these festivals and others, and such observances as offering sugar, cocoa-nuts, flowers, brass and silver vessels, have been engrafted on the Zoroastrian ceremonial, and are all of Hindoo origin.

The domestic manners and customs of the Parsees are peculiar and interesting. As soon as the mother begins to feel the pangs of parturition, she is removed to the ground floor of the house, where she remains for forty days after the birth of the infant. The exact period of its entrance into the world is noted down, and five days afterward an astrologer is invited to the house to cast its nativity. The better class of Parsees now ridicule this superstition, but many of them, the women especially, are still very ignorant, and have implicit faith in the astrologer's farrago of "sounding and glittering generalities." The child's dress, until it is seven years of age, when it is invested with the sacred shirt and cord, is very simple and becoming, consisting of one loose garment, and the skull-cap, while any amount of ornament may be lavished upon them. The costume of adults has been already described. At seven years of age the child's robe is thrown off, when it is washed with appropriate ceremonies, placed before the Dastoor, or high-priest, who pronounces a blessing and puts on the sudra and kusti. The kusti, or coosty, is made of seventy-two threads of fine wool, denoting the seventy-two paragraphs of the sacred book of *Izeshne*, or *Izume*, and in making it much care is employed. In the first place six pieces are formed, each of twelve threads, denoting the twelve chapters of one of the twenty-one books, and the six pieces the six intervals in which God made the uni-

verse. These united in one form the *kusti*. This must be untied and tied around the body at least eight times in a day. In tying it there are three turnings, signifying that the wearer will not think, wish, or do anything sinful. Four knots upon the cincture denote the four elements, in tying each of which he repeats certain portions of his creed. The *sudra* is made of gauze, net, or linen, and used to protect the *coosty*. The women are very fond of rich dress, elegant silks and satins embroidered with gold, and jewels of every description.

The Parsees readily adopt improvements, and in their present prosperity imitate European fashions, those in Bombay who are wealthy vying with each other in display. Many of them now adopt the mode of eating seated at a table, and using knife, fork, and spoon; but those whom we knew in China, unless on festive occasions, preferred their primitive style of squatting upon the ground, eating from one large dish, and using their fingers in helping themselves to quantities of *gee*, an unctuous mass of rice and butter. Their educated men have of late years acted wisely in taking their meals in company with the females of their families, but generally they are separated. The Parsee women are much secluded, after the fashion of all Orientals, but they are not ill-treated, have many privileges, and their condition is constantly improving. Early marriages are very common, parties being often betrothed at birth, while match-making is a regular profession. Mr. Framjee laments these juvenile marriages, the consultations with astrologers, and the immense expense of many of the weddings. When the betrothal is agreed upon, the parents send each a dress for the boy and girl: this completes the contract, which cannot now be broken. A lucky day for the marriage celebration is fixed by the astrologer, and from this cause a great number of weddings take place on the same day. Several days before the ceremony are given up to feasting, if the parties happen to be wealthy, and in such cases the relatives of the bride and bridegroom exchange ornaments and rich dresses. To such an extent is this carried, and so pernicious is the example, that many of the poorer classes ruin themselves in imitating opulent neighbors, frequently resorting to the money-lender to raise loans at

heavy interest, and sometimes bearing a load of debt for the rest of their lives. This is only equalled by the folly of the Chinese, who often impoverish themselves in order to bury a father with due magnificence. Near sunset, the whole of the bridegroom's party, male and female, repair to the home of the bride, the procession being headed by a band of music, followed by the bridegroom, the priests, and the male friends, while the females bring up the rear. A carpet being spread on the ground floor, the happy pair are seated upon it on handsome chairs, side by side, while the priests, who stand opposite to them, repeat the nuptial benediction, first in the Zend language, and then in the Sanscrit. After this the ceremony is concluded by washing the bridegroom's toes with milk, and rubbing his face with the bride's *cholee*,—a silk vest. Bouquets of beautiful flowers and little packets of betel-nut are then distributed to each member of the company, and rose-water is sprinkled profusely over the guests. The bridegroom and his party now retire, when a banquet is served, the ladies first sitting down to it, and after they have risen, the table is relaid for the gentlemen. Parsee widows are allowed to remarry, while bigamy is strictly prohibited, and numerous rules for the protection of wives and widows have been adopted.

The death-bed and funeral ceremonies of the Parsees are very singular, differing from those of all other nations. As soon as the medical attendant pronounces recovery hopeless, the dying man is washed, arrayed in clean clothes, and listens to the exhortations of the priests, who repeat certain texts of the Zend Avesta, the patient himself joining in the exercises, if he has sufficient strength. When dead, his body is wrapped again in clean clothes, and laid out on an oblong piece of polished stone, resting on the floor. The female friends and relatives assemble to mourn, sitting together on carpets in the same room with the corpse; the men remain in the veranda of the house. When death takes place at night, the body is kept until the next morning; but if four or five hours intervene before sunset, it is removed the same evening. It is then placed upon an iron bier, brought in by *nassesalars*, or corpse-bearers, while two priests stand facing it and recite from the book of *Izeshul*, a kind of homily on death, which is usually

lost upon the audience, who do not understand the Zend language. The body is then borne off to the *Dokhma*, or Tower of Silence, erected always in a solitary place, and often on a mountain,—those of the Bombay Parsees being on the highest part of the Malabar hill. The male friends follow the corpse, and on arriving at the spot, the face is once more uncovered, when all bow toward it. The bearers then carry the corpse into the tower, where it is left exposed to the vultures, who soon strip it of flesh, when the bones fall into a grating beneath, and are afterward removed to a subterranean place of deposit. On returning from the funeral, the priests, friends, and relatives wash their hands and feet, and pray. The relations of the deceased are visited twice a day, at morning and evening, for three successive days; on the fourth, there is a solemn feast, and the relatives go to worship in the fire-temples. The women remain in mourning from three to thirty days. The towers of silence, before mentioned, “are buildings of a circular form, about ten feet high, surrounded by walls of the same height. In the centre of these there is a hole, ten feet deep, communicating with secret vaults. There are many lines of communication, and numerous apartments. There are three receptacles of unequal dimensions, one for children, one for females, and one for men. The ashes or remains of the dead are left in the centre hole. A cemetery, calculated to receive the bodies of thirty-five men, thirty-five women, and thirty-five children,—a model of which is in possession of the Royal Asiatic Society,—has at the base a circumference of one hundred and seventy-five feet, and one of a hundred and seventy feet at top, which is open, so that the bodies of the men, women, and children are all, in their respective places, exposed to the sun and rain. The three receptacles for the bodies are in a circular form, one within the other, the partitions running parallel with the outer wall of the cemetery. The innermost receptacle is for the children, the next for the women, and the other for the men.”*

We wonder almost, that Mr. Framjee, enlightened as he is and progressive in his views, has not lifted up his voice against

* Chinese Repository.

such a hideous and repulsive mode of treating the dead, — one that robs the grave of all sanctity, and disgusting even to think of.

The laws and internal government of the Parsees, after their expatriation from Persia, have until within a recent period been conducted in a simple and primitive manner; they have been managed by a “punchayet,” or committee of five, chosen from among their wisest men. In early times the decisions of this body were deferred to without hesitation; but since the Indian Parsees have been under British rule, and especially in late years, its authority has been waning, and is now little regarded. A new code of laws, characterized by an advanced and liberal spirit, yet still in accordance with the ancient customs and usages of the Parsees, has lately been drafted, and will no doubt be finally adopted by the entire community.

But it is in their commercial pursuits that the Parsees display the most remarkable spirit. They are now beyond all doubt the richest and most enterprising body of merchants in the East. With the rise of British power, they too have risen in affluence and importance, while the Mohammedans and Hindoos have declined; and Mr. Framjee attributes the fact to the ancient character of the race, still kept alive through centuries of oppression, and again bursting forth with renewed opportunity. The Parsees, on their arrival in India, employed themselves as artisans and tillers of the soil; but after so continuing for nearly a thousand years, they at once attained distinction when commercial enterprise was open to them. Those with whom we came in contact in China — and they are the same everywhere — had the reputation of being exceedingly shrewd, keen, and eager, but strictly honorable and trustworthy: they have no written contracts between themselves. Wherever the English have gone in Asia, the Parsees have followed them; they have established mercantile houses in London, and banks and joint-stock companies in many of the large Indian cities. They have built ships and railroads, and Bombay derives its chief prosperity and opulence from their industry and intelligent spirit. The wealth they have acquired has not been hoarded in niggardly fashion; they spend liberally, although notoriously fond of money. Some of them have done their

utmost to improve their estates, and to promote the extension of agriculture, to introduce tea and cotton, sugar-cane, indigo, and mulberries for silk-worms. Others have constructed roads, bridges, canals, and public tanks. One of their railroad contractors has displayed marked ability; he has constructed nearly ninety miles of railroad at various points, many very large viaducts, deep rock cuttings, embankments, and culverts, and employed 17,000 hands. Of the 110,544 Parsees in Bombay at the last census, more than one half, or 61,298, were merchants, bankers, or brokers. 11,028 were writers and accountants; 5,227 liquor-dealers; 2,056 schoolmasters; 1,535 money-changers; 616 printers and book-binders; and 5,656 priests. Other professions were fairly represented, excepting a solitary policeman, but there was not a single butcher, barber, washerman, chair-bearer, or scavenger. Some few are in government employ, and perhaps a dozen others are judges of small causes, magistrates, translators, and interpreters. Others are shipwrights and machinists. Some of our readers may remember to have seen, three or four years ago, about the steam-boats of New York and Boston, a Parsee in his native costume. He had with him credentials and letters, and visited this country to gain information regarding engines and river steamers.

The wealth of some of the Parsees is colossal; the name of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy is universally known as of one of the richest and most munificent men in the world, created a baronet in 1842 as a mark of recognition of his eminent services. His parents were poor and of very obscure family, and it is said that he commenced his career as a merchant by selling bottles for a livelihood. In the course of his long life he has amassed a fortune which few British nobles can equal. In 1822 his riches and charities began to attract public attention. Where money is openly given in such large sums, the gifts are frequently imputed to ostentation; but it is said that Sir Jamsetjee's private charities have been as large as his public ones. He has bestowed for various known purposes more than a million of dollars, and without the least reservation of a sectarian nature; Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, Hindoos, Parsees, all have shared his liberality. In June, 1856, he was pub-

licly thanked by Lord Elphinstone on behalf of the European and native population of Bombay, and a statue was voted to him to be placed in the Town-Hall. This has lately been completed in England, and shipped to Bombay. Sir Jamsetjee has founded the "Parsee Benevolent Institution" for the education and maintenance of poor Parsee children, at an expense of \$250,000. He also gave \$150,000 for other educational purposes, and \$50,000 to found a school of design. Beside these sums he has given largely for the relief of poor Parsee debtors, for places of worship and cemeteries, for hospitals for the sick and the blind, for wells, reservoirs, granaries, tanks, churches, roads, causeways, bridges, schools, free schools, the Sailors' Home of Bombay, and a vast number of other objects. Many wealthy Parsees have followed Sir Jamsetjee's example, and it is a gratifying fact that not a single Parsee beggar is ever to be seen in Bombay. No soldiers are to be found of the Parsee caste; but this is easily accounted for by the fact, that the lowest rate of wages, such as servants earn, is double the pay of the Sepoy. Mr. Framjee claims great prowess for his countrymen, but in this case we suspect that he rather exaggerates; those in Canton had no great reputation for bravery in any troubles with the Chinese, and on one occasion a Parsee gentleman of the same surname as our author, who belabored some insolent Chinese, acquired such a reputation by this unwonted act, that he went always afterward by the name of "Fighting Framjee."

Education has within the last forty years made much progress among the Parsees. Before that time the great mass of them were quite ignorant. The schools were few and poorly conducted by half-educated Indo-Britons; but in 1820, when Lord Elphinstone established the Bombay Native Education Society, the Parsees were the first to profit by it, and a few years later themselves subscribed large sums of money, and raised a fund for a college to educate their countrymen in the higher branches of European literature and science. These two establishments now form one institution, bearing the name of Elphinstone. The difference in race cannot be better exemplified, than by the fact that the Parsees, although not nearly so numerous about Bombay as the Hindoos, always

outnumber them at the college, while the unchangeable, bigoted Mohammedans never go near it. No Parsee in good circumstances now neglects to give his child a sound English education, and the many private schools conducted by English teachers are crowded by the Parsee children. The "Parsee Benevolent Institution," which bears the name of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, was established in 1842, when his countrymen, much pleased at the honor conferred on him, presented him with an address, requesting his permission to form a fund, to be styled "Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy's Translation Fund," for the purpose of translating into the Guzerati language approved books from European and Asiatic languages, to be published and distributed gratis, or sold at a very low price, among the Parsee people. To this fund Sir Jamsetjee added very largely, so that the annual income of the institution is \$20,000 per annum, and the aggregate number of boys instructed by it was, at the time of the last report, 1,294. Some adults have of late years been qualified as instructors and as physicians.

It is gratifying to find, too, that female education has not been neglected, although until within a few years it was never thought of. The late Framjee Cowasjee, one of the most wealthy and liberal of the Parsees, as he himself advanced in knowledge, felt the want of it in his wife and children, and determined to begin in his own family the education of females. When one calls to mind the strength of Oriental prejudice, the prestige of ancient customs, and the isolation of the reformer, the name of Framjee Cowasjee deserves to be inscribed in letters of gold in every school-house of Bombay. He boldly persevered in his enterprise, treating with contempt the ridicule he excited, and, although but partially successful, set a noble example, which was followed in good time. As the young men became educated, they grew unwilling to marry ignorant women, and insisted on educating their female children. Their training did not fairly begin until 1849, when, on the 22d of October, four girls' schools were opened, and forty-four pupils presented themselves the first day. Many Parsee gentlemen have contributed liberally to the good work, and there are now seven girls' schools in Bombay, attended by one

thousand Parsee girls. The chief difficulty in the way of their progress at present lies in their early removal from school. As they approach the age of puberty, Oriental jealousy interferes, and removes them from the profane gaze of the master. This prejudice will probably be overcome, as the Parsees grow more enlightened. Individual cases are now by no means rare, among this people, of high intellectual culture. They publish several influential newspapers. One of Sir Jamsetjee's sons is a distinguished Oriental scholar, who has distributed gratis thousands of copies of his works. Another scholar has published a grammar of the Pehelvi language, and has been for years engaged on an English, Pehelvi, and Zend dictionary, a work of great learning and toil. Four young men, sons of rich merchants, are now being educated at the University College of London.

The ancient faith professed by the Parsees is one of great interest to the theological student. It has undergone many vicissitudes during a period of nearly twenty-four centuries. From the time of Zoroaster in the reign of Darius Hystaspes, until the conquest of Persia by Alexander the Great, it was most flourishing. It then languished for a period of five hundred and fifty-six years, until revived, A. D. 226, by Ardeshir Babekan. This monarch made great efforts to restore it to its purity; he collected the sacred books, and had them translated into Pehelvi, then the current language of Persia; he built fire-temples, and inspired others with his religious enthusiasm. This reformation lasted for four hundred and sixteen years, until the religion and monarchy of Persia were overthrown by Omar and his Arabs. Authorities vary as to the date of Zoroaster's birth, but most generally fix it in the sixth century before Christ. According to tradition, he was miraculously conceived, — was exposed as a child to extraordinary persecutions, being once cast into a blazing fire and escaping unhurt. He is said to have left his native town, Rai, at the age of thirty, and proceeded with his entire family to the capital of Persia; and at forty to have appeared before the king, bearing the sacred fire and a cypress-tree. The monarch, and some of his principal counsellors, soon embraced the new doctrines, and Zoroaster produced the sacred books, called Avesta, writ-

ten in the Zend language. Some writers maintain that the Zend is derived from the Sanscrit, and that these books were written in a later age; but the best Oriental scholars contend for their genuineness, and the independent antiquity of the language. The books produced by the prophet contained twenty-one volumes, a majority of which are lost. The Parsees still possess a few, which escaped destruction; and of these, the first, fourth, seventh, eighth, and ninth contain mostly rules for religious ceremonials, and instructions for the practice of the Zoroastrian religion, for the adoration of the Almighty, and moral precepts; others are books of prayers. The oldest manuscript copies of the *Vandidad* and *Izashné* are in the Royal Library of Copenhagen, the first-named work bearing date the 24th day of the fourth month of the year of *Yezde-zird* 692 (A. D. 1323). "The whole foundation of the sacred or religious works of the Parsees is, as it were, built upon three important injunctions which pervade the Parsee Scriptures, and are pithily expressed by three significant terms used in the Avesta, viz. *Homuté*, *Hookhte*, and *Vurusté*, which mean purity of speech, purity of action, and purity of thought. This is the moral of the Parsee religion, and on it the whole structure of the Zend Avesta is raised." The first point of the Parsee religion is to recognize and adore Ormuzd, the master of all that is good, and the principle of all righteousness; and the second, to detest Ahriman, the author of all moral and physical evil. The charge brought against the Parsees, that they worship fire, the sun, water, and air, is not true; and they themselves repel the charge with indignation. They worship *before* fire, considering light as the purest emblem of the Deity, and they therefore do not really deserve the title of "fire-worshippers"; but a Parsee, in accordance with this idea, is directed to turn his face toward the fire or the sun, as the most proper symbols of the Deity. Therefore the Parsees are not idolaters: they are pure monotheists, worshipping one God only. There are at present three fire-temples in Bombay, the last built erected in 1844, at a cost of \$ 125,000.

Mr. Framjee cites many European authorities to prove that his assertions as to the alleged worship of fire are perfectly correct. They are so beyond all reasonable doubt. The Par-

n/ in St. Petersburg. Pushkin has furnished a subject as inexhaustible as Goethe in Germany or Shakespeare in England; and a dreadful list of famous names in "Koff," "Jeff," and "Ski," follows in the train of this prince of Russian letters, to take their turn of critical judgment. Nay, the thing has gone so far, that in Russia, as in France and England, there is criticism of the critics: there is a class of men whose work is analogous to that of the naval officer in our custom-houses, or the auditor of our treasuries, — they look after those who look after others.

The most recent biographer of M. de Chateaubriand, whose work furnishes the text for this paper, gives us to understand that that great writer, fond as he was of contemporary fame, cared more for the verdict of posterity, wrote for posterity, and preferred, at the sacrifice of many present comforts, to stand well with the race to come after him. If Chateaubriand desired *laudari a viro laudato*, he would have certainly chosen, above all others, for his biographer, the man who is his admirer, defender, and, in the opinion of France, his literary successor. Duty, not less than inclination, would seem to guarantee praise from such a source; — for is it not the special charge of a "Perpetual Secretary" of the French Academy to "make eulogies"? If comparatively small men must be celebrated, (and such there are sometimes, even in the Institute of France,) may not a great man rest assured of his future honor? But M. Villemain construes the duties of his office somewhat differently. To "make eulogy" is not, as he understands it, to lavish panegyric. He has no fancy for covering the tomb of a popular idol with dry *immortelles*, or with fragrant flowers even, or of crowning this one afresh. His idea of a faithful eulogist is of one who speaks the severe truth, exaggerating nothing, extenuating nothing, only showing character in its actual lights and shades. He has done this very faithfully in the case of Chateaubriand. A better piece of biography we do not remember, — one more divested of all partisanship, malice, flattery, and vanity of authorship. No biographer of an intimate friend can keep himself completely out of sight in his work, — a Frenchman least of all, and M. Villemain is a genuine Frenchman. Yet only two or three

times, as we recollect, in all this thick volume, does the author's personality fairly appear, and then it brings out others more prominently. He only comes forward, like the manager in the theatres, to lead some shrinking *prima donna*, who without such a *chaperon* might not venture in front of the curtain, or risk alone the ordeal of so many eyes. This excessive personal reserve, while it lends dignity to M. Villemain's book, rather subdues its warmth. It might be less valuable, but it would be more entertaining, if the author gave us more of his own reminiscences, more of his own impressions of Chateaubriand. We could spare a large part of the political history, if its place were supplied by the conversation, the table and saloon talk, which is so scantily furnished. The one brilliant specimen of that evening in the house of Madame de Duvas (p. 364 *et seq.*) only provokes us by showing what store of anecdote M. Villemain might have produced, if he had only chosen to open his full treasury. To foreign readers, certainly, that conversation is the best thing in the volume.

This personal reserve of M. Villemain is remarkable in a French writer. But more than this, we miss also a condensed estimate of the genius and character of Chateaubriand. It is easy to divine, as we read the volume, what the "Perpetual Secretary" thinks of his great literary predecessor; but he leaves us to this divination, and nowhere pronounces a complete and definite judgment. He gives the man, and leaves his readers to see the portrait as their ingenuity can eliminate it from his narrative. Every part of the life is fairly presented, with the influences which surrounded it, the motives which swayed it, and the works which it accomplished, — its romance and its commonplace, its greatness and its meanness. To sustain the interest of so long a story was not an easy task. Chateaubriand figured in too many scenes, was distinguished in too many walks, and lived too many years to make the results of the study of his life perfectly satisfactory. He was a poet, a novelist, an historian, an essayist, a patriot and a courtier, a statesman and a diplomatist, a traveller and an exile, a political philosopher and a religious dreamer; and in his character there were contrasts as peculiar as in the circumstances of his life. In the year 1793, he lived in a garret in

London, going whole days without food, compelled sometimes to remain in bed all day from lack of fire to keep out the cold, and constantly tempted to suicide. In the year 1822, hardly a generation later, he came to that city as the plenipotentiary of the French realm, with a brilliant retinue, and with all the prestige of a universal literary fame. That contrast of fortune has, indeed, been surpassed in the present generation by the visit of the autocrat of thirty-six millions to the city where, less than ten years before, he had lived as an obscure adventurer, when the royal heir of the Tudors and Plantagenets suffered the contact of the lips of her former special constable. But in the character of Chateaubriand there are inconsistencies quite as striking as this change in his fortunes. His most intimate friends dreaded his terrible vindictiveness, yet his enemies acknowledged his generosity. He almost ruined himself to save those from ruin who had no claim upon his aid; yet he left no stone unturned to ruin those who had injured him. His inordinate vanity, which equalled, if possible, even that of Lamartine, was joined to an obstinacy which, like the obstinacy of Charles the Tenth, continually exposed him to mortifications. No writer coveted more the honor of a place in the French Academy; yet when this honor was at last reluctantly bestowed upon him, he declined it, rather than pronounce the eulogy of Joseph Chénier, whose place he was called to fill, but whose principles he disliked. He could boast that his acts were often diametrically opposed to his opinions; that he worked for absolutism, while he favored liberalism. In his work on the "Restoration," published in 1831, after the accession of Louis Philippe, whose government he refused to support, he gives his extraordinary confession of faith: "I am, by *honor*, of the Bourbon party, — royalist, by reason and conviction, — republican, by preference and disposition." He parades constantly his loyalty, and the sacrifices which he made in behalf of the exiled Bourbons; but his attachment and services to the exiled family of Charles the Tenth, and his style of address toward them, were very different from the reverential devotion of Bertrand to Napoleon at St. Helena, or of the attendants of the exiled house of Stuart. The loyalty of Chateaubriand was not a passion, but only part of his pride.

The same inconsistency shows itself in the friendships of Chateaubriand. With those who were his equals in rank, whose opinions and tastes were similar to his own, he was cold, jealous, and suspicious, while with men of a different age, position, or pursuit, whose opinions were unlike his own, he was hearty, sincere, and constant in his attachment. He gave to the democrats Arago and Béranger a confidence which he would not give to his own political friends; and for Armand Carrel he had an affection almost romantic. Carrel seems to have been one of the few men whom Chateaubriand really loved, in spite of the broad difference of their aims and principles. With this melancholy and suspicious, but radically noble nature, he had a true sympathy. He never could speak of Carrel without emotion, and, for years after the fatal duel with Girardin, went annually to lay fresh flowers upon the tomb of his friend, so sadly snatched away and so deeply lamented.

The life of Chateaubriand may properly be divided into four periods. The first of these periods, including about thirty years, was characterized by aimless wanderings, by morbid introspections, by whimsical restlessness, and by a prevailing scepticism. The spiritual history of this period is given to us in "*Réné*," that brilliant French counterpart to the *Sorrows of Werter*, the most famous, as it is on the whole the most unhealthy and worthless, of the writings of the great "master of sentences." Chateaubriand's boyhood was not a happy one. He was the youngest of ten children. His father, a grim, austere, unbending despot, treated him with equal neglect and severity. With no one of his family had he much personal intercourse except with his sister Lucile, nearest to his own age, and sharing some of his fantastic tastes. The pietism of his mother disgusted him with the Church, as much as the military rigor of his father made him averse to the army. His early associates were the rough artisans of St. Malo, and their quarrelsome children; and the child of an aristocratic lineage found even this society a relief from the stiff routine of his father's castle. He studied by fits and intervals, sometimes working hard upon the Latin and Greek classics, but always dreaming more than he worked. An introduction at court in.

his nineteenth year might gratify his vanity, but could not quiet his restlessness. His capricious temper refused to accept the opportunity for distinction opened to him; he renounced all hope of military honors, and gave himself, against the wishes of friends, to the hazards of literature and poetry.

In the very midst of the excitements of the Revolution, in the next year after the destruction of the Bastile, which he witnessed, Chateaubriand published his first poem. It is interesting to compare these flimsy and halting verses, sickly in sentiment and commonplace in expression, with the future glories of the lord of French letters and the interpreter of Milton. Byron's first efforts, defective as they were, gave incomparably more promise of genius and success, than Chateaubriand's idyl about Country Life. Fortunately, the verses were too insignificant to be severely criticised at so stirring an epoch, and the author had no sufficient provocation either to suicide or to such brilliant poetical revenge as Byron took. The fever of adventure took the place of the poetical mania, or rather utilized this mania. The Northwest Passage invited Chateaubriand away from the distractions of Paris. Bidding adieu to his "respectable mother," he embarks in a leaking craft, with only a few dismal young priests for companions, and after a long passage and a narrow escape from shipwreck finally presents himself, fortified with a letter of introduction, to the President of the United States. This interview is the best thing in Chateaubriand's American experiences. The cautious Washington listens patiently to the vagaries of the enthusiast, suggests some practical difficulties, and is not won to approval even by the bold compliment which his young guest ventures: "It cannot be so difficult to discover a Polar Passage as to create a people, as you have done."

Chateaubriand, as might be expected, did not get much aid and comfort in his enterprise among the shrewd Yankees. Neither the citizens of New York nor those of Boston gave him encouragement or helped him to capital. It is not probable that, if he had come sixty years later, Mr. Grinnell would have intrusted to such a character his Arctic expedition. His disappointment about the Northwest Passage was speedily con-

soled by his discovery of a new theatre for his genius in the wild scenery and the Indian tribes of this continent. It may gratify American vanity to learn that, in the opinion of Villemain and many lesser judges, modern French literature was "born" in our forests, and on the banks of our Western rivers. That short year which the melancholy stripling passed in the wigwams of the New Continent, babbling of flowers and waterfalls, and legends, and the Great Spirit, with the rude children of nature — that year of journeys in the unbroken wilderness was, by confession of members of the French Academy, a year of *régénération* to the most polished literature in Europe. The poet had found his true voice in the echoes of these solitudes. His diseased fancies had been quickened and healed by this ministry of primitive life; and when duty seemed to recall him to his native land, which he had left with so few regrets, the impressions of this American sojourn were constantly working to give to his soul a more even tone, and open before him a career. French travellers in our day carry back from America more than our less accurate Saxon vision can see; but no traveller has ever carried back such wealth of imagery as Chateaubriand.

Several years more of unsettled habits, of doubts and fears, must intervene before the wanderer could enter upon a steady pursuit, or find the faith which he needed. Marriage did not create this. The young lady whom Chateaubriand's sisters chose for him might bring him a moderate dowry, but not domestic happiness or sympathizing companionship. The excitements of the gaming-table speedily obliterated the charm of his wife's society; and for the rest of his life Chateaubriand showed himself indifferent to the woman who bore his name and was proud of his distinction. All the sentimental harangues about love and domestic bliss in Chateaubriand's writings cannot blind us to the fact, that he repaid the devotion of a blameless and accomplished wife by a cold neglect, to say nothing worse. He enlisted in the army, was wounded at Thionville, came near dying in the transportations to Guernsey and Jersey to which he was successively compelled, and, after many risks and narrow escapes, found himself at last in London, without friends, money, or resource.

of any kind, living in a garret, as we before mentioned. But French exiles always manage to make their way. His absence at London saved him from the fate which befell his brother, and made him the heir of the house whose head had just fallen under the axe of the Revolutionary tribunal. He became a copyist of manuscripts in the county of Suffolk; and we need not be surprised that the accomplishments of the amanuensis captivated the heart of the sensitive daughter of an Anglican divine. Mrs. Ives's proposal in behalf of her child to the young scribe was flattering to his self-love; but honor compelled him to acknowledge that he had a wife already, though he had before made no allusion to her. He returned at once to London, where he resumed his career as an author by publishing his "Essay upon Revolutions."

The only important result of this publication was to reveal Chateaubriand's remarkable command of his native tongue, to indicate the rich resources of his genius, and to furnish him, by its limited sale, with the means of finding his daily bread. The book itself was a confused mass of eloquent but inconsequent reasoning, of historical facts loosely arranged; and its philosophy was a desponding scepticism. It attracted but little notice, either in France or England. But it saddened the last days of his pious mother, and her last dying wish was that her son might have his eyes opened and be restored to the Catholic faith. This wish, communicated by one of his sisters, who herself died a few days after the letter was sent, struck with remorse the wavering heart of the sceptic. The double death converted him. He was not convinced of his error by "any supernatural light." He only wept, and believed; and from this time his methods and purposes were changed. He became an earnest worker, and entered on what we may call the second period of his life. It is probable that ambition had quite as much as contrition to do with his change; and that he heeded not less than the voices from the grave, the voice of his friend and patron, De Fontanes: "Work, work, my dear friend; become illustrious, — you can do it. The future is yours."

The work to which Chateaubriand now set himself was the "Genius of Christianity," in which he aimed to efface the im-

pression of his former work, and to recall a sceptical and worldly age to the faith which it had lost. But he could not do this work well on English soil. He pined for France. Under the guise of a Swiss from Neuchatel, with a false passport, he was able to reach Paris, where for some time he lived in retirement, finding society only with the friends who would keep his secret. A review of M. de Stael's book on Literature and Society, published in the Mercury, was the means of bringing the author into notice, and the subsequent publication of "*Atala*," with its prefatory account of the author's conversion, made it unnecessary to use further precaution. France could not spare, whatever his antecedents, one who could write so eloquently, and with whose praise the Continent was speedily ringing. The greater work, of which this romantic tale was only an episode, appeared in the next year. The time of its publication was most fortunate. The Concordat of Bonaparte with the Pope had just (1802) restored to France the Catholic religion, opened all the deserted churches, and inaugurated the new era of Faith. The First Consul welcomed such an auxiliary; and though the Preface lacked that flattery which the new Cæsar expected and demanded, yet the substantial service which the book rendered was enough to compel a reward. It was the first great book of the new *régime*, and the cynical sneers which greeted it in the Academy only raised esteem for it in the Palace.

And no ridicule of the learned class could hinder the popularity of such a work. It had the qualities which insure success,—boldness of metaphor, warmth and glow of diction, short chapters and pointed sentences, confidence and at the same time moderation of tone, profuse descriptions of natural scenery, surpassing those of St. Pierre and equalling those of Rousseau,—and in a fresher field than either,—a dreamy sadness, soliciting sympathy, and a gentle spirit of prophecy, awakening visions of future rest, comfort, and glory. With these qualities it made an instant and timely appeal to the heart of France and of all Europe. It was the protest of imagination and sentiment against the iconoclasm and the philosophy which had despoiled social life of its beauty and

serenity, and fatigued men by incessant pleadings. It was what all the women and half the men of Europe were longing to hear, — a cradle-song for the new generation. Its simplicity of form made it intelligible to all minds, and it had a word of satisfaction for every common experience. Such a work, of course, could not satisfy those who asked for a great religious treatise, more than the Hebrew melodies of Moore could supply an English hymn-book. The "Genius of Christianity" is in no sense a theological work. Its plan is unscientific, and it shows but slight acquaintance either with Biblical criticism or the history of dogma. Its piety even is of the most superficial sort, and it has as little kinship with the meditations of Thomas à Kempis, as with the great work of Benjamin Constant. It asserts without proving, and rhapsodizes without discriminating. Such a work could convert no antagonist mind. As we read it now, after the lapse of half a century, it seems amazing that such frivolous platitudes should ever have carried captive an intelligent people. It is to us only splendid sentimentality, water-gruel in a cup of porcelain. It is an admirable text-book of style, but very few, we imagine, think of resorting to it to strengthen their faith, or to enlighten them concerning the mysteries of the Church or the Gospel.

The substantial payment for this work which Chateaubriand received was the place of Secretary of Legation at Rome. It was an uncomfortable position. He did not suit the Cardinal Fesch, Napoleon's Ambassador, and the Cardinal did not suit him. One or the other was constantly sending to Paris a budget of complaints. According to Chateaubriand, the Cardinal was slow, dull, jealous, and selfish. According to the Cardinal, his secretary was vain, meddlesome, insolent, and false. Both were probably right, and both were wrong. The style of life which Chateaubriand found at Rome was not such as to reconcile him to his position. In a letter to Fontanes he gives an amusing description of society in this city. "Religion," he says, "is going to the Devil. You have no idea of the scandalous manners and the infidelity of this country. Cardinals, prelates, monks, only try to see who can be most debauched, most careless about their grand concern." This remarkable ebullition of spleen is

more than matched by another characteristic display in a letter to the same friend, after the death of Madame de Beaumont, who had been one of his warmest admirers. Chateaubriand took charge of her funeral; "and you would hardly believe," says he, "to what a degree my grief and my conduct on this occasion have caused me to be loved and respected here."

His stay in Rome was short. He was transferred to the nominally higher place of Minister of France in the Swiss Cantons of Valais. But the murder of the Duc d'Enghien so shocked his loyalty, that he resigned his office, and declared his retirement from political life. The death of his favorite sister Lucile, leaving him almost alone in the world, added to his sadness and ennui; and it suited the present temper of his mind to meditate a work on the sufferings of the early Church and the triumphs of martyrdom. His visits to the Catacombs at Rome had interested him in this subject. But he felt the need of further researches, and his fancy was attracted by the idea of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. We need not believe that the ardor of ancient piety prevented the man of the world from noticing all that he could turn to use in the countries which he traversed, or that his raptures in the Sacred Land ever destroyed his self-possession. The year which he spent in his circuit through Greece, Turkey, Syria, Africa, and Spain, was a year of careful observation, and its first fruits appeared in "*Les Martyrs*," in 1809. This book, the best, in our judgment, of any which came from Chateaubriand's pen, was the most savagely criticised and denounced. Its subject was ridiculed, as unfit for a romance. Its mythological pictures of heaven and hell were compared with those of Dante and Milton, to show their feebleness and absurdity. Its anachronisms and numerous errors were exposed. Yet, with all the faults which they pointed out, the critics failed to destroy the charm of this romance of Christian life and persecution in the fourth century. To appreciate its finish and beauty, it should be compared, not with the "*Divina Commedia*" or the "*Paradise Lost*," but with such works as Wiseman's *Fabiola*, or Kingsley's *Hypatia*. We may discard as superfluous the creaking supernatural machinery, yet have

enough left, both of fact and fancy, to make of "The Martyrs" a fine prose poem.

Two years later, in 1811, this volume was followed by the "*Itinéraire*," in which the sentimental traveller tells the story of his pilgrimage. This elegant narrative, even in the multitude of "*Journeys to the Holy Land*," still retains its popularity. Though its information has now been superseded by the more thorough opening of that formerly closed land, it has a charm which every reader must acknowledge, a graceful mingling of description, anecdote, and legend, of melancholy musing and of cheerful prophecy. In no similar work are the lights and shades more artistically distributed. Inaccuracies of fact there certainly are in this work. It does not pretend to be critically exact. But these mistakes are insignificant compared with the deliberate inventions and amazing errors of later French writers, such as De Saulcy. Lamartine's famous "*Eastern Travel*" is more Oriental in its luxuriant imagery, and paints more rapturously the mystic glories of the Syrian hills and the Syrian sky, but the "*Itinerary*" of Chateaubriand acquaints us better with the sacred sites and the real aspect of the land.

The favor of the Emperor, which Chateaubriand had lost by his course in regard to the death of D'Enghien, now seemed for a time to return. The autocrat was pleased to intimate to the French Academy that the author of the "*Genius of Christianity*" ought to have a place in that learned body; and though the majority of the members could not see in that production either high poetical art or large religious science, they obeyed the dictator's will. We have already mentioned that Chateaubriand's obstinacy here counteracted his ambition. He declined the place, winning so a kind of respect for his consistency, especially from those who knew how great must have been the sacrifice. The friendly mediation of Napoleon did not, however, mitigate Chateaubriand's loyal enmity to the usurper. On the abdication in 1814, he hastened in a widely circulated pamphlet to welcome the exiled royal house as the saviours of France. This passionate tirade against tyranny, and ardent eulogy of legitimacy, extravagant as was its language, was a most valuable aid to the restored mon-

archy. Louis XVIII. said that "*Bonaparte and the Bourbons* was worth more to him than an army." The pamphlet does more credit to Chateaubriand's zeal than to his good sense or his good taste. Had he expected Napoleon's return from Elba, he probably would have used more moderation in his philippic. The issue of Waterloo, however, relieved him of all fear, and with the peaceful restoration of Louis to the throne of his ancestors, the way seemed sure now to Chateaubriand of gaining what he coveted more than literary eminence, a place among the statesmen and peers of the realm.

The third period of Chateaubriand's life, embracing his career as statesman and politician, covers about twenty years, — from the time of the publication of the tract just alluded to, to the time when the memoir on the captivity of the Duchesse de Berri seemed to end his labors as a writer on affairs of state. In the first half of this period, he was a defender of the government; in the second half, its bitter opponent. Rewarded by Louis with a place in the ministry, — with various embassies to Sweden, to Berlin, to London, and even to a place with the sovereigns of Europe in the Congress at Verona, — Chateaubriand was nevertheless an uncomfortable servant to his royal master. He was jealous of his colleagues. He was tenacious of his prejudices. He was violent and hasty in his denunciations. He could be content with no second place, nor even with a divided influence. It was reasonably complained that his political schemes were poetical rhapsodies rather than practical plans. His "*Monarchy according to the Charter*" was denounced as a jumble of dead formulas with Utopian visions. His "*Report to the King on the State of France*" was justly stigmatized as a work of imagination. The affectation of dignity which he maintained in his mission, and his reports of high personal consideration, were absurdly disproportioned to the work which he could show. And we need not wonder that, after ten years of vexation from the theories and the extravagances of this adherent, Louis was driven to the desperate expedient of flatly dismissing him. He was turned out of doors, "like a lackey who steals the king's watch from the mantel-piece."

So flagrant an insult in the eyes of the whole nation and

of all Europe roused fearfully the vindictive passion in that sensitive soul. The advisers of the monarch warned him that he had made an amazing mistake. "Coriolanus passed to the Volsci"; and the pen and tongue which had rhapsodized before, now became terribly earnest and direct in their denunciations. To overthrow Villèle, the supposed author of his downfall, was now the task of the new head of opposition. Every measure of the minister was dissected with the most merciless severity and sarcasm, in the columns of the *Journal des Débats*. All resistance to such persistent hatred was unavailing. After three years of incessant warfare, Villèle gave up the strife, and shared the fate of the man whom he had seemed to ruin. Chateaubriand was now ready to resume his honors, but he found that his friends of the liberal party were not ready to go with him back to the party of royal prerogative. He was not the man for the crisis now preparing. He might go as Ambassador to Rome, but could not be trusted with affairs in France, either as chief or as adviser. A man who had been leader of the radicals in the Chamber of Peers could not be the prop of a falling monarchy. Chateaubriand had wit enough to see that any ministry which Charles X. might form would be of short duration, though even he could not foresee the days of July and the throne of the Barricades. His obstinate loyalty remained proof against the flattering instances of the revolutionists, who would have made him their champion. His vanity was gratified by being borne on their arms to the Chamber of Peers; yet in spite of that compliment he spoke in favor of the Duke of Bordeaux, refused to take the oath to Louis Philippe, and resigned both his pension of 12,000 francs and his seat in the Chamber. His half-chivalric defences of the exiled family brought him into serious trouble. He was arrested and imprisoned, and was mortified to find that the race for which he sacrificed place and power were only moderately grateful for his kind offices. His experience of the magnanimity of the House of Bourbon was similar to the experience of all the servants of that line of kings, whether great or little, French, Spanish, or Sicilian.

The political strifes in which Chateaubriand was incessantly engaged in this third period of his life were sometimes

varied by other studies. In the year 1831 he published, in four volumes, his "Historical Discourses on the Fall of the Roman Empire," a work which he intended as an Introduction to a History of France. The idea of this work, that Christianity is a progressive religion, assimilating to itself all the knowledge and worth of successive ages, is grand enough; but the execution, in all but its rhetoric, is very inferior to the design. The porch is the best part of the temple, as in the ancient Greek structures. In fulness of scholarship the work is as inferior to the History of Gibbon, as in philosophical insight it is inferior to the Essay of Montesquieu. Chateaubriand seems conscious of his failure as an historical writer, and laments, in the bitterness of disappointed pride, that the eighteen months which he spent in these investigations, working from ten to fifteen hours a day, had no result but *radotage et faiblesse, puérile*. M. Villemain kindly rebukes this self-depreciation of genius; but the cold reception which the book found seems to show that the writer was not far astray in his harsh self-judgment.

The last period of Chateaubriand's life was mostly spent in literary pursuits, varied by occasional journeys. Though his finest friendships and noblest charities belong to this period, it was mainly characterized by despondency and misanthropy. Dreading beyond measure the prospect of old age, he became taciturn, gloomy, and unapproachable to his friends. He had no faith in society, no faith in the ideas of the present, no faith in the future. His constant fear was that his own fame might pass away, as he saw that of his contemporaries passing. Institutions and events seemed in league to destroy one who had flattered himself with the thought that he had created the new era. All his thought and labor were bent to that task which might save his name from future oblivion. He dared not trust posterity to build his monument, but strove in those "Memoirs," on which he labored so long and painfully, to anticipate and disarm the judgment of succeeding ages. No friend should be suffered to tell the story of his life. He would be his own critic and his own eulogist. He would supply by authentic record the defective views which others must necessarily take of his character and influence. This sensitive ego-

tism, which shows itself throughout the posthumous memoirs of Chateaubriand, is strikingly unlike that gay, amiable, self-forgetful carelessness of the judgment of posterity which delights us in the autobiography of the great lyric poet of France. Béranger was a friend of Chateaubriand in his latter days, but the moody vanity of the great man of genius could not warp the cheerful optimist into any kindred egotism.

The external circumstances, moreover, of Chateaubriand's life, were not such as to prevent mortification and anxiety. Honors had not brought wealth, and the luxurious tastes which had become his second nature could only be supplied by diligent labor. He was sure of large profit from the sale of his books, but all that he could earn was not adequate to his notion of the state and splendor of a peer of France and the ex-minister of an empire. He had no children, and seemed to be the last of his race. He despised the frivolous amusements of fashionable society, and his austere gravity could hardly lower itself to that play of wit which gives sparkle to the more select literary circles of France. The saloons of Madame Récamier, so attractive to the *élite* of Paris, had for him but a moderate charm, though he could not wholly escape their fascination. He was flattered by the compliments of learned and titled men, who came to see him as one of the celebrities of Europe; yet these compliments were but the glimmer of sunshine in the prevailing cloud. The gracious reception given to him by the grandson of Charles the Tenth, in his visit to London, made him young for the moment. "I have just received," says he, "the reward of my whole life. The prince has deigned to speak of me, in the midst of a crowd of Frenchmen, with an enthusiasm worthy of his youth. If I knew how to tell it, I would tell you what he said. But I stood there weeping like a blockhead."

The Autobiography did not, however, exhaust the literary activity of its author in these closing years. He found time to publish numerous miscellanies; — an "Essay on English Literature," in two volumes; a new prose translation of Milton, in which he boasts that he has succeeded in rendering the grandeur of Milton's ideas not less than the dignity of his style, but which is quite as wide of the one result as of the other,

reducing the discourse of the demons in hell to the dialect of good society in Paris; a History of the Congress of Verona, a temperate and comparatively modest vindication of the part of France in that Congress, and less open to rhetorical objections than most of Chateaubriand's writings; and a Life of De Rancé, the famous Abbot of La Trappe, a work which the similar spiritual experience of Chateaubriand ought to have enabled him to write well, but in which he has failed more signally than in any other production of his pen. In this last work he has shown his utter incapacity to be a faithful biographer. M. Villemain finds it hard to praise works which show such evident marks of decline as these studies on the great poet of England and the great anchorite of France. Of Chateaubriand's Milton he says: "By the most deceptive of imitations, he substitutes for inspired boldness a systematic word for word; and this Corinthian lava all glowing, which in the verse of the English poet rolls, under its river of fire, the mingled treasures of ancient art, is here no more than a mass of irregular and icy scoria. Here and there only, the hand of the poet has reappeared; and some happy fragments detach themselves, like the admirable freaks of nature and chance which are sometimes found under ruins."

Chateaubriand lived long enough to see his worst fears realized in the breaking out of the Revolution of February, 1848. The heroic boldness of Lamartine might cheer his heart, but a democratic triumph was a prophecy of woe, and the June insurrection was the issue of his presage. He saw the horrors of this scene of blood, and joined in the grief which followed the murder of the brave Archbishop. But the shock was too great, and on the 4th of July, in presence of his spiritual adviser and of Béranger and Madame Récamier, he breathed his last. He had nearly completed his eightieth year. His body was taken to St. Malo, to be laid in a lonely rock sepulchre, which had been given him by his native city. In this rock, the base of which is washed by the daily tides, and which makes a barrier for the storm, the remains of Chateaubriand were enclosed in a stone sarcophagus, to be left alone till the day of that resurrection in which he professed to believe. More than fifty thousand persons, of all ranks and classes,

attended the funeral. The surrounding rocks and ramparts were covered with men and women; they clung to the shrouds of the vessels in the port, and heavy minute-guns accompanied with their echoes the intoning of the service for the dead. The place of burial is marked only by a massive cross of granite.

More than ten years have passed since the death of Chateaubriand. Eulogies have been delivered, criticisms favorable and unfavorable have been passed, and the place of this great man has been assigned. The verdict is, as we believe, that he was great rather by force of circumstances than by genius or strength. He was a pioneer of the literature of France revived, and of the Catholic faith in its return to power. His name will live in connection with his age, as one of the forces of his age, but not by its independent worth. France owes him a debt of gratitude, which she is fairly paying in the multiplied editions of his works, while she consents to forget and pardon the weaknesses of the man. The work which he designed to protect and transmit his name is the work which the wiser sense of his nation will shut and seal. Well would it have been for Chateaubriand, if, instead of mourning over the falseness of his age and the ingratitude of men, he could have employed those noble words of Quinet, in his recent Autobiography: "No object has deceived me. Everything has fulfilled for me its promise. Even the meanest things have kept their word with me. No one has cheated me. No one has betrayed me. I have found men as truthful as events. They only find snares in life who are resolved to be deceived."

ART. III. — THE HISTORY AND DOCTRINE OF THE DEVIL.

1. *Historia Diaboli, seu Commentatio de Diaboli Malorumque Spirituum existentia, statibus, judiciis, consiliis, potestate.* Auctore J. G. MAYER. Tubingæ. 1777.

Dictionnaire Infernal, ou Répertoire Universel des Êtres, des Personnages, des Faits, et des Choses qui tiennent au Commerce de l'Enfer, aux Démon, aux Sorciers, etc. Par J. COLIN DE PLANCY. Paris. 1844.

By Emmanuel Vitalis Scherb

THE religion of the *Old Testament*, in its primitive Mosaic form, knows nothing whatever of a "*Devil*"; and the mere mention to an old Hebrew of a dogma which to many a modern Christian still appears a main article of faith, would have seemed nothing less than downright blasphemy.

How could it be otherwise? It was the grand and specific glory of that religion to have established, as the first and most vital of all truths, the existence of *one* eternal, almighty, all-wise, and omniscient Being, the Source of all existence, the Creator of all things, the omnipotent Will, the all-pervading Mind, who is God, even the *Lord*, and there is none beside him.

This God is not merely a God of heaven, like Zeus, or a God of the sea, like Poseidon, or a God of the sun, like Helios, or a God of the moon, like Selene; but he is the God of all these, — yea, he made them: heaven and earth and the sea, and all that in them is, are the work of his hand and the manifestation of his glory.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein." — Psalm xxiv. 1.

"By the word of the Lord the heavens were made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth. He gathereth the waters of the sea as an heap, he layeth up the deep in storehouses." — Psalm xxxiii. 6.

"The north and the south, Thou hast created them; Tabor and Hermon rejoice in thy name." — Psalm lxxxix. 12.

He is not, like the gods of the Olympian dynasty, the descendant and successor of another divine dynasty, there being a time when he was born, and, of course, a time when he was *not*; — no, "before the mountains were brought forth, or ever

there was an earth and a world, even from everlasting to everlasting, he is God."

He is not a God that is now here, now there, now with Israel, now with the heathen; who is talking, or pursuing, or in a journey, or "peradventure he sleepeth," and whose absence, or sleep, or engrossing occupation, may enable his enemies to carry out a design which he might have resisted when awake, or when present, or when not otherwise engaged; but he is here, and there, and everywhere, with the undivided attention and power of an omnipotent, omniscient omnipresence.

"Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord and Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?" "Behold, he neither slumbereth nor sleepeth, the Keeper of Israel." "Am I a God at hand, saith the Lord, and not a God afar off? Can any one hide himself in secret places that I shall not find him? Do I not fill heaven and earth?" "Whither could I go from his spirit? whither could I flee from his presence? If I ascend up into Heaven, he is there; if I make my bed in Sheol, behold he is there; if I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall his hand lead me, and his right hand shall hold me. He knoweth my thoughts afar off; there is not a word on my tongue but he knoweth it altogether."

He is not a God among *other* gods; he is not merely the greatest of all, but he is the *only* one, and all that are called Gods beside him are but stocks and stones, and lies and vanities; אֱלֹהִים, not אֱלִילִים. And though popular superstition and poetic diction may, indeed have, occasionally attributed a kind of reality to the gods of other nations, these erroneous notions and loose forms of speech found a constant corrective in the unceasing and emphatic declaration of prophetic teaching, that the Lord is God, and there is no *living* God but he.

Whatever, therefore, is done in heaven or earth, is done *by* him, or at his bidding. To suppose that anything could be *against* his will, would imply that he was *not* omnipotent, that there was *another* power beside him and independent from him,—a supposition contradictory of the very first axiom of the religion of Moses, and therefore to be rejected as heresy and blasphemy.

Yea, the ancient Hebrew was so firm in this faith, so jealous of the supreme power of his God, such a thoroughgoing *Unitarian*, that, undeterred by the most obvious inconsistency, he made him even the *Author of evil*.

"I am the Lord, and there is none beside me. *I form the light, I create darkness; I make peace, and I create evil. I the Lord do all these things.*" — Isaiah xlv. 5-7.

"Shall there be an *evil* in a city, and the *Lord* hath not inflicted it?" — Amos iii. 6.

"The Lord made all things for himself, *yea, even the wicked* for the day of evil." — Prov. xvi. 4.

It is the Lord that hardens the heart of Pharaoh and causes him to disobey his own command; it is the Lord that bids Balaam go with the messengers of Balak, and then, through his angel, withstands him on the way; it is the Lord who sends Isaiah to call Israel to repentance, and at the very same time commands him to harden their hearts and shut their eyes, "lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and be converted, and healed." It is the Lord that sends an *evil spirit* between Abimelech and the men of Shechem, and causes the men of Shechem to deal treacherously with Abimelech (Judges ix. 23); it is from the Lord that proceeds the *evil spirit* which troubles Saul and makes him cast the javelin at David (1 Sam. xvi. 14, xix. 9-10); it is the Lord that puts the *lying spirit* into the mouths of Israel's prophets, to urge Ahab to the fatal expedition against Ramoth-Gilead, falsely promising him victory (1 Kings xxii. 23); yea, it is the Lord that prompts David to a deed of sinful pride (numbering the people), for which He grievously punishes him and the whole land after he has done it (2 Samuel xxiv.).

But this inconsistency of making God the source of all good, and also the author of evil, — the prompter and instigator, while at the same time the judge and punisher of sin, — could not but have been shocking to the moral instinct, and must have suggested the necessity of a different solution of the perplexing problem of the origin of evil.

An attempt at such a solution had been made, entirely independent from the Old Testament revelation, and far to the

east of Palestine, in the *religion of Zoroaster*.* According to the doctrine of this religion, — at least in its later form of *Parsism*, which alone concerns us here, — there are *two* principles pervading the Universe; one *good*, called Ahuramasda (*Ormuzd*), the other *evil*, called Angramainyus (*Ahriman*). These two divide the dominion of the world, and are irreconcilably opposed to each other. Each is at the head of a host of congenial spirits, arranged in hierarchic gradations. Highest in the kingdom of Ormuzd stand seven spirit princes or archangels, called *Amshaspands*, Ormuzd himself being one of them; the same position is occupied in the kingdom of Ahriman by the same number of chief devils, called *Devas*. As Ormuzd dwells in light, so Ahriman dwells in darkness; as all that is good in the world belongs to, and is the work of, the former, so all that is evil is the latter's. First, during a period of three thousand years, Ormuzd reigned supreme; then, for as long a time, Ahriman succeeded. At the end of six thousand years, a war of extermination will commence between the two, with alternating success; but in the end, Ahriman will be conquered, the kingdom of darkness will be destroyed, earth will become a paradise, the dead will rise from their graves, and all will be united and happy, and free from want and free from sin, under the blessed rule of Ormuzd.

It was during the time of the Babylonish captivity, or perhaps during the century preceding it, that the Hebrews became acquainted with this religion, and it was in consequence of this acquaintance that the idea of a Devil now made its entrance into their religious system, from which it had hitherto been excluded by its most emphatic and most specific teaching.

But here, before going any further, we must meet an objection which might be made to this assertion on the ground of some of our own statements. How can it be said that the idea of a Devil was excluded from the religion of the Old Tes-

* In using this expression, according to common usage, we are well aware of its inaccuracy, and that much of what, at various times, has been called by that name, has as much to do with the *original* doctrine of the ancient prophet of Bactria, as what is commonly styled *Christianity* has to do with the *religion of Jesus*.

tament, when the sacred books so frequently make mention of *evil spirits*? What else, it may be asked, were these evil spirits but devils? Is not the tree known by its fruits, and do not the deeds ascribed to them — lying, treason, murder — with sufficient distinctness indicate their relationship with him whom the New Testament declares to be a liar and a murderer from the beginning? In the first place, we must protest against any such use of passages from the *New Testament* for determining the sense of passages of the *Old*. The former is one thing, the latter another. The dogmatics and ethics of both are in many points essentially different. To assume their identity is the constant *ψεύδος* of Orthodox theology. To mix them up with each other is utterly unphilosophic and unhistoric, and can only be done by equal violence to both. We must reject every system of interpretation that does not acknowledge the first axiom of a sound exegesis, that the spirit of each book is its own best interpreter. Now, however “diabolic” some of those spirits might appear in the light of the New Testament, it is perfectly plain that they do not appear so in the light of the Old. In all the cases above quoted, they are nothing but divine ministers; they have no will of their own, separate from or opposed to that of God; they only carry out his commands. They are not enemies of the *good*, but only of the *wicked*; they are not *devils*, in one word, but *avenging angels*, charged with punishing, by whatever means seem best to him, the enemies of God and of his people. And so the Spirit of treason that stirred up the men of Shechem to revolt against Abimelech, the Spirit of madness that afflicted Sàul, the Spirit of falsehood that seduced Ahab into the suicidal war, are entirely of the same character, and belong in the same category with the *destroying angel*, מַלְאָךְ הַמְשַׁחֵת, who delivered Jerusalem by smiting the army of the Assyrians (2 Kings xix. 35), and who, by severe chastisement, brought David to a humble acknowledgment of his sin (2 Samuel xxiv. 16, comp. 1 Chron. xxi. 15); or with those *angels of woes*, מַלְאָכֵי רָעִים, who by many plagues forced the hardened Pharaoh into compliance with the long-resisted command of the Lord. (See Psalm lxxviii. 49.)

A much stronger argument for earlier origin of the idea of a personal principle of evil amongst the Hebrews might be drawn from a most remarkable passage in one of the very oldest books of the Old Testament, the force of which, however, is lost for the common reader by the mistranslation of the English version.

In the sixteenth chapter of Leviticus, — which contains the regulations for the observance of the great day of atonement, on which alone the high-priest is allowed to enter into the Holy of Holies, — Aaron is commanded to take two goats and present them before the Lord, at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation. “And he shall cast lots upon the two goats, *one lot for the Lord, and the other lot for Azazel*. And Aaron shall bring the goat upon which the Lord’s lot fell, and offer him for a sin-offering; but the goat on which the lot fell for *Azazel* shall be presented alive before the Lord to make an atonement with him, and to let him go to *Azazel* into the wilderness.” (ver. 7–10.) “And Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness. And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities into a land not inhabited: and he shall let go the goat into the wilderness.” (ver. 21, 22.)

Now what is the meaning of this dark word *Azazel*, which occurs only in this single chapter of the Old Testament? That the translation of the Septuagint, which rendered it *ἀποπομπᾶιος*, or scapegoat, — a rendering which most of the later versions have adopted, — is etymologically wrong, has been proved long ago; but the Arabic translation, with which the rabbinical commentators Aben Esra and Fanchi agree, which makes it out to be the name of “a high and rocky mountain in Arabia,” or the Syriac translation, to which Bunsen has lately given his assent, which renders it “the strong God,” is not much better.

For the antithetical relation in which the word (ver. 8) stands to Jahveh evidently shows both that it does not mean the Lord himself, nor a mere locality, but must mean some

individual *person* or other, different from the Lord. For these reasons, most of the later Jews believed it to be but another name for *Satan*; and even in our own time,—not to speak of Hengstenberg, who can find the Devil anywhere,—Ewald inclines to the same view. But a nearer examination will show this interpretation to be without foundation. In the first place, we know nothing of this Azazel but what we learn from this single passage of Leviticus. Nowhere else throughout the whole Old Testament is there the least trace of him. It seems impossible, therefore, that he could ever have occupied a prominent position in the Mosaic creed. In the second place, the only mention we find of him connects him with the “wilderness.” Now we know from the religious history of all nations, that popular superstition, which precedes, underlies, and more or less modifies the higher spiritual religions, has at all times peopled dark and desert places with spectres and ghosts. If good Christians are afraid of churchyards, why should not a good Hebrew, with all his faith in Moses and the Decalogue, have been afraid of the “desert land, and the waste, howling wilderness”? How can we expect or demand that the Law of Moses should have accomplished what we see that the Gospel of Jesus has not yet achieved. Imagination, the faculty earliest developed and most powerful in the childhood of nations as well as individuals, is emphatically *polytheistic*, and the phraseology formed by it will remain such, long after the mind and the heart have acknowledged the One God. As such a creation of popular imagination,—a surviving remnant of polytheistic superstition, ante-Mosaic as well as anti-Mosaic,—we consider this Azazel. It is simply a personification of the wilderness, or rather of the feeling of awe and horror that the people of Israel may have experienced on their nightly journeyings through the desert tracts of Arabia Petræa. It has no *organic* relation to the Mosaic religion, and we may safely say that the use of the word in the above connection is simply a concession to popular superstition, or rather to a way of speaking, already formed by it, of entirely the same kind with those which we find in vogue in Christian lands, and which prove nothing whatever for the Christian doctrine.

It is in the *Book of Job*, written, in its present form,* about the time of the Babylonish captivity, that we first meet in Biblical literature with the express mention of a personified principle of evil, under the name of *Satan*. This word had hitherto been used as a common name, designating any kind of enemy or adversary; so, for instance, in 1 Kings xi. 14, "And the Lord stirred up an *adversary* unto Solomon, Hadad the Edomite"; and xi. 23, "And God stirred him up another *adversary*, Rezon the son of Eliadah"; and 1 Samuel xxix. 4, "And the princes of the Philistines said, Let him not go down with us to battle, lest in the battle he be an *adversary* to us"; and Numbers xxii. 22, "And the angel of the Lord stood in the way for an *adversary* to him." In all these cases the original Hebrew word, which the English translation renders "*adversary*," is שָׂטָן, *Satan*; but the word is henceforth reserved as a *proper* name for the Adversary, *par excellence*, just as the Saxon word *fiend* is, and as such is generally preceded by the definite article, הַשָּׂטָן. The old Greek translators rendered it by the word διάβολος (*calumniator*), from which all Romanic and Teutonic forms of the name are derived. The New Testament often translates it, more accurately, ὁ ἐχθρός.

But the hold which the pure monotheism of their old theology had taken upon the minds of the Hebrews was still so strong, that, in adopting the idea of a Devil, they forced it to undergo a considerable modification. For the Satan of the Book of Job occupies by no means the same position as the corresponding character does in the theology of Zoroaster. He is not, like Ahriman, *coeval* or *co-ordinate* with the principle of Good, — with God, — but he is one of his subordinates, and (*implicite* at least, if not *explicite*) his creature; and though he suggests the plan of plaguing and ruining Job, he could

* We say "in its present form," — for the book as we now have it is evidently the production of different minds and different ages. Ewald considers the main parts of it to have been written during the reign of Manasseh (about 650); Bunsen places it a century later. But parts of it are much older; — and the nucleus of the whole, the old legend of the patient Job, — which we imagine we can still recognize in the midst of all the later superstructures, — we consider to bear a similar relation to our present philosophical poem of Job, as the old *Volsbuch* of Dr. Faustus bears to Goethe's philosophical drama.

not accomplish it, had he not God's permission. He is one of the many בְּנֵי הָאֱלֹהִים, "sons of God," or angels, who are the ministers of the Supreme, and who from time to time appear before the throne of their King to give an account of what they have seen and done. His particular occupation seems, at first sight, rather an idle one, for he declares it to be nothing else but "going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it." But his is no sinecure for all that, for he is busily engaged in observing the doings of men, and being "nothing if not critical," he does not want employment. He appears as the Fault-finder and Accuser, envious of the happiness of the just, and having no faith in disinterested goodness. He will not believe that Job "doth fear God for naught," and therefore wishes to have him tried by severe affliction, in the hope that in a moment of overwhelming suffering the poor man may be tempted into cursing God, and thereby afford a gratifying confirmation of his (the Devil's) favorite theory of total depravity. But in order to have his desire fulfilled, it is absolutely necessary that he should have God's permission; for without God, — so strong was still the old Mosaic faith, — even the Devil can do nothing.

From this very peculiar character under which Satan appears in the Book of Job, several of the greatest scholars of the last century, such as Michaelis, Herder, Eichhorn, Ilgen, etc., have been led to assert that the author of the book did not at all intend to represent him as an *evil spirit*, but entirely of the same kind with the other *angels* or *sons of God*, differing from them only in the specialty of his office, which was that of *procureur général* of the heavenly court. With this view of his character, they also combined a new one about his name. According to them the word שָׂטָן ought not to be read *Satan*, as it always has been, but *Shatan*, as derived from the verb שָׂט, and the meaning of it was not Adversary or Enemy, but merely *περιδεύτης*, equivalent to a travelling censor or chief of detective police. But the etymological hypothesis is not better than the dogmatic one. The Satan of the Book of Job, though indeed very different from the Devil of the later Judaism, and still as one of the "sons of God" occa-

sionally admitted into the presence of the Lord, is nevertheless *specifically* different from those other angels whom, in above-quoted passages, are found charged with the infliction of divine chastisements. They simply *execute*; he originates and suggests. They have no will or opinion different from that of God; he has. Though God has approved Job, and declared him a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil, he considers him a fair-weather saint, inwardly selfish and hypocritical. Their vengeance is directed against the *wicked*, his persecution is directed against the *good*. And though he dare not openly oppose the Almighty, yet we can see his fiendish delight in the anticipated torments of the just man, and in the no less anticipated rebellion against the Divine will to which these torments may drive him. Ostensibly he strikes at man only, but in his heart of hearts he indulges the hope that his strokes may be felt further. We have here indeed only the first germ of the Satanic idea, the first sketch of the Satanic character, but — *ex ungue leonem* — it is Satan nevertheless, in his most unmistakable and most specific characteristic, — hatred of the good and envy of spiritual greatness.

In the same character of an envier and enemy of the good, we find him next in the Book of Zechariah (who prophesied after the return from the Babylonish captivity, in the reign of Darius Hystaspis). The object of his particular hatred is the pious high-priest, Joshua, who then, with Zerubbabel, stood at the head of the newly restored commonwealth of Judah, and was earnestly laboring for the rebuilding of the temple. A vision of the prophet shows him the high-priest standing before the Lord, and "Satan standing at his right hand to *resist* him." But the Lord said unto Satan: "The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan, even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee! Is not this a brand plucked from the fire?"

In his *more fully developed* character, as the direct *prompter of evil*, we find him at last in a remarkable passage of the Chronicles, which more than any other illustrates the great change that had come over the spirit of Hebrew theology.

The Second Book of Samuel, in a passage to which we have already referred, had represented David as being moved to the sinful act of numbering the people by God himself: —

"And again the *anger of the Lord* was kindled against Israel, and *he* [the Lord] moved David against them to say, Go, number Israel and Judah." — 2 Samuel xxiv. 1.

Now this very same action of David is related again in the First Book of Chronicles, with the following variation: "And *Satan* stood up against Israel, and provoked David to number Israel." — 1 Chron. xxi. 1.

We see from this that the same deed which the older historian — in accordance with the old Hebrew theology — still refers back to the influence of God, the much later author of the Chronicles — in accordance with the spirit of a later theology — traces back to the Devil.

These three are the only passages in the canonical books of the Old Testament where we find mention of a personified principle of evil, and all these occur in books written about or after the Babylonish captivity, and under the influence of ideas received from abroad.* They are of great interest and importance, as showing us the first form under which this new idea made its entrance into the religious system of the Hebrews. In all of them the original Hebrew spirit so far asserts itself as to modify the relative position of the principle of evil. The Devil is never represented as *coeval* with, or *co-ordinate* with, or *independent* from God; he is not even represented as *directly opposed* to God; his hatred and envy are against man, — the man, it is true, whom God loves and blesses, — but he would not dare to lift his tongue or hand against God himself. Yea, strictly speaking, *he is not a principle at all*, but only a *secondary* force; for there is but *One* Principle, the Eternal and Almighty, even the *LORD*.

In all this the Hebrew view differs entirely from that which we find in the theology of Zoroaster. For we find, in the very earliest document of the latter, — the oldest of the genuine *Gâthâs* of Zarathustra, with which, according to Bunsen, the ancient seer of Bactria opened his prophetic career, nearly fifteen hundred years before Moses, — that there is a most emphatic expression of that complete *dualism* which always

* The wish of the enraged Psalmist is not quite as bad as the English translation makes it: "Let Satan stand at his right hand!" The Hebrew word *Satan* means here merely an adversary in general, not the Devil in particular.

remained the characteristic feature of his religion in all its various phases, and from which the mind of the Hebrew always shrank back. We translate a few stanzas from Haug's German edition of the original remains of Zarathustra, in which the sublime spirit of a remotest antiquity, who for thousands of years has been little more than a myth, has now, at last, become a living reality.

"*Spirits two, Original Beings, Twins from all eternity,
Good and Evil, they are ruling both in thought and word and deed.
Choose ye must between them: therefore, leave the Evil, choose the Good.*

"*Aye conflicting, these for ever did and do whatever is done.
First and Last, — Being, Not-Being, — both are creatures of the twain.
Wretchedness awaits the liars, blessedness the truthful souls.*

"Choose then! Wretchedness hath chosen he that chose the lying Fiend.
He that chose *Ahuramasda*, — he is holy, he is true:
Honor Him by truthful speaking, honor Him by holy deeds!

"Serve them both, ye cannot do it. Doubting souls the Fiend assails.
'Choose the evil!' says the *Deva*: and forthwith the evil host
Rushing come, to assail that holy, blessed life which prophets praise."

But during the ages succeeding the Babylonish captivity, — first the 200 years of the Persian, then the 150 years of the Græco-Egyptian and Græco-Syrian dominion, when their relations with the nations of the East on the one hand, and those of the West on the other, became more close and more multiplied, particularly as the far greater part of the nation did not at all live in Palestine, — this foreign influence naturally increased, and still newer ideas, utterly unknown and even repugnant to the spirit of the old religion, found their way into the minds of the Jews, and at last modified their whole religious system, to such an extent as to make it in many respects very different from what it had been. This later form of the Jewish religion is designated by the name of *Judaism*, as contradistinguished from the older one, which is called *Hebraism* or *Mosaism*. As this latter is contained in the ante-exilic books of the Old Testament, so the other is contained in the post-exilic books of the canon, particularly the books of Daniel, Zachariah, and the Chronicles, and in the apocryphal and apocalyptic writings.

These two forms of religion have to be carefully distin-

guished. It is *Judaism*, not *Hebraism*, that was the prevailing theology of the Jews at the time of Jesus; and without a knowledge of it, particularly as expressed in the apocalyptic literature, much in the *New Testament* must for ever remain completely unintelligible. The ridiculously awkward and unsuccessful attempts which we occasionally witness on the part of commentators — orthodox and others — to get over certain dark passages in the Apostolic writings (such as the Epistle of Jude, for instance), which receive their light only from an acquaintance with the Jewish literature that lies *between* the Old and the New Testament, might be considered convincing proofs of the importance of such knowledge.

In the Judaistic religion the influence of *Parsism* is unmistakable. As in the latter the kingdom of Ormuzd is headed by seven spirit princes, called Amshaspands, so we now find at the head of the angelic host, and nearest to the throne of God, *seven archangels*, — dignitaries utterly unknown to the old Hebraism, of whom four, Uriel, Gabriel, Michael, and Raphael, are the most distinguished. Yea, the approximation to Parsian views seems occasionally to have gone still further. For from the fact that a list of the archangels given in the Book of Enoch contains only six names (Raguel and Sara-kiel, beside the four above mentioned), we might perhaps have a right to infer that, in the same way as Ormuzd himself belonged to the seven Amshaspands, the author of that list means to imply that God also sustained a similar relation to the archangels. According to the same authority, Uriel is set over the thunder, Raphael over the spirits of men, Gabriel over paradise and the cherubim; Michael is the guardian-angel of the people of the Lord. Besides these there are *seventy angels*, who preside as satraps or viceroys over the seventy nations, among which, according to a Jewish notion, the earth is divided.

And, on the other hand, as, besides Ahriman, there are a great number of evil spirits who are under his command, so we now find in the place of the *single Satan* a whole *legion* of devils and demons, of whom he is the *chief*. The Apocrypha even make no express mention of Satan, but only speak of *demons* (δαίμόνια). These demons the Book of Baruch con-

siders to be no other than the gods of the heathens; and to them it was that the Israelites sacrificed whenever they left the worship of the God of Israel.* The same view is taken by the Seventy, when they translate the word אֱלִילִים by the Greek word δαιμόνια, as, for instance, Psalm xcvi. 5: "For all the gods of the heathens are demons, but the Lord made the heavens." These demons were believed to dwell in desert places, and so they are represented as haunting the ruins of Jerusalem (Bar. iv. 35), a view likewise entertained by the authors of the Septuagint; for when the prophet (Isaiah xiii. 21, xxxiv. 14) describes the desolate places of Babylon and Idumæa as inhabited by wild beasts and satyrs, they use in both cases the word δαιμόνια. In the Book of Tobit they are called πνεύματα πονερά, and represented as taking delight in vexing and tormenting men. Such a demon is *Asmodi*. He is enamored of the beautiful Sarah, the daughter of Raguel, and in his jealousy kills successively seven of her bridegrooms on the very evening of the wedding; and it is only the superior cunning of the Archangel Raphael that succeeds at last in securing to the young Tobit the undisturbed possession of his bride, by driving the demon off with the smoke of a roasted fish-liver. If we may be allowed to rely on rabbinical information, we must believe that this *Asmodi* was nobody else but Satan himself; and his name might indeed justify the suspicion, for אֲשֶׁמֶדַי signifies "destroyer," and is equivalent to אֲבִדּוֹן (*Abaddon*), or Ἀπολλών, whom the author of the Apocalypse (Rev. ix. 11) makes the prince of hell.

Where did all this "legion of devils" come from? The Old Testament, of course, has no answer to this question, for it knows nothing of such a diabolic host. If we wish for information, we must go to that remarkable book, which is the source, or at least the reservoir, of so many new ideas that prevailed among the later Jews, — the *Apocalypse of Enoch*.

This extraordinary work contains a series of visions concerning heaven and hell, the antediluvian world, angels and

* So, likewise, St. Paul: ἃ θύει τὰ ἔθνη, δαιμονίοις θύει, καὶ οὐ θεῷ, 1 Cor. x. 20.

giants, the structure of the universe, the deluge, and the final judgment, pretended to have been seen and written down by the patriarch Enoch, the seventh from Adam, father of Methuselah, and great-grandfather of Noah, who, on account of his exemplary piety, was translated into heaven alive. Although modern scholarship has convincingly shown that the book is made up of various parts, written at different periods and by different authors, and that the very oldest part of it cannot have been written earlier than about one hundred and fifty years before Christ, the genuineness of the book was not doubted for a long time; and even two Apostolic writers, the author of the Second Epistle of Peter, and the author of the Epistle of Jude, quote it (the latter by name) as seemingly of the same authority with any of the canonical books of the Old Testament.* Yea, the Church father, Tertullian, expressly asserts that it was the work of the Holy Ghost: "Hæc igitur ab initio prævidens Spiritus Sanctus præcecinit per antiquissimum prophetam Enoch"; — and, to remove all doubts about its genuineness, gravely suggests that it might have been preserved by Noah, who could have taken it with him into the ark; or, even if lost in the flood, might easily have been rewritten by him, under the same dictation of the Holy Spirit under which, according to a common belief, the scribe Ezra restored the whole of the Old Testament after it had been lost in the destruction of Jerusalem. Such being the reputation in which the book was once held, it is a matter of surprise that with the ninth century of our era every trace of it disappears, and that for fully one thousand years it was considered entirely lost, all that was known of it being merely the short quotations in the Apostolic Epistles and the writings of the Church fathers, and a longer one in the *Chronographia* of Georgius Syncellus (from the end of the eighth century). In the latter part of the last century, it was finally recovered again by the celebrated English traveller Bruce, who found it as an integral part of the Ethiopian Bible, in use among the Christians of Abyssinia. He brought three copies of it to Europe in 1773, one of which he presented to the Royal Li-

* Which fact has always been an ugly stumbling-block in the way of "plenary inspiration."

brary at Paris, another to the Bodleian Library at Oxford, keeping the third for himself. But with the exception of an extract by the French Orientalist, Sylvestre de Sacy (in *Magazin Encyclop.* 1800), no use was made of the recovered treasure, till at last, in 1821, Richard Laurence, Professor at Oxford, (afterwards Archbishop of Cashel,) published a complete translation of it in English from the Ethiopian manuscript in the Bodleian Library, and thus, for the first time in a thousand years, again opened it to the world. Since that time several translations of it have been made in Latin and German (the best by Dillmann, Tübingen, 1853), the Ethiopian text itself has been published twice, and the book continues to be the object of serious study and discussion on the part of theological scholars, who recognize in it the most valuable source for our knowledge of Judaistic ideas.

The question, then, where did all the many devils come from, the Book of Enoch answers. "*They are fallen angels,*" it tells us; and this is the *very first mention* ever made of such a fall. The account which it gives of that fall is this.

"It came to pass when men had multiplied, that daughters were born unto them, fair and beautiful. And the angels, the sons of heaven, beheld them, and became enamored of them, and said unto each other, 'Come, let us choose for ourselves wives from the children of men, and let us beget children.' And Semjâzâ (Σεμιαζâς), their chief, said unto them, 'I fear that you may not be willing to do this thing, and that I alone shall have to suffer for so grievous a sin.' Then they all answered unto him and said, 'We will all swear, and bind ourselves with curses, not to give up this thing, but to perform it.' Then they all swore and bound themselves with curses; and their whole number was two hundred. And the mountain on the top of which they had descended to swear was called Hermon. And these are the names of their chiefs: Semjaza, the leader, Urakibaramêël, Akibeël, Tamiel, Ramuel, Danel, Ezekeel, Saraguyal, Asael, Armers, Batraal, Anani, Zakebe, Samsaveël, Sartaël, Turel, Iomjaël, Arazyal." (Instead of these names the Greek fragment of Syncellus has the following: Semiazas, their chief, Atarkuf, Arakiel, Chobabiel, Oramonammé, Ramiel, Sampsich, Zakiel, Balkiel,

Azazel, Phamaros, Amariel, Anagemas, Thausael, Samiel, Sarinas, Eumiel, Turiel, Ioumiel, Sariel.*) "These were the chiefs of the two hundred angels, and the others were all with them.

"Then they took wives, each choosing one for himself, and cohabited with them, and taught them sorceries and incantations. And the women conceived and brought forth great giants, whose stature was each three thousand cubits. These devoured all the produce of men, until nothing was left to eat. Then the giants turned against the men themselves to devour them, and began to kill birds and beasts, and reptiles and fishes, to eat their flesh and to drink their blood. And the earth complained of the unrighteousness.

"And Azazel taught men to make swords and knives, and shields and breastplates, and mirrors and ornaments, and to use paint, and to beautify their eyebrows, and to seek for precious stones and metals. And wickedness prevailed, and their ways became corrupt. And Amezarak (Semjaza) taught all sorcerers and conjurers, and Armaros the solution of charms, and Barakiel and Kokabel and Tamiel and Asradel taught all astrologers and observers of stars.

"Then *Michael* and *Gabriel* and *Raphael* and *Uriel* looked down from heaven, and saw the blood that was shed on the earth, and all the iniquity that was done upon it, and they said amongst themselves, 'The voice of their cry reacheth even unto the gate of heaven, and beseecheth us, saying, Obtain ye justice for us with the Most High.' (The arch-angels then bring the complaints of men before the throne of God, and God, hearing them, sends Uriel at once to Noah, to tell him to prepare himself against the deluge that is to come upon the earth.)

"Again, the Lord said unto Raphael, 'Bind Azazel hand and foot, and cast him into darkness. Make a hole in the desert which is in Dudaël, and cast him in there. Throw upon him rough and sharp stones, and cover him with darkness that he remain there for ever, and cover his face that he

* The second part of the book gives still a different list (probably all equally corruptions of Hebrew originals), among which we also find the fallen angel *Pene-mue*, who first taught men the art of writing.

may not see the light; and on the great day of judgment he shall be thrown into the fire. And heal the earth which the angels have corrupted, and tell them that I will heal them, and that not all the children of men shall perish in consequence of the secrets which the angels have betrayed and taught their offspring, for the whole earth has been corrupted by the teaching of the works of Azazel: to him, therefore, be ascribed all the guilt.'

"And the Lord said unto Gabriel, 'Go forth against the bastards and the reprobates, and destroy the offspring of fornication, even the children of the angels, and incite them against each other, that they may perish by their own hands.'

"And the Lord said unto Michael, 'Go and tell Semjaza and his companions, who have joined themselves unto women, what punishment is to come upon them. When all their sons shall have slain each other, and they have seen them perish with their own eyes, then bind them fast under the hills of the earth for seventy generations, until the day of judgment and consummation. In that day they shall be led away into the fiery pit, and in confinement and torment shall they be shut up there for ever. And he shall burn and perish with them; together they shall be bound until the end of all generations.'"

In a subsequent vision Enoch gets a sight of the fiery pit itself, which is thus described:—

"And I came to a place where there was *no thing*, and there I saw something awful: neither heaven nor earth, but space, void and waste, immense and terrific. And there I saw seven stars [angels] of heaven tied together, all like burning mountains, and like spirits in agony. And I asked, for what sin are they bound and cast hither? And Uriel, one of the holy angels who was with me, said unto me, 'Enoch, why askest thou, and wherefore dost thou inquire? These are the stars which have transgressed the commandment of the most high God, and they are bound here until ten thousand æons, the number of the days of their guilt, have been fulfilled.' And from thence I went unto yet another place which was still more awful than this, and beheld something terrific. A great fire was there, burning and flaming, and a

great abyss was all around, into which descended great pillars of fire; but how deep it was, and how wide, I could not see. Then I said, 'How awful is this place, and how horrible to behold!' And Uriel, one of the holy angels who was with me, answered unto me and said, 'Enoch, why art thou so afraid and so terrified at this awful place, and at the torments thou beholdest?' And he said unto me, 'This place is the prison of the angels, and here they shall be kept to all eternity.' "

To this account of hell given by the Book of Enoch, we may here add some further information concerning the same locality, derived from talmudic and rabbinical sources. According to the Talmud, hell is divided into seven sections, each of which has a different name; as, 1. Sheol; 2. Destruction; 3. Corruption; 4. Horrible Pit; 5. The Miry Clay; 6. The Shadow of Death; 7. The Nether Parts of the Earth. The name for the whole is *Gehinnom*. In each of these sections there are seven rivers of fire and seven rivers of hail. The second section is sixty times larger than the first, and every successive section is sixty times larger than the preceding one. In each section there are seven thousand caverns, and in each cavern seven thousand clefts, and in each cleft seven thousand scorpions, and each scorpion has seven limbs, and on each limb are *seven thousand barrels of gall*. There are likewise seven rivers of the rankest poison, which when a man touches he bursts. The whole extent of the territory of hell is described in the Talmud with a minuteness which shows a wonderful depth of geographical knowledge. Egypt is four hundred miles in length and the same in breadth. Egypt is equal in extent to a sixth part of Ethiopia; Ethiopia, to a sixth part of the world; the world, to a sixth part of the garden of Eden; the garden of Eden, to a sixth part of Eden; Eden, to a sixth part of hell. *The whole world, therefore, compared with hell is but as the cover of a caldron.**

With regard to the time when hell was created, some rabbins are of opinion that it was created *before the world*; but others, who pretend to be more deeply versed in Midrashic lore, positively assert that it could not have been created at

* See on all this Eisenmenger's *Entdecktes Judenthum*, 2^{ter} Theil. 6^{ter} Capitel.

any other time than on the *second day* of creation. One asks, astonished, for the ground of this assurance, and is still more astonished, when, in place of an answer, he is directed once more carefully to read over the account of the creation as contained in the first chapter of Genesis. One reads, and reads, and reads a third time, but, unable to obtain the wished-for light, helplessly turns again to the wonderful rabbi, and he, with a smile in which the triumphant consciousness of his wisdom is blended with contempt for others' stupidity, completes this confusion, by asking in return, "Hast thou not found that the holy Thorah, in the account of the second day of creation, *omits* the blessed words which close that of all the five other days, — *And God saw that it was good?* Now to what other cause could this extraordinary omission of the sacred text possibly be attributed, than to the fact that *this second day witnessed the creation of hell? ! !*

The above account of the *Fall of Angels*, originated or first communicated by the *Book of Enoch*,* became the universal belief of the later Jews, and we find a direct allusion to it in two Apostolic writings, the Second Epistle of Peter, and the Epistle of Jude: "And the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day" (Jude i. 6); the reference to the crimes of Sodom and Gomorrah, in verse 7, leaving no doubt whatever that the sins for which they were thus punished were understood to be the same as those attributed to them in the apocalyptic work.

But whether this punishment did not extend to *all* the fallen angels, or whether they had greatly multiplied before they had been imprisoned and their children were not included in their punishment, or whether, according to a rabbinical assurance, Noah from pity had saved some of them by affording them a shelter in his ark, or whether, finally, there was still another

* If the Hebrew word מַנְּסִים, *manes* or *shades*, (Prov. xxi. 16, Job xxvi. 5, Isa. xxvi. 14,) were correctly translated by the Septuaginta and Symmachus, who render it by γίγαντες and θεομάχοι, the belief in a fall of angels, or a war of Titans and giants, would be of a much older date; but as it is, the fact of mistranslating the word, as they do, only proves that they shared the belief, either derived from the Book of Enoch or elsewhere. The Greek translation of Proverbs, Job, and Isaiah was hardly written before the Book of Enoch.

race of devils, different from the fallen angels,—which, according to Dillmann, is the actual belief of the author of the second part of the Book of Enoch,—however this may be, we find that, in spite of this incarceration mentioned by the apocalyptic patriarch and referred to by the Apostolic writers, there are plenty of devils left at liberty; and of Satan himself we are distinctly assured by the Apostle Peter that “he goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.”* Yea, instead of having lost, he seems to have gained in power and influence; he has actually obtained apparently exclusive possession of the earth, and is become *the God of this world*, ὁ θεὸς τοῦ αἰῶνος τούτου. (2 Cor. iv. 4.) He thus stands, with the single exception of his non-eternal origin, in precisely the same position with regard to God that Ahriman does to Ormuzd. The universal monarchy of the Almighty appears divided: heaven is indeed still left to him, but earth and the whole human race, with the exception of an elect few, have fallen into the hands of the Devil. *He* is the real ruler of the world, *he* the possessor of all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory thereof, and can give them to whosoever is willing to fall down before him and worship him. As God reigns in heaven, so *he* reigns in the intermediate space between heaven and earth, whence he is also called *the prince of the power of the air*, ὁ ἄρχων τῆς ἐξουσίας τοῦ αἵρος. (Ephes. ii. 2.)

The beautiful world which the old Elohim of Genesis had called forth from chaos, making it an harmonious whole embracing both heaven and earth, a perfect cosmos, is thus torn asunder. One half is taken away from its Creator and legitimate Lord, and given over to the Devil; and the earth which, according to sacred psalmists and prophets, was once filled with God’s glory, is now the habitation of devils and the arena of demoniac powers. Yea, that beautiful word itself, with which Pythagoras meant to express the harmony of the universe, is now used as the monument of its discord, for it is the *Kosmos* which, including everything evil and sinful, forms the most direct antithesis to heaven, and ὁ ἄρχων τοῦ κόσμου τούτου

* How this assertion of the Apostle, or Apostolic writer, can be made to agree with the above account of the imprisonment of the fallen angels, or, still more, with Satan’s continuing in heaven up to the time of Christ, as we find it in Rev. xii. 1, and Luke x. 18, we leave to those who are more skilful at reconciling contradictions.

is the Devil's most legitimate title. In one word, just as the kingdom of Ormuzd is bounded and opposed by a kingdom of Ahriman, so the *kingdom of God* (ἡ βασιλεία τοῦ θεοῦ) is bounded and opposed by a *kingdom of Satan* (ἡ βασιλεία τοῦ σατανᾶ); and, with close adherence to Zoroastrian terminology, one is defined as a *power of Light* (ἐξουσία τοῦ φωτός), and the other as a *power of Darkness* (ἐξουσία τοῦ σκοτός).

Looking in this light upon their present, the later Jews looked in the same light also upon the past, and interpreted their sacred history accordingly.

Satan being now the Jewish Ahriman, and Ahriman's symbol being the serpent, what else but Satan could have been that serpent which tempted Eve and caused the fall of man? Accordingly we find that already the Book of Wisdom, with a reference to that fall, declares that "through envy of the *Devil* death had come into the world," and the Targum on the Pentateuch ascribed to Jonathan Ben Uzziel, after having given the speech of the serpent to Eve, makes this addition of its own: וַחֲמַת אֱתָהָא יֵת סַמְמַאֵל מַלְאָךְ מוֹתָא וְרַחֲלִילָה, "And the woman saw Sammael, the angel of death, and was afraid." For this reason, in addition to his other titles, the Devil henceforth also carries that of the *Old Serpent* (ὁ ὄφις ὁ ἀρχαῖος, Hebrew הַנָּחָשׁ הָרִאשׁוֹן, or הַנָּחָשׁ הַקְּדֵמוֹנִי) or the *great Dragon* (δράκων ὁ μέγας). Rev. xii. 3, 9, 15.

In the same way Cain is represented as having murdered his brother at the instigation of the Devil, and it is with a view to this, and the seducing speech which he is supposed to have made to Eve, that he is called "a liar and a murderer from the beginning."

To a similar substitution of new and foreign ideas for old and national ones, the Devil is indebted for a title to which, indeed, he would seem to have but little claim. How did the "Prince of Darkness" come by his beautiful but very inappropriate name of *Light-bearer*, or Lucifer? At the time when Cyrus was first leading his army against the walls of Babylon, the exulting heart of a great patriotic prophet foretold the approaching downfall of the great destroyer of his nation. In a passage of the grandest sublimity, he imagines the spirits of the dead kings in Sheol (Hades) rising at the entrance of

the king of Babylon,—whose destruction his prophetic eye already sees realized,—and apostrophizing him in the following poetic strains: “Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols; the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee. *How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!* how art thou cut down to the ground, that didst weaken the nations! Thou saidst in thine heart, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will also sit upon the mount of the congregation, in the fields of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds: I will be like the Most High. Yet thou art brought down to Sheol, to the sides of the pit.” Now this highly colored picture of the pride and fall of the last king of Babel, the uncritical interpretation of a later age—out of all connection and against all sense—considered to be descriptive of the fall of Satan, without the least shadow of a reason, except that the word *Sheol* of the text (which means merely Hades, or place of departed spirits) had been mistranslated *Hell*, and that the word *Star* often designates an *Angel*,—and so the king of Babel was changed into a king of Hell, and out of a *metaphor* arose a *dogma*. This, as far as we know, is the only foundation for the belief in a “*rebellion* of Satan and his host,” and nothing is more calculated to show the transcendent genius of the great poet, and the extent to which he has impregnated popular imagination, than the embarrassment in which common readers find themselves to distinguish between what in their creed is derived from the Bible, and what from “*Paradise Lost*.”

Among his new names, we must also reckon that of *Beelzebub*, which in the Old Testament was the name of a *God of the Philistines*, worshipped at Ekron, Hebrew בַּעַל זְבוּב (see 2 Kings i. 2), but now, according to the prevailing belief that all the gods of the heathen were devils, is used to designate Satan. The reading Beelzebul, which some prefer, would be a mere term of contempt, being composed of בַּעַל, Lord, and זָבֻל, dirt, *Deus stercoreus*. He is also sometimes called δ πον-

νηρός, the Wicked One, and once (1 Cor. vi. 15), with the Hebrew word intending the same meaning, *Belial* or *Beliar*.

In the Talmud and the Rabbinical writings, the name by which the Devil is most generally designated is *Sammael*, סמאל, and it is under this name that he unites in himself all the various offices and characteristics attributed to the *יָמֵשׁ* of the Old and the *διάβολος* of the New Testament. It is Sammael who was and is the Old Serpent, the Accuser, the Prince of the Air, the Chief of the Demons, yea, it is he to whom, under the name of Azazel, the goat of atonement was sent into the wilderness. But his most particular office is that of the *Angel of Death*. Terrible, most terrible, so say the Jews, is his appearance under that character,—so frightful that the very dogs begin to howl at his approach. He carries in his hand a dagger dipped in the rankest poison, from which he lets fall a bitter drop upon the lips of the dying. It is probably with reference to this that the author of the fourth Gospel uses the expression, “taste of death,” *γεύσῃται θανάτου*, and possibly that St. Paul speaks of a sting of death, *ποῦ σου, Θάνατε, τὸ κέντρον*; (1 Cor. xv. 55.)

The Hebrew word Sammael does not occur in the New Testament, but that the Greek *Θάνατος* is often used to express the very same, namely, the personified Death, is evident from passages such as Apocalypse vi. 8, where he appears riding on a pale horse. In most cases the New Testament distinguishes between the Angel of Death and Satan; so, for instance, Apocalypse xx. 10–14, where Death (*Sammael* or *Thanatos*) is represented as being thrown into the lake of fire and brimstone a good while after Satan. But that the full Talmudic view of the identity of Satan with Sammael already prevailed before the close of the New Testament canon, we may see from a passage of the Epistle to the Hebrews, where the Angel of Death is expressly identified with the Devil (Heb. ii. 14): *Τὸν τὸ κράτος ἔχοντα τοῦ θανάτου, τὸν διάβολον*.

As the theology of *Hebraism* had everywhere seen the power of God, and attributed everything good or evil to his direct influence, even to the extent of paralyzing the freedom of man, so, with the same exclusion of intermediate causes, the demonology of Judaism ascribed every kind of

evil, physical and moral, to the direct agency of the Devil. It is *he* that, either *in propria persona*, or more generally through the instrumentality of his subordinate demons, takes possession of the bodies of men, and afflicts and torments them with all kinds of infirmities and diseases, (particularly such as baffle the skill of physicians, e. g. blindness, deafness, dumbness, epilepsy, lunacy, mania,) whence his victims are characteristically called *demoniacs* (δαιμονιζόμενοι, Matt. ix. 32, or ἔχοντες δαιμόνια, Luke viii. 27, or ὀχλούμενοι ὑπὸ πνευμάτων ἀκαθάρτων, Luke vi. 18, or καταδυναστευόμενοι ὑπὸ τοῦ διαβόλου, Acts x. 38).

It is *he*, likewise, that takes possession of the souls of men, and is the prompter of their sinful thoughts, words, and actions. He is for ever at work, bent upon extending his own dominion and narrowing that of God, by increasing the number of his subjects, by transforming men from servants and sons of God (δοῦλοι καὶ υἱοὶ θεοῦ) into servants and children of the Devil (διάκονοι καὶ τέκνα διαβόλου). His chief energy, therefore, is directed against him who comes to re-establish the kingdom of God upon earth, — the *Messiah*. For the Devil well knows that it is the mission of the Messiah to overthrow his dominion and to destroy his works. This is not merely an instinctive knowledge on his part, but one founded on a clear and emphatic announcement made to himself. For already in Paradise, when, under the form of a serpent, he had caused the fall of man, he had been told by the Lord himself that "*the seed of this very woman*" he had seduced "*should bruise his head.*" That these words did not mean merely to express the natural dislike between men and snakes in general, but had a direct and exclusive reference to the *Devil* and the *Messiah*, — on this point, Judaic exegesis had not the least doubt. For, in the first place, that the serpent was not a natural serpent, but the Devil in disguise, had already been taken for granted; and the reference of "*the seed of the woman*" to the particular person of the Messiah was put beyond possible doubt for all those who were initiated into the mysterious depths of cabalistic wisdom. For, according to a branch of cabala called *Gematria*, and which consisted in an *arithmetical* way of reading the Scriptures, by assigning a numerical value to each

letter of the alphabet, it was perfectly clear that the Messiah was this preordained antagonist of the serpent, which is the Devil, from the startling fact that the *numerical value* of the letters that compose the word נחש, or Serpent, is precisely the same as that of those composing the word משיח, or Messiah; the sum of both being 358.

נ	=	50	מ	=	40
ח	=	8	ש	=	300
ש	=	800	'	=	10
			ח	=	8
Serpent,		<u>358</u>	Messiah,		<u>358</u>

Whatever *we* may think of the merits of cabalistic interpretation and argumentation, it was perfectly satisfactory and convincing for the Jews. It was no less so to Jewish Christians, as is well known from the fact that the number 666, which the Book of Revelation gives as the number of Antichrist, was likewise a cabalistic way of designating the first persecutor of the Christians,—the sum of the letters of Neron Cæsar, according to Gematric arithmetic, making precisely the number of the beast, viz. 666.

נ	=	50
ר	=	200
ו	=	6
י	=	50
ק	=	100
ס	=	60
ך	=	200
נרון קסר	=	<u>666</u>

This prevailing belief of the later Jews concerning the power and influence of the Devil, the early Jewish converts still shared with the rest of their people, and it has left its impress upon all the early Christian literature. Accordingly, we find that it is the Devil who, entering the heart of Judas, urges him to betray his master (Luke xxii. 3); it is the Devil who, desiring to have Simon, nearly brought the first of the Apostles to fall (Luke xxii. 31); it is the Devil who "fills Ananias's heart to lie against the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of his land" (Acts v. 3); it is the Devil that,

working in the children of disobedience and blinding the minds of them which believe not (Eph. ii. 2, 2 Cor. iv. 4), prevents their reception of the Gospel; it is the Devil that, having taken his seat among the unbelieving Jews, (who being such are not worthy of the name of Jews,) has changed their houses of prayer into "*synagogues of Satan*" (Apoc. ii. 9, iii. 9); it is the Devil who is the author of the Gnostic and Antinomian heresies, initiating the followers of a false wisdom (*γνῶσις*) into the "*depths of Satan*" (Apoc. ii. 24); it is the Devil, finally, who, giving his power and his seat and great authority to heathen Rome, designated under the figure of the Beast with seven heads and ten horns, persecutes the Church of Christ, and causes the blood of the martyrs to cry up to heaven from the ground (Apoc. xiii.).

But as the reign of Ahriman is not to last for ever, so the power of Satan will at last come to an end. For as one half of the declaration concerning the serpent and the Messiah, made by the Lord in Paradise, "*thou shalt bruise his heel,*" had been fulfilled by the suffering and death of the Messiah, on *his first advent*, so the other half, "*he shall bruise thy head,*" shall be accomplished by his *second advent*. For when the mystic number of days shall be fulfilled, — one time and two times and half a time, — heaven will open, and, riding upon a white horse, with eyes as a flame of fire, and on his head many crowns, and clothed with a vesture dipped in blood, and with a sharp sword going out of his mouth, and all the armies of heaven following him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean, the Messiah shall come again, now no longer in the form of a servant, but as a King of kings and Lord of lords. Then, as in the case of Ormuzd and Ahriman, a final and decisive war will be waged between the powers of Good and the powers of Evil, and with the like result. The Beast and the kings of the earth, and their armies, will gather together to make war against him that sitteth on the horse, and against his army; but they will be utterly conquered and destroyed. There will be an end both of *heathen despotism* and *heathen idolatry*, for both the Beast and the false prophet that wrought miracles before him will be cast alive into a lake of fire, burning with brimstone. And an angel will come down from

heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit, and a great chain in his hand, and will lay hold on the *dragon*, the *old serpent*, which is the *Devil* and *Satan*, and bind him a thousand years. During this time the *Messiah* will be sole ruler on the earth, and all those who, in defiance of heathen despotism, have died for their faith in him, will live and reign with him. At the end of these thousand years the Devil will again be loosed. But when, going out to deceive the nations, Gog and Magog, whose number is as the sand of the sea, and gathering them to battle, he again attempts to assail the camp of the saints, fire will fall down from God out of heaven, and devour his army, and he himself will be cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the Beast and the false prophet are, and be tormented day and night, for ever and ever. And that will be his end.*

These then were the views of the later Jews and the early Jewish Christians with regard to a personal principle of Evil. Are these views contained in the writings of Evangelists and Apostles? We answer decidedly, *they are*. We cannot and shall not deny it. We scorn to stoop to the mean and cowardly trick — the paltry expedient of a shallow Rationalism — of twisting and quibbling to *explain away* inconvenient and unpalatable passages of the Biblical text, believing that this same twisting and quibbling is the least effectual means to get rid of the "Devil," either in name or in substance; and we feel heartily sorry and ashamed to have to acknowledge that even liberal Christians have occasionally been guilty of the practice.† But if these views are contained in the writings of Evangelists and Apostles, must they not, as such,

* The Jews have been more merciful towards the Devil than the Christians. According to some of their books, Sammael is not always to stay in Hell, nor always to remain a devil. A time will come when he, too, will be converted and sanctified, and become again an angel of the Lord. Then he will lose the first syllable of his name, viz. סם, which means poison, and retain only the last, לך, which means God. Likewise Hell itself will be cleansed and purified, and annexed to the borders of Paradise.

† So a Unitarian Doctor of Divinity in Scotland published, some thirty years ago, a large volume, — well intended, no doubt, but superlatively illogical, — to prove that the Bible knew nothing of a personal Devil. And the same position, without even an attempt at proof, has lately been taken by Dr. Horace Bushnell, in a work, in reading which our high respect for the whole-hearted man and pious Christian is every now and then grated upon by our impatience with the defective scholar and logician.

be of binding force for all that profess to believe in the Gospel of Christ?

A few words we must be allowed to say on a point concerning which there exists in the popular mind a sad confusion,—a source of infinite mischief to the Church, and concerning which those at least who call themselves liberal Christians ought to come at last to a clear understanding.

We believe in Christ, with all our heart, and soul, and strength. We believe, indeed, with Peter, that he, and he alone, has words of everlasting life, and, with Paul, we are not ashamed of his Gospel; for, like the Apostle, we have felt, and with deepest inmost conviction declare, that it is a power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. We believe that in Christ and through Christ a new truth and new power has come into the world, which the world knew nothing or little of before him, but of whose inexhaustible riches it will never come to an end,—a truth and power which will for ever, *for ever* satisfy the heart and mind of man, and beyond which there is no progress imaginable. We do *not* believe, as so many others do in these wise days of ours, that Jesus was merely the greatest production of a certain race or nation,—that his Gospel is merely the highest idea of a particular age, and as such, however high, merely a phase in the endless development of humanity, which still may lead to higher manifestations of the same power that was in him. But we consider him absolutely the greatest, and his Gospel absolutely, not merely relatively, the most perfect of religions; and we too believe and declare, "*Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever!*"

But having said this much, we must say something more. Having expressed our faith in the permanent and absolute character of the Gospel of Christ, we must add, that, when this Gospel left its divine birthplace, and started on its world-conquering mission of love to make its home in other hearts, it had to undergo the same fate with its author, and like him had to assume the form of a servant, and to be made in the likeness of men. As Jesus—however much the Son of God according to the spirit—was, according to the flesh, a man such as we are, subject to the same wants, the same sufferings, the same passions and temptations as we, so his

Gospel too, though divine, had to become subject to the finite conditions of humanity and the law of gradual intellectual progress. Eternal and complete in itself, its realization upon earth was to be a work of time. In order to conquer, it had to serve. In order to persuade men, it had, to a certain extent, to accommodate itself to their capacities, to enter into their ways of thinking, to adopt their modes of speech. Like St. Paul, it had to be weak with the weak and strong with the strong, Jew with the Jews and Greek with the Greeks, being all things to all men, that by all means it might save some. This accommodation, on the part of its first preachers, was often, no doubt, conscious and intentional; but equally often, we must believe, it was not so. They were, by birth and education, Jews. Their whole mind was impregnated with Jewish ideas; and though the new life and truth changed their moral and spiritual nature, it did not and could not, at once, change their intellectual one; and though the heart became Christian, the mind, to a great extent, still remained Jew. This is strikingly illustrated by the case of that glorious one who did more than any other to vindicate the absolute and universal character of the Gospel of Christ, but whose Rabbinical subtleties of argumentation betray too often that he had been a Pharisee and disciple of Rabbi Gamaliel before he became an apostle of Jesus. And the same holds good, more or less, of all the Apostolic writers. As historical Christianity in general is the result of a compromise between old and new, — between Judaism and Hellenism on the one hand, and the Gospel of Christ on the other, — so the earliest Christian literature is not the Gospel itself in its objective substantiality, but the record of its first *subjective form*, which was given to it in the minds of its earliest converts.

The writings of the Apostles and Evangelists are the earthen vessels in which the heavenly treasure was first brought to us; and though we, indeed, value them most highly as such, and on account of that, we still do not identify them with the treasure itself. As the Apostles and Evangelists are not Jesus himself, so their words are not *his* words; and though their writings do, indeed, contain the Gospel, they contain a good many things besides. Now we are by no means willing to receive these “many other things” with the same reverential

submission with which we receive the genuine Gospel itself. As far as the spirit of Christ speaks through them, we listen and obey, as to the voice of divine, infallible truth; as far as the spirit of Judaism speaks through them, we take their words for what they are worth. We cannot be at a moment's doubt as to which is the one and which the other. Though wedged in a crowd, the sick woman did not mistake the one from whom had gone forth the *virtue that had made her whole*. The Spirit of God within us bears witness to the words of the Spirit without; and even the spirit of evil will bow before the majesty of Christ's own presence. What the heart feels as deadening, not life-giving, — what the mind clearly understands to be national, local, and temporal, not universal, absolute, and eternal, — we have the right to declare and reject, as the doctrine of men, not of God.

As such a doctrine of men, not of God, we consider the dogma of a Devil. It is a remnant of Judaistic superstition, and has nothing in common with the Gospel of Christ. It is as unphilosophical as it is unchristian, and has no longer any hold upon the living minds of the present. It lies with other doctrines, curious, indeed, to the student, as monuments of past phases of philosophical and theological development, but without any value or authority for the practical Christian.

But while rejecting the husk of fiction, do we therefore also reject the kernel of truth? While denying the existence of a *Devil*, do we therefore also deny the existence of *sin*? "God forbid! Yea, rather we establish it!" We believe only too firmly, because we have realized it too feelingly, in the existence and power of sin; but we seek for its author no longer without us, — we find the Devil in *ourselves*. As all physical evil is the effect of nature's not being yet fully subdued by man, so all moral evil is the fruit of man's not submitting himself to God. "I am come to destroy the works of the Devil," — so said that Holy One, and such indeed is his blessed mission in every individual heart. Where Christ enters, the Devil flees, — for the Devil is self-will, and the death of self-will is Love.

Let us, then, not be unwilling to give up the Devil, both in name and in substance, in order that with more undivided heart we may give ourselves to that *Love which is God*.

~~ART. IV.~~ THE PIONEER BISHOP.

1. *Journals of the* REV. FRANCIS ASBURY, *Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.* New York: Carlton and Phillips. 1852. 3 vols. 12mo.
2. *Asbury and his Coadjutors.* By REV. W. C. LARRABEE. Cincinnati: Swormstedt and Poe. 1853. 2 vols. 18mo.
3. *The Pioneer Bishop: or the Life and Times of Francis Asbury.* By W. P. STRICKLAND. With an Introduction by NATHAN BANGS, D. D. New York: Carlton and Porter. 1858.

In the work of Mr. Strickland we have what purports to be an adequate and reliable biography of the man who, more than all others, was instrumental in organizing and giving efficacy to one of the most numerous and influential religious bodies in this country. It is singular that such a character should have so long remained in obscurity, especially when we find that the story of his life forms one of the most thrilling narratives ever put upon record. The hardships and perils encountered, the toilsome enterprises undertaken, the poverty and self-denial involved in the accomplishment of the work, together with the wonderful results now for many years developing themselves, conspire to render this biography one of surpassing interest.

The Journals have been before the public for several years; but in such a form, owing to the unfavorable circumstances under which they must necessarily have been written, that they were not likely to attract popular attention. The work of Mr. Larrabee is not designed as a formal memoir, "but to present to general readers a graphic view of the prominent and interesting events in the career of Asbury." It has been only within a few months that the public have had the privilege of perusing, in a convenient form, a true and careful account of a man of so great personal and historical interest. Mr. Strickland's book is not altogether what we might desire. It seems as though a man really inspired with his subject, in writing such a biography, would hardly fail to have invested it with a more powerful dramatic interest, and would have carried us more thoroughly into the very life of the individual, instead

of turning aside here and there to commonplace moralizing, or to detail facts which have no immediate connection with the subject of his work. However, we are so much interested in the story, that we will not stop to criticise the style in which it is told. We are glad that it has been published, and regard it as a valuable addition to our ecclesiastical literature. And we now propose, from the materials which we have thus described, to give a general outline of the life of this Pioneer Bishop.

FRANCIS ASBURY was born in the parish of Handsworth, near Birmingham, England, August 20, 1745. His parents, Joseph and Elizabeth, were amiable and respectable people, in humble but comfortable circumstances. Besides Francis they had only one child, a daughter, who died at an early age. He was a serious and thoughtful boy, religiously inclined from his infancy, and, as we are told, leading a life of blameless morality from boyhood to manhood. His father intended to give him a thorough education, and to this end placed him early at school. Whether it was at some "Dotheboys Hall," similar to which there might have been a larger proportion in England a hundred years ago than now, we know not; but we are informed that the master was a "regular son of Belial," so churlish in his manners and so tyrannical in his conduct that the boy only became a proficient in disgust with learning in general and with this school in particular. He accordingly abandoned his books and was apprenticed as a tradesman.

When he was fourteen years of age he went to hear one of the Wesleyan preachers. He was a good deal annoyed to find that the minister prayed fluently and fervently without any prayer-book, and that he preached freely and forcibly without any note-book. Yet upon the whole he liked the services, and they left a strong and unusual impression on his mind. From this time his religious feelings took a new turn, and he became a more active Christian. He connected himself with the Wesleyan societies, and soon after began to hold meetings in his father's house. Here and in other places giving good proofs of his ability as an exhorter, he received license as a "local preacher." This, it is to be remembered, was when he was only fifteen or sixteen years of age. He

still worked at his trade (of buckle-making) ; but held himself in readiness, whenever called upon, to preach or to labor in any other religious capacity. He spent four or five years thus, engaged regularly about his secular vocation, yet frequently preaching as often as four or five times a week. After this he gave up his trade and devoted himself wholly to the work of preaching, itinerating through the country according to the practice of those to whom he allied himself.

In 1771 he volunteered to come to this country as one of the missionaries called for by Mr. Wesley. With a sad heart this only child of his parents separated himself from his home and his friends to dwell in a country which seemed almost out of the world. He was a mere youth ; yet to him was intrusted the superintendence of the whole mission. The societies were scattered over a territory extending from New York to Norfolk, and reaching inland not far from a hundred miles. Occupying this ground there were six or eight itinerant missionaries, each of whom had from four to ten regular preaching-places. Asbury commenced work at once, visiting the societies and organizing the forces. It was the design, not only to retain a firm foothold where already acquired, but also to make aggressions as rapidly as possible on "the kingdom of darkness."

About two years later other ministers were sent out from England, and some of them having more years and experience than Asbury, the precedence was yielded, and he fell into the ranks as a subordinate preacher. Each missionary had his "circuit" allotted him ; but his business was emphatically that of a travelling preacher ; for not only did his field of labor require a journey of several miles between every two consecutive appointments, amounting to some hundreds of miles in a month, but at the end of every quarter there was a general change, and new explorations were to be made by each. The societies prospered and multiplied. Between one and two thousand persons connected themselves with them during the first five years. There was as yet no attempt at the organization of a church. They regarded themselves as a branch of the Episcopal Establishment, and the preachers had no authority to administer the sacraments, or exercise any of the functions of an ordained ministry.

Now came on the political disturbances of the Revolution. As Asbury was preaching one day in Maryland, a messenger came along breathless and alarmed, with news of the battle of Lexington. Asbury saw at once that this was no transient trouble. Aware that a terrible war had commenced, he also perceived that it was fraught with calamities to him and his associates. The preachers were nearly all English, the mission was of English origin, and Wesley was known to be a high-toned royalist. Naturally enough, in the excited state of public sentiment, suspicion would fall on the whole body. Many of the preachers were terrified, and even the superintendent of the societies advised the abandonment of the work and flight to England. To this advice all the English preachers, except Asbury, listened, and found their way as soon as possible across the ocean. He could not so easily desert the cause, and leave its adherents, now several thousands, as sheep without any shepherd. It is moreover pretty evident that he felt great sympathy for the "rebels," and had a tolerably clear presentiment that they would be successful, and thus bring a new nation into being.

He was now again the virtual head of the Methodist enterprise, and, though surrounded by perils and difficulties, kept prudently about his business. Being obliged to retire from Maryland because he could not conscientiously take the "preposterously rigid" oath of allegiance which the sensitiveness of the people required, he found a home in Delaware in the house of Judge White. From this point he made frequent excursions to preach and labor. But his mind was ill at ease. He wanted a whole continent to range in; and here he was "cooped up in the little State of Delaware," and not allowed freely to pursue his calling even in that small parish! In addition to these embarrassments, he suffered severely from physical disorders incident to a new and miasmatic region. His preaching, too, during this period, was under most discouraging circumstances. He found no neatly-finished and comfortable churches, into which he could carry a well-prepared manuscript sermon, to deliver to respectful auditors. In private rooms, in barns, and in the open air, he spoke as he had opportunity, to small congregations, seldom of more than a

hundred persons, rude, uncultivated, frequently heedless, sometimes disorderly, and almost always unpromising. His sermons must be extemporaneous, adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the time and people, and often at only a few minutes' notice. Several times, in these days, he complains of having no "freedom," being embarrassed and "shut up." Yet at times "his soul would get on fire, and then he would preach with fluency, power, and eloquence."

But even in troublous times the work went on. He gathered his ministers together at Judge White's, for conference and deliberation. Having devised a plan of action, they divided the labor, and the prospects soon became more promising. These were again overcast by some painful dissensions among the preachers. Some were desirous of separating from the connection in England, and of forming at once an independent ecclesiastical organization. As we have said, they could not now administer the ordinances, nor perform most of the other functions of a regular ministry, though, in many places, they were the only resort which the people had for any of the rites of religion. It is not strange that there were deep feelings of dissatisfaction on these accounts. Others of the preachers, however, were unwilling to take the responsibility of a separation. They did not regard their mission as an ecclesiastical one at all. It was simply evangelical,—designed to promote a religious reformation,—and they feared, if they began to assume the character of a *church*, it would be prejudicial to their main object. The contention was for a time so strong, that a division appeared inevitable, and was only averted by the prudence and wisdom of their leader.

But the Revolution was accomplished, and with the cessation of war ceased many painful experiences to Asbury and his coadjutors. There was no longer any restraint upon their movements, and all the machinery of the mission was in full operation. During the few years about the close of the war, and subsequently, the societies had rapidly increased, and in 1784 numbered nearly twenty thousand members. It was now clear that something must be done in the way of organization, which had not hitherto been attempted. The connection could no longer regard itself as a branch of the Episcopal

Church, if it would; for there was no longer any such Church in America. By the Revolution, the American Episcopal churches had been dissevered from the parent Church in England, and must reorganize upon a new basis. In this crisis the fertile mind of Wesley devised a plan, which was found satisfactory to all his followers in this country. As the intricate knot could not be untied, he determined to *cut* it,—an expedient to which he frequently resorted.

Although the great chief of Methodism had been originally of decided high-church tendencies, his views were modified by the progress of years and experience. He had come to the conclusion, that bishops were not necessarily a distinct order in the ministry, but were simply economical or prudential officers, instituted by the providence of God, or by the suffrages of their fellow-presbyters, to the oversight of certain portions of the ecclesiastical and evangelical work.

To such an office he regarded himself as virtually called, and as substantially holding by providential circumstances. He was the head of the Methodist body,—the recognized director of all its operations. Abandoning his former notions of a “regular succession,” and becoming convinced of the validity of ordination by the presbytery, he determined to ordain ministers for America, and to give his sanction to the organization of a Church. The American societies had requested him to furnish them such a system as would secure the regular and orderly administration of the ordinances of Christianity. He therefore advised them to adopt the Episcopal form of government, and drew up his plan accordingly. Being himself an elder in the Church of England, and having other elders of that Church associated with him, he did not doubt his right to ordain elders, who would in their turn become competent to ordain others. Several were thus set apart and sent to this country. Wesley then appointed Rev. Thomas Coke, LL. D. and Francis Asbury superintendents of the new Church.

But as the form of government was to be episcopal, it would seem proper to give its overseers the power and authority of bishops, although Wesley had invincible scruples against the use or assumption of that name by these officers,

even while recommending and establishing the thing. Of course, no English bishop could be found to lay hands on a Methodist superintendent and induct him into the episcopal office, whatever the name of that office might be called. But Wesley was not to be frustrated. Deeming himself virtually a bishop, if not by episcopal ordination, at least by the appointment of Providence, he set apart Dr. Coke to the same office, and gave him authority to ordain his colleague, Mr. Asbury.

The Methodist societies in America eagerly adopted the form of organization provided for them. There was reason enough why they should. Hitherto they had had no clergymen among them, — all their ministers being only lay preachers, and even Asbury himself having never been ordained at all. Coke, although recognized as one of the superintendents, spent but very little time in the country. Asbury, though appointed by Mr. Wesley, refused to accept the office of superintendent till duly elected by his brother preachers, so thoroughly had the mind of the young Englishman become impregnated with democratic notions. Having obtained the unanimous vote of the conference, he received ordination successively to the offices of deacon, elder, and bishop; for the American ministers were less scrupulous than their great English leader in making use of a great name, having taken the thing to which it belonged.

Henceforth, during his life, we find Asbury the chief organizer and administrator of a powerful religious movement, — the man doing far more than any other for the establishment and efficiency of a great Christian denomination. He is a bishop, to be sure; but he finds the dignity quite different from that which he must always have associated with the office in his early years. Instead of being elevated to a high rank, addressed as “My Lord,” and waited upon by crowds of obsequious lackeys, he himself becomes the servant of all, sacrificing even the conveniences of life for the laborious toil of seeking, through rough wildernesses, after lost sheep. He will have no splendid palace, no magnificent cathedral, no snug diocese, no princely income; but instead, he will preach in school-houses, in barns, and on the stumps of trees; his lodgings will be in log-huts or in the houseless forest; his

diocese a whole continent, to visit which he must find his way, without roads, through almost illimitable woods, by blazed trees, over almost inaccessible mountains, floundering through swamps, wading or swimming vast rivers, scorched by hot suns, bitten by winter frosts, drenched with pitiless rain-storms, almost smothered with driving snows, and often in divers perils. His salary, — that must be left to Providence. It is sometimes a little, and sometimes less, and never worth mentioning. His travelling equipage is not exactly “a chariot and four,” but rather saddle-bags and one. His sacerdotal robes are wholly after the American frontier style; and frequently, after a jaunt of a thousand miles in the wilderness, they are found to be of variegated pattern, open-work not embroidered. He is a pioneer bishop, and worthily does he magnify his office, not in word, but in the wide extent of his labors and the enduring monuments of his influence.

Immediately after his induction into the episcopal office, he commenced his journeyings. As yet societies had been established in only nine of the States, — those bordering on the Atlantic, and extending from New York to Georgia. Yet this was no small circuit for him to make annually. Within the next five years, as we learn from his journals and other sources, he made twenty visits to Virginia, ten to North Carolina, seven to South Carolina, nineteen to Maryland, seven to Pennsylvania, ten to New Jersey, seven to Delaware, five to New York, and two to Georgia. He rode on horseback from thirty to fifty miles daily, — not along smooth roads and over level plains or gentle undulations, but through dismal swamps, across bridgeless rivers, and in pathless forests. He could not wait for pleasant weather; but whether in a drenching storm, a bleak wind, or a drifting snow, or the heat of August, on he went. Often he would have to swim streams full of floating ice, and then ride twenty miles with his clothes wet nearly to his breast. His horse sometimes failed him through lameness or weariness, but the man had no opportunity to be weary. If his horse was not able to accompany him, he would push on alone, for he had appointments in advance all along his route. He preached somewhere nearly every day.

Very precarious too were his sources of subsistence. Calling at the lonely cabin of some dweller in the wilderness, cold, wet, weary, and hungry, he did not always find a hospitable welcome. Sometimes he was refused outright, and sent away for miles to some less churlish neighbor. Even then his entertainment was likely to be none of the best. The family might have little for themselves to eat, and still less for a stranger. His lodging would be in some log-loft, all open to the wind and storm. It is not strange that he was often sick. Violent headaches, sore-throat, and other diseases, were the frequent results of his exposure. These sometimes affected his spirits, producing nervous irritation and despondency, which the scenes he passed through in his ministrations were not calculated to allay. Disturbances in his meetings were frequent. Men would come in disgracefully drunk, and sometimes manifest a violent disposition towards him. The moral condition of the country through which he travelled was exceedingly bad. Intemperance, profanity, and other social vices prevailed alarmingly. It was not easy to arouse the people from their apathy and stupid carelessness, and excite in them any religious interest. In addition to his other burdens, he had undertaken to establish and sustain a college in Maryland under the patronage of the youthful Church. It proved burdensome and expensive, embarrassing him much in all his labors. Yet the brave man did not falter at difficulties. He had a definite and important mission to perform, and this he was determined to accomplish or die in the effort. So he went on his way with a firm step and a manly heart, having unwavering faith in God, and great confidence respecting the future.

But the settlements were already extending inland, and wherever was found the camp-fire or log-hut of the pioneer emigrant, there was sure to be an occasional visit from some itinerant preacher. In 1786 for the first time our Bishop in his explorations found himself on the summit of the Alleghanies, from which he could look down on the plains of the great West. Few were the hardy emigrants who had hitherto passed this extreme limit of civilization and made their homes in the savage wilderness. But some of these Asbury deter-

mined to visit. It was a seriously difficult journey from that mountain height to the region below. Though midsummer, the mud and mire were such as might scarcely be expected in December. He pressed on through deep valleys, over rugged hills, in the midst of lonely wilds, where no food for man could be found and little for horse. He swam the Monongahela, and stopped not till he stood on the banks of the Ohio, whence he turned back towards the coast. During his journey he preached wherever he could find any number of people, however few, to hear him.

In the spring of 1788 he made his first visit to Tennessee. From the western counties of North Carolina he made a move for the mountains. He had to cross three ranges, which, on account of their rugged and difficult ascent, he named, the first Steel, the second Stone, the third Iron.

"In one of the dark ravines he was overtaken by a sudden and violent thunder-shower. The lightning flashed fearfully from peak to peak, the thunder echoed in awful crashes among the crags, and the rain poured down in torrents. Late at night he reached the solitary cabin of a settler in one of the valleys, where he found shelter till morning."

The next day he proceeded on his adventurous journey. Night again overtook him in the midst of the mountains; but again he found a settler's hut and a night's rest. On the third day he ascended the last range of hills, and saw before him the valley of the Holstein River, to which he descended, and after much toil reached the place of his destination. It was a laborious and perilous journey; but a year or two before, he had sent two or three preachers to that wild and distant region, and he felt bound to go wherever his preachers and their people were.

Thus every year journeyed this singularly devoted man, always making new explorations, encountering new difficulties, which no ordinary man could face, and incurring the extremest perils; but always pressing his way and extending his labors to the farthest range of the white settlements, and supplying the scattered population with such religious privileges as his means would allow. Sometimes he journeys all alone through most forbidding regions. Sometimes he joins a party of backwoodsmen in Kentucky and Tennessee, well armed for

mutual protection against the Indians ; and on one occasion he himself stands sentry all night in a furious storm of rain, with his musket on his shoulder. Almost every day he preaches ; the care of many churches is on him ; to him come all the preachers for counsel ; and in each conference he must preside, and bear the responsibility of arranging nearly all the work for the ecclesiastical year. It is to be borne in mind, too, that he was all this time striving to perfect the organization of the infant Church. Its machinery was for a long time cumbrous and unwieldy, and it was not till after repeated experiments that it could be brought into satisfactory working order. So with physical labors, with mental anxieties, and not without severe trials from wicked men and mistaken zealots, he makes what headway he can in his career.

There is an interesting account given of his first visit to New England, in 1791. Two years before, the shrewd, good-natured, and strong-minded Jesse Lee had volunteered to go single-handed into the strong-hold of Puritan Calvinism, and preach the more genial doctrines of Arminianism. It was, to be sure, a most unpromising field ; the people scented heresy afar off, and always stood ready to repel it. But, as it appears, Lee met with some success, and other preachers were sent to help him. Asbury at last determined to go himself and see the far-famed Yankees and their equally famous country.

Leaving New York, he went by New Rochelle, White Plains, and Bedford, to Wilton in Connecticut, where he preached his first New England sermon to a serious and well-behaved congregation. He was favorably impressed with the first appearance of the country and the people. The neat villages and frequent farm-houses along the road were peculiarly pleasant to one just emerged from the Western wilderness. The nice churches, gleaming white amid the green trees, and rearing their spires high in the air, assured him that "there had once been some religion in the country, and he doubted not there might yet be left a little in form and theory, though the spirit of evangelical piety had most sadly declined." On Sunday he preached in a barn at Reading to Lee's old congregation of about three hundred serious, attentive people. In the evening of the same day he spoke at Newtown in a Presbyterian

church to a congregation "made up of wild, laughing, and playing young people, and heavy, lifeless old ones." He left this place with no very favorable opinion of the inhabitants. At Stratford, the authorities had voted to close the town-house, in which the Methodists had usually held their meetings. One of the selectmen, however, opened the door, and Asbury went in and preached; "while some smiled, some laughed, some swore, some talked, some prayed, and some wept."

When he arrived at New Haven, his appointment had been published in the newspapers. "Everything was quiet," says he. "We called on the sheriff. We then put up our horses at the Ball Tavern, near the College Yard. I had the honor of having President Stiles, Dr. W., and Rev. Mr. S., with several of the collegians, to hear me. The judges looked very grave while I was preaching. When I was done, no man spoke to me. We visited the College Chapel at the hour of prayer. I wished to go through the whole to inspect the arrangements; but no one invited me. The divines were grave, the students attentive. They treated me like a fellow-Christian in coming to hear me preach, and like a stranger in all other respects."

Leaving New Haven without finding a place to eat or to sleep, he went to Wallingford, where, though he had a small congregation when he began to preach, his animated tones and powerful voice aroused the town, and greatly increased the number of his hearers. At Middlefield he seems to have found more favor, enjoying the quiet use of a meeting-house, and being hospitably entertained by a niece of the devoted David Brainerd. At Middletown he preached to a large, attentive, and serious congregation; but no one invited him to stay in the city, and he had to go a mile out of town to find a lodging-place. He turned down the river, through Haddam to Lyme; and after being kindly entertained in the family of a Baptist minister, he passed on over a dusty and rocky road to New London. He thought the travelling in the vicinity of Stonington was "almost equal to a drive over the Alleghany Mountains," and inferred that the town had been rightly named. He preached in Newport, but concluded that the people were "settled on their lees, and needed emptying from vessel to vessel to stir them up."

He was a good deal depressed in mind during his journey. Evidently he was not at home in New England. He did not sympathize with the religious peculiarities of the people, and clearly they did not much sympathize with him. At length, journeying through dust and heat, he found himself in Boston, the great Puritan metropolis. There were in this city at that time some nine or ten Congregational churches, and eight or nine of other denominations. His own people were almost unknown here, and had no place of worship. He obtained permission to preach in Mr. Murray's church, where he found some twenty hearers. The next night he preached again, and by his energetic style drew out a larger congregation; "though Satan came also, and excited his forces to make disturbance in the streets." Asbury admired the industrious habits of the Bostonians, but did not at all relish their hospitality. "No man invited him to eat, drink, or lodge in the place." He concluded on the whole to give up Boston "till the Methodists could obtain a lodging, a place to preach in, and some people to join them." Undoubtedly a wise conclusion.

His journey extended to Lynn, where for the first time in this section the embarrassed Bishop felt at home. Here his people had a chapel, and a promising society. Lynn appeared to him "the perfection of beauty." We suppose it must have been associated rather than intrinsic beauty, at that time. During his stop he rode over to Salem, but his infelicities returning, he turned back. After spending two weeks in Lynn, he started on his journey westward. He passed along the common thoroughfare as far as Springfield. He makes no mention of preaching on the route; though he says in one place the people declined inviting him to preach, "for fear it might divide the parish." "But," says Asbury, "their fathers, the Puritans, divided the kingdom and the Church too; and when they could not obtain liberty of conscience in England, they sought it here, among wild men and wild beasts." In after times, the division of the parish had to be frequently experienced. The church was compelled to separate from the state, taxation for the support of the ministry became a matter of voluntary agreement, and the freedom to worship God, which the Pilgrims came to establish, was secured in spite of themselves.

From Springfield he made a tortuous journey through Connecticut to Albany, and passed down the Hudson to New York. He estimated the amount of travel at not less than fifteen hundred miles. It had occupied from the first of June to the middle of August. He had preached from seventy to eighty times, or an average of one discourse a day during the whole time. He exhibits an amiable, and for the most part a charitable spirit, in his recorded reflections on this tour. He had been annoyed by the peculiarities of the people, as well as wearied by the rocky roads. Yet he does not appear impatient or irritable. The hardest thing he says is, that he "never saw a people who could talk so long, so seriously, and so correctly, about trifles." His subsequent visits seem to have given him more favorable impressions, though he still finds ample field for criticism. About the commencement of the present century, speaking of Boston, he thinks it "deficient in religion and in good water." If the good man were to visit it now, he would find that, while the latter deficiency has been remedied, there is still room for improvement in religion.

The New England women made a good impression on his mind,—they are not apt to make any other on sensible people,—and he gives them the following "first-rate notice":—

"The simplicity and frugality of New England is desirable. You see the woman a mother, mistress, maid, and wife; and in all these characters a conversable woman. She sees to her own house, parlor, kitchen, and dairy. Here are no noisy negroes running and lounging. If you wish breakfast at six or seven o'clock, there is no setting the table an hour before the provisions can be produced."

But this apostle of a new faith, not everywhere spoken favorably of, especially by adherents to older systems, had little time to rest. After his arduous tour in New England, he could only spend a day or two in reconnoitring for a new circuit of travel. There were seven conferences which he must attend and preside over within the year. To reach these he must travel through thirteen States, and, by numerous divergences for other purposes, visit nearly every part of the country, from Maine to Georgia, and from the Chesapeake Bay to

the Mississippi River. His journeys average from twenty to fifty miles a day, and he preaches from three hundred to five hundred sermons during the year. He will talk and pray in every family where he calls. He must examine, receive, station, and change the preachers; provide means for sustaining his college in Maryland, and seminaries in other places; besides arranging a system of district denominational schools for the Middle, Southern, and Western States, where no public schools existed, as in New England; and, in addition to this, superintend the arrangements for commencing a publishing concern to supply the people with a religious literature.

Little conception can be formed of the vast amount of labor performed, of the hardships endured and the journeys undertaken. His exposure to cold and heat, moisture and drought,—his encounter of huge difficulties in the way of travel, being often destitute, for a long period, of either rest or refreshment,—wore severely on his constitution, sometimes reducing him to the necessity of taking his bed if he could find one, and waiting to recover a little strength. In all this hardship and suffering he did not complain. He informs us that he once came pretty near it, as he was riding on a cold day, wet and hungry, over bad roads; but just as he was about to utter his feelings, he saw a poor woman walking along the road, barefoot and bareheaded, with a child in her arms. Pity for her silenced all complaint for himself.

It is not necessary for us to follow the good Bishop in all his travels. They were much the same in their general features, though presenting a multitude of interesting incidents. For forty-five years he was the leading spirit of the Methodist body, and the one who, more than all others, gave form and efficiency to its working power. Most of this time he was sole superintendent, and had the responsibility of the whole work. Most of the ministers were young men and unmarried. The reason of this will be obvious if we notice a fact or two. There was, in the early economy of the Methodist Church, no provision for the support of preachers' families. Their salary was, by ecclesiastical law, fixed at sixty-four dollars a year, *if they could get it*, but not allowed to exceed that amount. Of course, here was no flattering prospect of a very abundant

support for wife and children. It could hardly be surmised that the preachers were actuated by a worldly ambition or a desire to make money. Yet there were multitudes of young men constantly offering themselves as candidates for the ministry, though all must subject themselves to sundry probations and examinations before being sent forth with a commission from the Church.

It is no wonder that so many retired after a few years from the work. During the eight years previous to the beginning of the present century, there had dropped out of the itinerant ranks and fallen into secular pursuits, two hundred and twenty-one men, — many of them among the most able and popular preachers in the connection. Yet there had, even in this time, been an actual net increase in the number of preachers. But this state of things greatly enhanced the labor and responsibility of the superintendent. He must be the general of an army composed, to a great extent, of raw recruits, who needed his continual oversight. There were few subalterns to aid him in his duties. There must be a general acquaintance with the rank and file of every detachment, as well as with the character of the different fields of action, all through the States and Territories, in order most effectively to dispose of his forces.

Thus almost all the interests of a Christian organization, now rapidly increasing, were resting upon this one man. He was not allowed to settle down in some central place, nor to occupy any convenient position, except a few weeks at a time, when he had some extraordinary business to do in the way of correspondence, or of devising plans, or of recording certain events necessary to be preserved, — and these he usually did when he was too sick to travel. Most of his time was spent remote from towns and all the conveniences of civilization. In the tour which he made through the conferences in 1800, he says that he everywhere found open doors, cheerful hearts, and liberal hands, to receive, encourage, and sustain him. But he was frequently subject to hard fare, especially on the Western frontier. Yet, says he: —

“Why should a living man complain? True, it is at least *inconvenient* to be three months on the frontier, where generally you have but one room and fireplace, and half a dozen folks about you, strangers

perhaps, and their family certainly, — and they are not usually small in these plentiful new countries, — making a crowd: and this is not all; for here you may meditate if you can; and here you *must* preach, read, write, pray, sing, talk, eat, drink, and sleep, or fly to the woods. Well, I have pains in my body which are very afflictive when I ride, but I cheer myself as well as I may 'with songs in the night.'"

Again, three years after, speaking of his experience in Kentucky and Tennessee, he writes: —

"No room to retire to; that in which you sit common to all, crowded with women and children; the fire occupied with cooking; much and long-loved solitude not to be found, unless you choose to run out into the woods in the rain. Six months in the year, for thirty-two years, I have had to submit occasionally to what can never be agreeable to me. The people are the kindest souls in the world; but kindness will not make a crowded log-cabin, ten feet by twelve, agreeable."

In this connection, too, he makes mysterious allusions to certain "cutaneous diseases," from which he saw no security but by "sleeping in a brimstone shirt"!

It appears too that he no more than his preachers was likely to get rich very fast. His disciplinary allowance was just the same as theirs. Yet, as his parents were poor, he frequently did something to aid them. Writing to them in 1793, he says: "I have made arrangements for a remittance to you. It will come into your hands in the space of three or four months. My salary is sixty-four dollars a year. I have sold my watch and library, and would sell my shirts before you should want. I have made a reserve for you. I spend very little on my own account. My friends find me some clothing. The contents of a small saddle-bags will do for me, and one coat a year." Writing at a later period to them, he says: "I study daily what I can do without. One horse, and that sometimes borrowed, one coat, one waistcoat, — the last coat and waistcoat I used about fourteen months, — four or five shirts, and four or five books." In 1804, he says good-naturedly: "The Superintendent Bishop of the Methodist Church in America, being reduced to two dollars, was obliged to make his wants known." In 1806, while attending the Western Conference, he writes: "The brethren were in want, and could not suit themselves; so I parted with my watch, my cloak, and my shirt."

It will be remembered that he was at this time the presiding officer of an organization embracing five hundred preachers, and more than a hundred and thirty thousand members; himself almost without money, selling his cloak and one of his shirts to supply the wants of those poorer than himself!

As yet the organization had not been fully adjusted. Little by little the system approached completion, and in 1808 received the final modification which brought it into substantially its present form. After this he had assistants in the superintendency, and some one to share the responsibility with him. He still continued to travel and to preside in the conferences as far as his health would permit. He lived till 1816, and died while on his way to attend a conference in the city of Baltimore, at the age of seventy years and seven months.

Forty-five years he had been the recognized head of his denomination in this country. He had annually made the tour of the States, travelling never less than five thousand, and often more than six thousand miles a year. He must have journeyed in all more than two hundred and fifty thousand miles; this, too, for the most part, under very unfavorable circumstances, over rough roads or no roads at all, and almost entirely on horseback. He usually preached once every week-day and three times on the Sabbath, or more than twenty thousand discourses in all. He was accustomed to pray with every family he visited, or on whom he called, and would talk personally on the subject of religion with every member of such family. He attended seven conferences annually, and an incalculable number of other meetings. He wrote a great deal. His published journals make more than twelve thousand pages. He wrote, as he estimates, nearly a thousand letters a year, besides committing to paper a great deal on various matters pertaining to the affairs of the Church. We might suppose that, after his limited advantages of early education, he would hardly think of any systematic course of study while employed as he was here in America. Yet to our surprise we learn that he became proficient in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. "He read the Scriptures in their original tongues, and was capable of critical exposition of difficult passages."

Like one of his predecessors in the primitive Church, he did not marry ; though like him, too, he seems sometimes almost to regret that he could not "lead about a sister or wife like some of the other apostles." It is true that, when he found the matrimonial propensity had deprived the Church of more than two hundred ministers in a few years, he inveighed somewhat strongly against it. But he was not of intention an incorrigible bachelor. The causes of his single condition he gives when about sixty years of age, as follows :—

"If I should die in celibacy, which I think quite probable, I give the following reasons for what can scarcely be called my choice. I was called in my fourteenth year. I began my public exercises between sixteen and seventeen. At twenty-one I travelled. At twenty-six I came to America. Thus far I had reasons enough for a single life. It had been my intention to return to Europe at thirty years of age ; but the war continued, and it was ten years before we had a settled, lasting peace. This was no time to marry or to be given in marriage. At thirty-nine I was ordained Superintendent Bishop in America. Among the duties imposed upon me by my office was that of travelling extensively ; and I could hardly expect to find a woman with grace enough to induce her willingly to live but one week out of the fifty-two with her husband. Besides, what right has any man to take advantage of the affections of a woman, make her his wife, and, by a voluntary absence, subvert the whole order and economy of the marriage state, by separating those whom neither God, nature, nor the requirements of civil society permit long to be put asunder ? It is neither just nor generous. I may add to this, that I had but little money, and with this little I administered to the necessities of a beloved mother till I was fifty-seven. If I have done wrong, I hope God and the sex will forgive me. It is my duty now to bestow the pittance I have to spare upon the widows and fatherless girls, and poor married women."

The results of this man's life and labors cannot be fully estimated. On his arrival in this country the members gathered into the Methodist societies did not exceed six hundred, with some six or seven preachers. Before his death, the membership had increased to two hundred thousand, and the number of preachers to seven hundred. He had always a great deal of faith in the success of the enterprise to which he had consecrated his life ; but his most sanguine hopes could hardly have anticipated the greatness of the results. The denomina-

tion in less than eighty years from its first appearance in this land has increased to a membership of a million and a half. It has over eight thousand preachers, who have under their pastoral care between four and five millions of the inhabitants. It has established upwards of twenty colleges, several theological seminaries, and more than a hundred first-class academies. It also possesses some of the most extensive publishing-houses in the country. Such was the life and such are some of the results of the labors of Francis Asbury, the Pioneer Bishop.

ART. V. — MASSON'S LIFE OF MILTON.

The Life of John Milton; narrated in Connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time. By DAVID MASSON, M. A., Professor of English Literature in University College, London. With Portraits and Specimens of his Handwriting at different Periods. Vol. I. 1608-1639. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1859. 8vo. pp. 658.

PROFESSOR MASSON has undertaken to write a book on some half-dozen subjects under one title. Each of those included subjects is of such compass and import as to afford material for volumes. Yet we have no fault to find with the plan of the work, with the discretion or taste with which it is so far executed, or with the relative proportions of its parts. The author starts fairly with his readers, and deals with them according to agreement. The announcement in the title is expanded in the Preface, in which he declares his intent to be to offer, not merely a biography of Milton, but also, in some sort, a continuous history of his time. Large portions of the work may therefore be received by the reader, if he so chooses, as attempts at separate contemporary history, though the author himself considers them as not unnecessarily related to the biography of Milton. His whole aim, then, is to present something like a connected view of British society in general prior to the great Revolution, — a period of history much less studied than the Revolution itself. The volume in our hands

is but one of the three which the author finds necessary for completing his design. The life which he is to relate to us at such length furnishes in itself a most natural division of its incidents, relations, and works into three epochs or periods. The first, embraced within this volume, begins with his birth, and follows him through his education and early manhood,—the period in which he composed most of his minor poems. The second takes in the twenty years from 1640 to 1660, that is, from the breaking out of the civil strife to the Restoration,—the period of Milton's polemical and political activity as a prose-writer and a statesman. The third is that which closes with his mortal existence,—the period of his retirement and later poetic fertility.

Whatever may befall the harvests of future years from the cotton-fields and the grain-fields of the earth, the appetite of the literary classes need apprehend no dearth of mental nutriment for some time to come, when we consider the promise of continued instalments from the minds and labors which have furnished only the first volumes of projected works. Lord Macaulay hardly seems to recognize sufficiently the brevity of human life, so laggardly does his dramatic composition advance before the eyes of the expectant thousands whom he has induced to supply themselves with tickets,—season-tickets they are in the strongest sense of the term. Mr. Buckle's cyclopædia, under the title of "*A History of Civilization*," will hardly culminate into the last of its promised score of volumes until some thousands of other new books shall have afforded him food for his unconscionable appetite.

Professor Masson's readers will have an especial interest in anticipating his two additional volumes. The author himself is particularly concerned in producing them as soon as will consist with their proper execution; for rather in them than in the volume before us will he find a full and triumphant vindication of his plan and method. The question which will constantly press upon the reader, as he holds in hand the solid volume of which we are to make report, and as he turns over four fifths of its pages, will surely be,—Are these antiquarian and biographical relations and summary literary criticisms so connected at any point with the life of Milton as to warrant

such an exhaustive detail of them on pages whose running-title keeps us in mind of what we expect from the book? For ourselves we have been fully content to compound with any impatience of this sort on the score of the real interest of the matter of most of the pages. And when, occasionally, that interest has slightly flagged, our grateful appreciation of the enthusiastic zeal and diligence of the author has rebuked us for any rising weariness over details which have been gathered in a most loving service, through the outlay of incalculable research and pains. Still, familiar as we are with the aches and somnolency experienced over some thousands of professional pages infinitely less vital than the driest one in Mr. Masson's volume, we answer only for ourselves when we say, that we follow him cheerfully into his farthest digressions from his digressions. For the encouragement of other readers not so well drilled, we will promise, in our author's behalf, that in his second volume, at least, he will convince them that Milton has a right to have the period of his prose compositions written about as "*his time*"; while if the period which is to be related in the third volume — during which the poet was hid in retirement from a dissoluteness worse than the previous discord — shall seem least of the three to be associated with his personality, it will mark the date of works which have given him an inheritance in *all* subsequent *time*.

Mr. Masson evidently is persuaded that there shines around Milton, for us, at least, a halo of glory by which, better than by any other illumination furnished by his age or to be thrown back upon it, we may study or survey his time. There is enthusiasm certainly in this view, but the enthusiasm is healthful and legitimate; nor does it lack the fellowship and warrant of sound reason and judgment. There is not an incident in all British history during the years covered by Milton's life, which does not borrow interest from the fact that it transpired while he could be witness to it, or could be affected by it. Nor was there a single contemporary of his on the stage, from the monarchs who successively sat on the throne to the humblest loiterers through the streets or fields of England, of whom we should be unconcerned to learn whatever they can teach us about life while he and they were sharing it together. Very

often, as we have been reading the diaries or other papers of such contemporaries, we have been conscious of the hope that they might make mention of him, tell us of an interview with him, or that they had sight of him, and multiply the rays which stream from and to the focus of our admiration.

It is a great thing, indeed, that any one of our race, owing nothing to factitious circumstances, furnishing in fact within the compass of his own nature all that marks him as a man among men, should be held entitled to the central place in the backward perspective of history. Is Milton entitled to such intellectual homage? Does he really live that universal life in the consciousness and in the responses of cultivated minds? The question hardly admits of more than one answer. How strange, then, that he should need another biographer!— may be the suggestion of some readers. But has he ever had even one biographer? The list of attempted biographies of him is indeed long, and when written out seems formidable. Beginning with the memorials of him prepared by his acquaintance Aubrey, and his nephew Philips, the list includes the names of Toland, Fenton, Richardson, Birch, Newton, Johnson, Hayley, Todd, Symmons, Mitford, and Warton. The most extended series of writers, perhaps, that ever proposed to search out the incidents and to criticise the character of the life of a literary man, it certainly has been most meagre in the sum of its revelations to us. Johnson's *Life*, probably the one which has been most read, is rather a revelation of his own splenetic distempers and prejudices, than in any sense a portraiture of his subject. It is still chiefly to the references which Milton makes to himself, in his Introduction to the Second Book of the Reason of Church Government, where he traces the course of his early studies, in his *Apology* for Smectymnuus, and in his *Defensio Secunda*, that we are indebted for our best knowledge even of the incidents of his life. These personal disclosures were of the nature of self-vindication against the calumnies which assailed him. They must always furnish the text for all future attempts at his biography.

Mr. Masson, therefore, has undertaken the most complex and comprehensive memoir that has ever been offered as a

tribute to the fame of genius or literary service. Nor is it as an idolater of Milton, but with many tokens of a most discriminating judgment, that he has given to his subject the toil of years and the enthusiasm of his own scholarly devotion. We are certain that, if he shall bring his labor to a close, it will be crowned with a careful and guarded estimate in which all fair abatements shall be allowed, while the genius and the grandeur of Milton shall be made to strike the thought of men with a self-attesting witness needing no pleading for its warrant. There are reasons, strong ones, why literature exacts a new biography of Milton; and the one which Mr. Masson proposes, and so far has nobly executed, is the sort of one which is needed,—a biography which presents him in the light of his own times, — *as a light of his own times*. Knowing him, we shall know better the age in which he lived, and the men who lived with him.

There are several obscure points in the life of Milton, of actual or relative importance, which require to be cleared up; and if the means still exist for throwing light upon them, Mr. Masson will reveal them. There are incidents in his personal experience, family details, social and domestic matters, the most trivial of which will help to explain a few of them which are of a rather serious nature. With the single exception of charges brought against Milton for the severity of his invective as a polemical writer, everything that looks like an imputation upon him has found its presumed justification in what is said to have occurred under his private roof. Indeed, the proceedings instituted under an examination of witnesses in reference to his nuncupative will, are the sole source of the disagreeable traditions attached to his private life. We fear that Mr. Masson will not wholly clear away the shade which settles over our conceptions of his home, when he had a home of his own. Yet the infelicities of his domestic life are not only to be explained, but also to be allowed for. What part of blame he had in them is to us of but little interest compared with what he suffered through them. How stern and tormenting to him must those infelicities have been! With as lofty an ideal of the charm and glory of a true woman — helpmeet equal, fond companion and solace of man — as ever thrilled

the heart of poet, saint, or sage,—with the fondest conception of the daily content and joy of a truly mated life,—how sharp to him were the bitter disappointments of the reality in his experience. He had in succession three wedded partners. Over the first, in no elegiac strain, he wrote of the misery of a man who “finds himself bound fast to an uncomplying discord of nature, an image of earth and phlegm.” The second partner was evidently his love and joy, true mate in soul; but death severed them after fifteen months of union. His whole experience of wedded life up to that point, comparing his ideal with realities, seems to be intimated in the dream or vision of the departed loved one which he cast into that sweet sonnet:—

“Methought I saw my late espoused saint

Came, vested all in white, pure as her mind :
Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight ;
But oh ! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.”

Some ten years before his death, retired and straitened in circumstances and blind, a third partner was “recommended” to him by his friend, Dr. Paget, who thus provided for Milton and for a poor relative of his own. With this lady, thirty years younger than himself, he would appear to have enjoyed what was left of the poetry of his domestic visions. In the proceedings about his will a charge of “uxoriousness” is alleged against him. A not unpleasant picture is painted by the testimony of one witness, who deposed that, about two months before the poet’s death, he had seen him at dinner with his wife in their kitchen. She “having provided something for the deceased’s dinner which he very well liked,” the blind poet said, “God have mercy, Betty, I see thou wilt perform according to thy promise in providing me such dishes as I think fit whilst I live, and when I die thou knowest that I have left thee all.”

Milton experienced all through his life, in all his relations, public and private, the heartache and the sorrow which visit their sharp inflictions on all who seek great things,—all whose

visions are of what might be as of what ought to be here below, and who live upon the loftier elements of thought and desire. That is a sad but a true sentence of Goethe's which tells us that "the common burden of humanity which we have all to bear, more or less, must lie heaviest upon those whose mental powers are the earliest and the most widely unfolded." The sentiment, in fact, is but a repetition of Solomon's, "In much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." Milton, like most of those who combine both the saintlier and the sterner elements of character, bore uncomplainingly all providential trials, but writhed under the needless frets and vexations of a disharmonized state of sublunary things, social, civil, and domestic. Not a murmur, not a lament even, do all his writings furnish over his blindness. When taunted with it as a retributive chastisement for youthful sin, how fervently does he appeal: "I have accurately examined my conduct and scrutinized my soul. I call thee, O God, the Searcher of hearts, to witness, that I am not conscious, either in the more early or in the later periods of my life, of having committed any enormity which might deservedly have marked me out as a fit object for such a calamitous visitation." How heroic, too, is the strength of this boast: "It is not so wretched a thing to be blind, as it is not to be capable of enduring blindness." He could muse over the names and fortunes of many of the great and good, from whom God had taken sight without giving to all of them sweet song: Homer, Teiresias the Theban soothsayer, Timoleon of Corinth, Appius Claudius, Cæcilius Metellus, Dandolo of Venice, the theologian Jerome Zanchius, and the philosopher Galileo, — with the last of whom Milton, in one of his visits to Florence, had had sweet and high converse.

As to the severity of invective in Milton's polemics, the almost viperous acerbity of his venom and satire, which makes us see his victims writhe and him enjoy their writhings, — these too need that he should be viewed through his times; and anything that shall relieve them for a judging world must be found in the tone and temper of his age, the personalities of his opponents, and the occasions for holy hate, even in saint or sage.

There are sentences in his works which would be vulgar, obscene, blasphemous, if found in any other connection than just that in which he utters them. When his adversaries retort by suggesting to him the greater might of meekness, he replies, "As in teaching doubtless the spirit of meekness is most powerful, so are the meek only fit persons to be taught." To the charge of mocking over the woes of the decapitated monarch, he replies, "I did not insult over fallen majesty, as is pretended; I only preferred Queen Truth to King Charles." Often is there a poetic grace even in his most withering sarcasms, as when he calls the rapacious clerical pluralists of his time, "those money-changers of the Temple, who do not merely truckle with doves, but with the Dove itself, — with the Spirit of the Most High." He tells us that he assumed his lofty tone in the championship of civil and religious liberty, because he had Europe for an audience. "In a cause so great and glorious, and particularly on an occasion when I am called by the general suffrage to defend the very defenders of that cause, I can hardly refrain from assuming a more lofty and swelling tone than the simplicity of an exordium may seem to justify. I am about to address the whole collective body of people, cities, states, and councils of the wise and eminent, through the wide expanse of anxious and listening Europe." Nor will Milton have his due meed of praise, nor a fair allowance for what may have proved visionary in his theories, till he is regarded as he should be, as a pioneer, a discoverer, an independent theorist in his own great views, rather than as indebted to the results of earlier speculation. Plato's vision of a republic, as it did not mislead, so neither did it greatly help him. He had for his training, it is true, the works of the slandered Machiavelli and of Fra Paolo Sarpi, the History of Florence, the Discourses on Livy, the History of the Council of Trent, and The Rights of Sovereigns and Subjects. But some of the profoundest and truest of Milton's views are original, if not in thought, yet in utterance, with himself. What wisdom is there in this sentence: "Laws are usually worse in proportion as they are more numerous." On the whole, it must be allowed of Milton, as Clarendon says of his master, Cromwell, that he was one of those, "*quos vituperare ne inimici quidem possunt, nisi ut simul laudent.*"

And for piety in its most revering and enthralling sway, where shall we find a higher human testimony than that of Milton? Familiar in habit and in soul must he have been with "devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." It is one of the remarkable coincidences of literary history, that, after Milton's heretical treatise on Christian doctrine had been hidden from the light in its original manuscript for some hundred and fifty years, it should have found a translator and editor in a Bishop of the Church of England.

We have hinted at reasons enough why a real biography of Milton is needed. We have said enough, too, to indicate that his character and career and mental productions require, above those of most other men, to be illustrated by the study of his times, by a knowledge of his contemporaries, and by a most intimate and keen-sighted acquaintance with all the circumstances with which he had even the most remote connection. Such precisely is Professor Masson's plan in the volume before us, into the method and substance of which we now ask our readers to follow us.

The author begins his work in the spirit, and after the method, in which he promises to pursue it to its close. Patient of dry research and of most elaborate investigation, he resolves to find his reward for all his toil in any discovery of fact or incident which shall have even the most attenuated tie of relation to Milton. And wherever his skill fails to trace any such tie, he means to content himself and his readers with the incidental information gained from his gleanings.

He reproduces for us Bread Street, in London, and the house in which Milton first saw the light of life, on December 9, 1608. The great fire did not so effectually obliterate the lines of streets and the sites of dwellings as to render this process of descriptive restoration impossible. The poet's father had occupied this house some half-dozen years, in the honorable and probably lucrative profession of a scrivener, — answering substantially to the functions of a modern notary, conveyancer, and writer of legal contracts, and perhaps including the loan-

ing of money. Dwellings in those days were not numbered, but were distinguished by signs and emblems,—a spread eagle marking Mr. Milton's abode, and serving also as the family crest. The poet himself tells us that he came of an "honest stock,"—but Mr. Masson, though he perplexes the conclusions of some former biographers, is not very successful in tracing the pedigree of the Oxfordshire grandfather. It is known that he was a zealous Roman Catholic, and that after sending his son, the poet's father, to Oxford, he withdrew him before the completion of his course, and disinherited him on account of his becoming a Protestant. This was the occasion of his choosing a business life in London, and he seems to have been so far successful as to have acquired sufficient property for his comfortable maintenance, for educating his children, for allowing the poet to pursue a leisurely life of study and to travel abroad as a gentleman, and to admit of his own retirement into the country in tranquil age. Thus it appears that the poet can lay claim to neither of the signal honors of ancestry in England,—the having come in with the Conqueror, or the having been ruined in the wars of the Roses. An elder sister—the mother of the Philipsons—and a younger brother, quite unlike to John both in the gentler and in the sterner elements of his nature, made up with the parents the inmates of the poet's home. He has paid his tribute to the virtues of both his parents.

The scenes of life around the poet's childhood, and the incidents, private and public, which would make the first interests of thought and feeling to him, are next described and related by Mr. Masson with a fond minuteness. The population of London was then about 200,000. The bells of Bow Church hung so near that they might have fallen on the child's cradle. Their chimes must have furnished the first accompaniment to the music and poetry in his soul. We are told what sights he would see in his first walks in the street and its neighborhood. Close by his home was the Mermaid Tavern. Shakespeare, in his last visit to London, in 1614, walking down to the club-room with Ben Jonson, might have noticed the beautiful child of six years, gazing from the doorway or the lattice. Quaint old dwellings, strange and elaborate costumes,

phrases of speech while a transition was rapidly taking place in the forms of our language, — all these and much more we must imagine, as well as the gift for picturing fancies in the child's own furniture of being. Old St. Paul's, though the nave of it was a thoroughfare, was the finest piece of architecture near him.

The father was a gentle and a genial man, a musical composer and a writer of madrigals and such like. There is more will than skill in his versifications. A pleasant circle of friends gathered in his dwelling, where an organ and other musical instruments, the young poet listening, dreaming, and wondering, connected a rich delight with refining social scenes. Norwich and York tunes, as they stand in the old books of psalmody, were harmonized by the elder Milton. The family worshipped in the parish church of All Hallows, and here, at one period, the poet must have listened to the famous polyglot, Brian Walton. There were many incidents in court and state, in church and city life, to offer exciting and painful interest to the mind of the youth, whose maturer years were to enlist him so intensely in the great strifes then germinating in their seeds. Bartholomew Legate, for avowing the faith in which Milton was to rest, was burned at Smithfield when the poet was five years old.

His education, begun and always aided and complemented at home, was good, thorough, pure, and purifying. He was a poet at ten, and therefore at birth. A Scotch Puritan minister, afterwards of the Assembly of Divines, was Milton's private tutor, and "grounded him in Latin," — the word *grounded* meaning then just the opposite of its present meaning among college youth. Dean Colet's famous school, St. Paul's, had been founded nearly a century when Milton became a pupil of it, about 1620, in his twelfth year. Its masters, studies, and discipline furnish rich themes for our author's unwearied and keen investigations. Here and at home, Milton, with much other learning, acquired a knowledge of French and Italian, with something of Hebrew. We may be sure that he was a diligent reader of all the books in his mother tongue which were within his reach. Spenser and Sylvester and Shakespeare were his treasures. His translations of two

Psalms are the first tokens of what was in him. His school friendship with Diodati, and the marriage of his sister, having been related, we follow him to college.

He entered Christ College, Cambridge, as a pensioner, in February, 1625, being a little more than sixteen years of age, which was older than the average of the pupils. It is at this point in Mr. Masson's volume that all of his readers who do not share his enthusiasm, or are not reconciled to follow him in every stage of his method, will begin to falter in their attention, and to ask if it is feasible for them to skip over a certain number of pages. Some readers may do this and lose nothing of real interest to them. But all who wish to know of everything that met the eye, or entered into the soul, or trained the thought, heart, and mind of Milton, must keep loyally to the pages. The author overwhelms us with details; but if he could burrow so long and so deep to get them, our task is but light in scanning them. He has been at the pains to disinter all the fading and decaying records of university life. He tells us how it was administered and regulated, and what was its comparative condition and range of studies. He gives us the names, and what is of interest in the biographies, of the Heads and Fellows and Tutors of the Colleges. He explains to us the internal composition and the external relations of the University, the division of the terms for study, and its mode of discipline. He describes the lodging-rooms, and illustrates the intercourse between tutors and pupils. Then he wishes us to know the names of as many as possible of the companions, acquaintances, and contemporaries with whose physiognomies, characters, and aims the young Milton was to be familiar. Thus does our patient helper seek to present to us every influence from every quarter, which would stream into or stir the heart of a youth of so select a spirit, and mingle with the indraughts of knowledge from the storied page and the school of life. How rich and potent are the materials of this influence! How fair the scenes, how precious the hours, when they so gently incorporate themselves with the divine gift, — the receptive instinct in the human being! What a range is there for capacity, for taste, for the inbred affinities of the soul, as they absorb and assimilate the elements congenial with its own nature!

Tradition points out the chamber occupied by Milton. The most eminent of the Fellows of his College was Joseph Meade. But no one who was contemporary with Milton at the University fills a place like his on the roll of fame.

The death of James, and the accession of Charles, helped only to intensify the action of those warring principles which, we have always to remember, presented themselves to Milton during his whole life, as involving all that is precious or sacred for humanity in its broadest interest. Reports from the public field of agitation are curiously mixed up with the gossip of the University in a series of letters written by Meade, from Cambridge, to Sir Martin Stuteville, at Dalham. Meade received a weekly budget from London, from which he selected the racier matter, and this, spiced with additions of his own, answered the double purpose of newspaper and private correspondence to the Suffolk knight. The letters, preserved among the Harleian MSS., though they make no mention of Milton, do help to reproduce the circumstances and daily incidents amid which he was living.

Dr. Johnson was the first to put into definite shape the floating surmise of Milton's unpopularity among his college companions, — tutors and fellow-students, — and he plainly asserts that the young poet was the subject of corporal punishment for some unnamed offence. Mr. Masson makes every effort at a fair investigation of these charges, and, if he inclines to admit the substance of them, it is in a way not discreditable to Milton. Corporal punishment was then inflicted upon the younger scholars, and if Milton suffered it at all, it must have been during the first or the second year of his course. He evidently had some trouble at that time, caused by an altercation with his tutor. It would appear that he was punished by a temporary *rustication*, — a word strangely inappropriate in his case, as he seems to have spent the interval of his separation at home in the city of London. He returned, however, in season to retain his college rank, and, under a change of tutors, no further difficulties attended him. An occasional letter, a Latin elegy, and a poem on the death of an infant of his sister's, are choice fruits of his genius at this period.

In connection with the accession of young Milton to his Bachelor's degree, our author gives us a most elaborate account of the exercises at the annual Commencement. A royal visit, at a time when public affairs were thickening with dark portents, another visit from the Chancellor of the University, Lord Holland, and the French Ambassador, with an account of the performance of some trashy plays acted in the great hall of Trinity in honor of the visitors, fill up some pages of interest, because there is reason to believe that Milton was one of that portion of the audience or spectators who hissed the dramatic exercises.

The Christmas of 1629 is the date of the composition of Milton's magnificent Ode, or Hymn, On the Nativity, — whose gorgeous wealth of classical allusion, whose sweep of felicitous imagery and splendor of diction, express all that was grandest in the genius of the scholarly author. His poems on the Circumcision, and on Time, and the fragment on the Passion, date from the same period. The members of College were now scattered in every direction by a visit of the plague, and all studies and companionships were suspended. It must have been about this time, when Milton was at home, or perhaps on a visit to some friend in the country, that he wrote his epitaph on Shakespeare, which was prefixed, anonymously, to the second folio edition of the great dramatist, in 1632. On his return to Cambridge, he seems to have had some expectation of receiving a vacant Fellowship in his College; but the king's patronage secured it for a youth of eighteen years, Edward King, whose untimely death by shipwreck a few years subsequently drew forth that exquisite tribute from his supposed rival, in the monody of Lycidas. Hobson, the famous octogenarian *Carrier* of the University, who had probably often been the medium of Milton's messages and visits to and from London, had been among the victims of the plague during the interruption of the College exercises. He too had been compelled to suspend his road-tramps, and Death, "finding him so long at home," acted on the conclusion "that his journey's end was come." Milton gave the old carrier the benefit of two offerings from his Muse, which are rich in a rather sombre humor.

Some men whose names were to grow famous entered college the year in which Milton was to leave it; such as Crashaw the poet, Cudworth the philosopher, Pearson the expositor of the creed, and Henry More the Platonist. The name of the last mentioned always brings up to our memory an utterance of his, which can scarcely be matched in the grace and sweetness of its sentiment, and which far surpasses any thought of Dr. Hopkins about Disinterested Benevolence. More says: "If I am one of those who are predestined to hell, where all things are full of nothing but cursing and blasphemy, yet will I behave myself there patiently and submissively towards God; and if there be any one thing more than another that is acceptable to him, that will I set myself to do with a sincere heart, and to the utmost of my power; being certainly persuaded that, if I thus demeaned myself, he would hardly keep me long in that place."

Milton was one among more than two hundred Bachelors of Arts to graduate as Masters, in July, 1632. He then lacked four months of being twenty-four years old. In taking his second degree, he had to repeat the subscription of his signature to the Articles of the Church, which he had of course signed on receiving his Bachelor's degree. Our author recognizes the query which may arise in some minds as to the sincerity with which Milton could make this subscription, as it seems to be taken for granted that his conscience stood in the way of his father's desire and early purpose for him, that he should enter the Church. Probably then, as has ever since been the case, such subscription was made in a perfunctory way. As yet, Milton may have not formed any dissentient opinions, and, as we shall soon see, there were reasons enough to keep him from entering into "holy orders."

At this point Mr. Masson begins his close study of Milton's internal life, and the elements and qualities of his character. The scrutiny is keen, the analysis is philosophical, the appreciation is generous and well sustained. It is plain that the course of study and the method of discipline in the University were not congenial to Milton. He felt himself at war with them before he could understand how just and reasonable was his aversion to them; and when with a

maturer mind he looked back upon the "harsh and crabbed" processes, not of its *Divine*, but of its *human* philosophy, he realized why it was that, though industrious and zealous there beyond most of his compeers, he still had not been happy. It was an age of transition from the rigid scholastic method of mental training in the previous century; and the change had not as yet abandoned the dreary formulistic processes of logic, nor adopted any of the broad and generous intellectual stimulants of modern education. When Milton's polemical writings made him a mark for malignant opponents, the calumnies with which he was assailed fastened upon his college life to find material there, and, not finding it there, invented it. These slanders drew from him, only ten years after he had left college, some dignified and manly utterances of self-vindication. He boldly averred that in college he "found respect above any of his equals." His extensive and accurate learning, acquired without any of the facile helps of our own times, proves that he must have been diligent and studious to the utmost limit of physical endurance. His loved tasks, pursued always to the midnight hour, and by a poor flame, induced the weakness of vision which ended in blindness when he was forty-five years old. We know that the Cambridge academic system was then tortuous, dry, repressive to genius, irritating to all the finer instincts and longings of the higher nature. Milton received from it all the good, much or little, which it was in it to impart. He was not sacrificed to its mischievous experiments in making learning odious and profitless. It is not strange that, while faithful to its requisitions, he should have felt unexplained restlessness under it, and that, when he knew how to trust his own independent judgment, he should have criticised sharply what he had endured patiently. In the last year of his life, Milton furnished a publisher, from out of the carefully treasured repository to which, with faith in their worth, he seems to have committed everything that he had written, seven college exercises. They are in the Latin language, and were first printed for the purpose of thickening a pamphlet into a volume. These Mr. Masson has translated, and they form, with his comments, a most valuable auto-

biographic disclosure of Milton's mind at this period of its development. There are not many college students or graduates who could produce such exercises. We see in them the charm and the learning of a mind trained by classic study, tinged with the rich hues of fancy both sober and gay. They have all the Miltonic grandiosity of style, and all the independence of his self-assertion. They verify of him the sentence of Aubrey, that in his "beautiful and well-proportioned body" there was lodged "a harmonical and ingeniose soul."

Milton's characteristics were then well known to himself and to others. His own consciousness of them was accompanied by a pride of soul, a high inward complacency over all that stamped them as peculiar in his own personality. He maintained a deep and habitual seriousness, not acquired, because it was of nature, but indulged and fostered till it fixed the impress of a serene gravity on his beautiful features. That gravity, ministered to by grave tastes and by an ever-earnest meditation upon the "great work" which cast the horoscope of his destiny, redeemed the otherwise feminine softness of his countenance. His haughtiness was that of manhood. His youth and that manhood were fenced by purity. Beyond all question now by friend or enemy, he preserved the chastity of an unsullied soul and the innocence of an uncontaminated habit of feeling and living, at home and abroad. Mr. Masson is careful to remind us how the theory of the poetical temperament, and the tolerance of the "wild oats" license for youth, receive no warrant, but, on the contrary, a stout rebuke, from the example of Milton. He bore ever an erect soul, and never sought to repress, or even to disguise, his intense and self-assured consciousness of superiority to others. He meditated from early youth the consecration of his life by some "great work," without deciding to himself whether it should be wrought in letters or in deeds. And when his tastes and studies had revealed to him what that work must be that it might be the birth of his soul, he determined that it should not be deformed or vitiated through any physical circumstances of its generation. In a sentence which cannot be too often quoted, he writes, in 1642, after referring to his early life and juvenile studies: "And long it was not after when I

was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem, that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things." And again he writes, in reply to a coarse reviler: "I am not one who ever disgraced beauty of sentiment by deformity of conduct, or the maxims of a freeman by the actions of a slave."

Milton, while in college, took note of his completion of his twenty-third year in a fine sonnet, which, in spite of Dr. Johnson, is not only "not bad," but also has in it poetry and beauty and kindling sentiment.

The question why, on the completion of his course, Milton did not comply with the intent of his father from his youth, by entering the Church, leads our author to write a chapter of nearly a hundred close-packed pages on the church and government of England at that day. Laud makes the central figure of this marvellously wrought tableau of scenes and persons. Not because of worth or talent is the prelate lifted into that prominence, but because of the real influence which he exercised. His place of power had been won by fortuitous circumstances, to the surprise of better and wiser men. But having place, he filled it with untiring zeal and with singleness of purpose. His mind and hand were everywhere through the realm. He had an idea, a scheme, a system, clearly developed, perfectly related in its parts, and persistently pursued so long as power was on the side which he served. Mr. Masson wishes his readers to know just what the Church then was in its theory and in its administration. He takes the word *Church* in its largest sweep, meaning the institutions and practices which set forth religion in an organic form, in its functions, and in all its methods. Indeed, the survey brings before us such a variety in the existing views and modes of religious belief and administration, that some readers may think our author overshoots his mark; and, instead of proving that the Church offered no attractive field for Milton, may leave them wondering why he, among the promiscuous company not only of timeservers and formalists, but of men also of lofty piety, free faith, and godly zeal, that did enter the Church, should have felt himself repelled. Our own solution

is, that Milton did virtually enter the Church, not as preacher or pastor in a professional sense, but as one of the very chief priests of its mysteries, a divine, a theologian, a minister of the Word, because his studies and his heart were there. Ten years after leaving College, referring to the intentions of his parents and his own early resolutions, he says: "Coming to some maturity of years, and perceiving what tyranny had invaded in the Church, — that he who would take orders must subscribe slave, and take an oath withal, which, unless he took with a conscience that would retch, he must either perjure or split his faith, — I thought it better to prefer a blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing. Howsoever thus Church-outed by the prelates, hence may appear the right I have to meddle in these matters as before the necessity and constraint appeared."

England had then a population of about five millions, all of whom nominally and legally were members of the Established Church. Perhaps a fifth part of the people were "Papists." Other actual Separatists were but few, because most of the real Puritans were still more or less in communion with the Establishment, whose arrested and retrograde Reformation they were still seeking to carry on in consistency with its first principles. The strict Church party, being lax or Arminian in doctrine, sympathized with the Romanists in hatred of Puritanism, and rigid canons were provided to prevent its preaching and its practices. The mild Archbishop Abbot, favoring the religious rather than the ecclesiastical party, did not love the temper of the times, and being virtually in retirement, the Lord Keeper, Bishop Williams, having large influence, might have used it for moderation, had not the rising zeal of Laud, in his London bishopric, turned to his hands the direction of the central power. The character and aims of Laud are presented with judicial fidelity and with rare skill in the pages before us. The "little red-faced man," the victim of small, mean superstitions, and the hero of little projects, has all the good said of him that honesty will allow. His project was to reduce all the externals of public worship to a mechanical precision of uniformity. The outside, not the inside, work of piety engaged his heart. A table-altar set by the compass

and guarded by a rail, and crowned with candles, cross, and empty vessels; postures of bowing and of backing; costumes and gestures; a kind of upholstery and millinery religion, all culminating in a consecration service, — such were his idols of the cave. He was determined that the Book of Sports should be read and the games and merriments which it announced should be practised on Sunday afternoons, in spite of the prick-eared Puritans. Laud's cant phrase for expressing the sum and intent of his schemes was that he might establish "the beauty of holiness." The sharp sarcasm and irony and scorn of Milton's pen, when inveighing against this grown-up babyism in religion, hardly need an apology as we call before us the Primate of all England leading off his under-shepherds like Ephraim of old, "given to idols." Laud watched with care for every occasion and opportunity to advance his pet schemes. As ecclesiastical or even civil offices were vacated, he sought to fill them with men of his own gauge of soul, and he required reports from all the bishops embracing answers to questions which ran into every detail and triviality of clerical functions. Mr. Masson gives us a complete list of all the bishops in both the provinces of the Church, and distinguishes the spirit of each of them as Laudian or Puritanical. Fearing the list of grievances which a Parliament would have obtruded upon him before listening to his piteous call for pecuniary subsidies, the king was resolved to rule without Parliaments, and to extort money by oppressive exercises of his prerogative. The iniquitous Courts of the Star-Chamber and the High Commission were harrowing the soul of every prominent man in the realm whose spirit was free, and were "sifting the wheat of three kingdoms" to furnish the choice seed for planting in this New England wilderness. While the king thus ruled through what was then called the Privy Council, Laud stretched his sway over the Universities, and sought to control all their places and emoluments. Still the Church found some meek and faithful servants, and our author seeks to do justice to all its prominent leaders and pastors who aimed for moderation and exhibited true devotion in her service. Milton might have found — doubtless he did find — many congenial spirits within her pale, and serving lovingly at her altars. It was at this

period that the delicate, fastidious, and "gentlemanly" George Herbert yielded the bent of nature and of aristocratic training to become priest and pastor. Milton might easily have slipped into the Church, had he been the man to "slip in" anywhere. A sketch of the condition and administration of the Irish Church under the primacy of Ussher, and of the Scotch Church which was heating up for the strife that was coming, followed by a brief reference to the foreign chaplaincies, — in which ministers might be more free in their office than at home, — and a recognition of the "Colonial Church," — the highly complimentary title given to the congregations then rising in New England forests, — completes this chapter. On closing it, we repeat what we said before, that the very variety and range of opportunities which it presents, show that Milton might have found a place for every faculty of mind and soul which he possessed, and would have proved the impulses of his own free spirit had he entered within this troubled fold of the Zion of his day. We conclude, therefore, that he kept out of it only that he might exercise over it and in it a more potent sway.

The next chapter of the solid volume before us pursues, through more than a hundred pages, a survey of the contemporary British literature. This is quite a prime essential in our author's scheme. He wishes us to have in view all the circumstances and elements and materials of the literary life of Milton's time. He shows us what influences then reigned in the sphere of mental activity, what was the taste, the predilection, or fashion of the times, what were the models to be followed or shunned, and what encouragement there was of profit, fame, or pleasure for labor with mind and pen. He begins with the kingship of Ben Jonson, — "the huge, unwieldy veteran, weighing twenty stones all but two pounds, with gray hair, and a visage, never of captivating beauty, now scarred and seamed and blotched into a sight among ten thousand." This corpulent mass is self-described in the line,

"My mountain belly and my rocky face."

Authors, especially those of the poetical tribe, then held close intimacies with men of rank, and shared their familiarity and

their patronage. In the tavern in London which presumed to take to itself the name of the author of all mischief, and to swing out a sign showing how St. Dunstan twinged the nose of the Devil, Ben Jonson had his throne in the famous Apollo room, and hence he dispensed his decrees. Our author therefore begins with the line of play-writers, who were now pursuing their dramatic arts with a new relish and with a keener zeal because of the scornful indignity which Counsellor Prynne had visited upon them in his *Histrion-Mastix*. In sketching the record of the non-dramatic poets, Mr. Masson gives us a very intelligible explanation of the allegorical conceit or ideal personification which runs through the pastoral poetry. The shepherds and shepherdesses of the time are a very mystifying race, neither Bucolic nor really Arcadian, and we are glad to have our author's lucid account of them. After a brief reference to the philosophical poets and the Latin versifiers, we come to the prose-writers of the time. The first half of the seventeenth century marks the learned age of Europe. Profound and thorough scholarship could then show many proficients, and shallowness did not venture to obtrude itself. Some sentences culled from the learned Selden show that free-thinking had reached far into the heart of things. Ussher and Speed and Cotton and Burton were largely read in book lore. The last has furnished in his one book—the *Anatomy of Melancholy*—the mine from which many writers besides Sterne in his *Tristram Shandy*, have stolen their learning and their wit. The Falkland set, so called, was a brotherhood of the Latitudinarians of the time, embracing such men as Hyde, after Earl of Clarendon, Sir Lucius Carey, Sydney Godolphin, Edmund Waller, Drs. Sheldon, Morley, and Earle, Sir Henry Wotton, Chillingworth, and the memorable Hales of Eton. Then there was Robert Fludd, the Paracelsian and Rosicrucian theosophist, and Lord Herbert, the rationalist and eldest brother of the poet. A weekly news-sheet was the forerunner of the daily newspaper. Tracts and pamphlets of a controversial cast abounded. The phenomenon of the day, even before he was so barbarously mutilated, was William Prynne,—the man “of a strange, saturnine complexion, and the countenance of a witch.” “His manner of

study was this: he wore a long quilt cap, which came two or three inches at least over his eyes, which served him as an umbrella to defend his eyes from the light. About every three hours his man was to bring him a roll and a pot of ale, to refocillate his wasted spirits: so he studied and drank and munched some bread; and this maintained him till night, and then he made a good supper."

The laws of the book-trade are set forth by Mr. Masson from the abundant authorities of the time, and the rivalry between the Stationers' Company and the Universities furnishes an interesting point of notice in the matter of privilege or monopoly in printing. Laud looked carefully after the censorship. Our author even takes the pains to copy, from the records of Stationers' Hall, the register of all the publications for the half-year from July to December, 1632. The daily average of publications in London now is fourteen. In 1630, there were about three books published in each week. A diligent reader might then peruse every new book from the press. Such then was the aliment and the stimulant for mental craving and for intellectual exercise which were ready for the use of Milton. His aim was to accomplish something of a higher tone and spirit than most of the matter at his hand had reached. He had a lofty conception of the functions and the responsibility of the literary life. "There were parts of his nature in pre-established harmony with the national revolution then approaching." As a poet, his sympathies were with the Spenserians. But when he should come to write, he would invoke all the Muses for aid in a secular theme, and a Spirit that had a diviner gift to bestow when he essayed "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

The next chapter covers the period of Milton's life from July, 1632, to April, 1638. This was a fair and fruitful interval. On that space of nearly six years a lover of the poet's genius dwells with the full sympathy of a fond admiration; and had his life closed with it, detraction would have found no material in his earthly course, nor would his own character have been put to the trial that engendered rancor in others and in himself. He was then amid scenes and pursuits congenial with his soul, content and calm. How radiant must

have been his presence, how pure his joy, how innocent his musings, how devout his thought! His father had sought retirement in his old age, with a competence, in the village of Horton, eighteen miles west from London. Already, as the still self-asserting youth tells us in 1632, it had been "found that, whether aught was imposed upon me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of my own choice, in English or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly this latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live." Those vital signs are in the matter still. His father had therefore consented that he might give himself to a literary life. "At my father's country residence, I, with every advantage of leisure, spent a complete holiday, in turning over the Greek and Latin writers; not but that sometimes I exchanged the country for the town, either for the purpose of buying books, or for that of learning something new, in mathematics or in music, in which sciences I then delighted." Horton has the average charms and advantages of the smaller class of English villages. Mr. Masson tries his skill at restoration upon old landmarks and the sites of dwellings. But the home of Milton has vanished. The roads and lanes and by-paths, and the fixed features of nature, are there; — abundant water-courses, the ivy-clad church, the rural labors of the yeomen, are the constant memorials of days gone by. Here Milton walked and dreamed and aspired. Here he studied books and "images of rural nature." Here he loitered on his daily paths to greet the simple village folk, and to learn some portions, often the best, of that human science, that heart wisdom, which the Universities do not unlock. Here was his golden season of life. Had he a presentiment that what he would cull and store within through his eyes of the aspects of nature — in grass and flower, cloud and mist, storm and calm, in the faces of men and women, in the glories of this grand spectacle of earthly shapes and starry splendors — must all be gathered now? What he gazed upon now was to be the food of his memory for years to come, and was to furnish him, not with laments over an extinguished light, but with fashionings of a glory yet to be revealed. When it should come to pass that those visual orbs,

" Though clear
To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing quite forgot,"

those happy years at Horton would reproduce their visions.

A few hours' walk, relieved perhaps by a friendly traveller in one of the heavy vehicles of those days, would take Milton on occasional visits to London, where his sister or brother might offer him their hospitalities. Here he would be sure, with a new zest caught from contrast with rural repose, to watch all the signs of an issue which was soon to call him into the thick of the strife. He would linger around the book-marts, and his eye would be quick at catching at their treasures. He would take a lesson in mathematics, and wait upon his two friends, the brothers Lawes, to gain whatever skill art could afford to enrich the gift of music which he had from nature. He pursued his studies in Greek, Latin, and Italian with a zeal clearly apparent in the mastery which he acquired over those tongues.

It was at Horton that Milton, besides his Sonnet to the Nightingale, and some beautiful letters to friends, composed his Allegro and Penseroso, his Arcades and Comus, and his Lycidas. Mr. Masson is brief and judicious in his comments on these treasures of our English tongue. Indeed, what room is there for comment, what occasion either for it, on the first two of these pieces? What is it short of an impertinence for any one to scatter a weak dilution of his own fancy over these perfected inspirations of a transcendent genius? The supererogatory labors of Warton and Todd have distributed every phrase, every collocation of words, each epithet, metaphor, and conceit, in these two poems, among all other writers whose works Milton may or may not have read, professing thus to find parallelisms of topic, thought, and expression. As if Milton had pilfered the materials of a mosaic-work of plagiarism out of his memory or his library, instead of polishing a gem from his own bright casket! These commentators give us more of such alleged parallelisms than there are lines in the pieces. Of course Milton was indebted to the dictionary and to his mother tongue; as for the rest, he knew how to marry fit words to his own thoughts. Whoever has laid up

these two poems in his memory has a companionship for the changing moods of his heart, as he meets the contrasts of a mortal lot, and sings or sighs over the incidents of his way.

Our author introduces the Arcades and the Comus by a very exhaustive account of the masque, and its performance at court revels. He explains to us, as well as is possible, the hard conceits and the far-fetched personifications that enter into its allegorical structure. The barristers and counsellors of the London Inns of Court sought to wipe out the offence caused by their austere brother Prynne, and they had got up a masque of the most intricate character, which, we must confess, seems in the description to have been most inane, and in all but its pageantry wearisome. Then we have the family histories of the Countess Dowager of Derby, and of the Earl of Bridgewater, at whose seats, at Harefield and at Ludlow Castle, Milton's two exquisite compositions made the entertainment. His aid was probably invoked by his friend Lawes, who set the pieces to music.

In 1635, Milton was "incorporated" as Master of Arts at Oxford, which fact suggests the idea of acquaintances and visits occasionally made there during this genial period of his life. His mother died at Horton, in April, 1637, and it would appear that then, or soon after, his brother Christopher and his wife became inmates of the paternal dwelling. The shipwreck of Edward King, before mentioned in connection with Milton's college life, drew forth tender panegyrics from a large circle of his admiring friends; but Milton's own tribute is worth them all. A collection of these pieces was published in Cambridge, in two parts, the first containing twenty-three, in Latin and Greek; the second containing thirteen, in English. Milton's manuscript of his *Lycidas*, preserved at Cambridge, shows with what fond care he wrought its sweet rhythms of lamentation.

Before closing this chapter, Mr. Masson gathers up the threads of his narrative of the affairs and condition of Church and State through the whole realm during the period which it covers. The king pursued his method of absolute rule, or *Thorough*. Laud superintended personally the working of his own plans in England; in Ireland, Wentworth was his faith-

ful ally; and he sought to carry on his mad enterprise in Scotland by letters sent through a sixpenny post. Charles tried his ingenuity in his shifts for raising money illegally. The Sabbatarian Controversy, and the Altar Controversy, and the efforts of Laud to break up the Dutch and Walloon congregations or conventicles of Protestants, kept adding new elements of discord to the now smouldering heat which was so soon to burst in the flames of civil war. Especially vigorous and racy is our author's continuance of his sketch of the state of affairs in Scotland. Charles's visit and coronation there answered no end of peace. The attempt to introduce the Canons and the Service-Book of Episcopacy — "Popish in its frame and forms" — drove the people to attach their names to the Covenant; while frequent meetings with popular harangues nerved those who signed it to be ready to die for it.

Having thus laid out his ground as the field in which Milton was soon to do his part, Mr. Masson devotes his concluding chapter to Milton's Continental journey, which, indefinite as to its proposed length, was abruptly arrested in its progress by the lowering aspect of affairs at home. Through the kind offices of Mr. Hales, and by the publication of his *Comus*, Milton was brought into acquaintance with his neighbor, at Eton, Sir Henry Wotton. A letter from him, expressing a desire that there might have been a friendly intimacy between them, furnishes Milton with some valuable aid for making his proposed tour. His father generously provides the means for himself and his servant. He leaves his home in April, 1638.

Pursuing still the same comprehensive and exhaustive method, Mr. Masson wishes his readers to know what is most interesting about the condition of the Continent at the time of Milton's visit. The poet's manhood ran parallel with that series of struggles known collectively as the Thirty Years' War, — hopefully designated by historians as the last religious war of Europe. Beginning in the insurrection of the Bohemian Protestants, it extended through the whole German confederacy, and involved every nation of Christendom in its protracted disasters. Divided into several stages in its progress, as new parties became prime actors in it, its periods may be designated as the Palatine War, the Danish, the Swedish, and

the French Wars, the last closing with the Peace of Westphalia, in 1648. It was during its French period that Milton was abroad. Mr. Masson is at the pains to give us the state and position of each country and government on the Continent. The relations of England to them during the whole time of turmoil were far from respectable. With no consistent principles to follow, no loyalty to high truths then in peril, temporizing, inconstant, and venal, English statesmen subjected the pride of high-souled men to humiliating disappointments and mortifications. Her ambassadors at foreign courts were compelled to truckle and trim, as new complications arose. Her diplomatic papers of the period probably contain secrets as yet unrevealed, but needful still to the impartial integrity of history. She had two ambassadors at Paris, who were compelled to keep up a daily correspondence filled with the gossip from which Mr. Masson gleans but little that has in it anything that looks like a true statesman's wisdom.

We have no itinerary of Milton's journey, but he has given us hints enough to enable us to follow his course. Wotton's letter introduced him to one of the ambassadors at Paris, who probably did him his kindest service in making him known to Grotius, then ambassador from the queen of Sweden to the French king. That great and good man was then engaged in a scheme for the union of the Protestant churches of Sweden, Denmark, Norway, and England, and had sought in vain to enlist Laud in the object. That prelate gave the scheme but a cold notice.

As Milton entered upon the old realms of romance and history, the high dreams of his scholarly youth must have grown into forms of reality to him. Then it was that every hour he had given to faithful study turned into some joy of travel. He was fully prepared to relish and improve the free intercourse which the courtesies of learning then opened between each of her votaries and the companies of educated and refined men, especially in Italy. As Milton has transcribed the names of several of the cultivated persons with whom he was brought into intimate friendship even during his transient stay in Florence, Rome, and Naples, after he had reached the first-

named city, through Nice, Genoa, and Leghorn, Mr. Masson follows up these names with large comments. He gives an account of the innumerable Italian academies, with sketches of their more distinguished members, and their objects and proceedings. During his stay of two months in Florence and Rome, both on his way to Naples and on his return, while careful to study the scenes and antiquities of each city, Milton gave himself up to the enjoyment of the literary and scientific hospitalities so freely offered to him by friends. They exchanged complimentary epigrams of mutual admiration most lavishly with each other, and Milton gave and received his full share. In Rome he found intense delight; for, in spite of the ecclesiasticism which centred there, its multitudes of men of taste and letters prided themselves upon the comities of cosmopolitan liberality and generous patronage. Lukas Holsten, Librarian of the Vatican, took Milton to the treasures under his care, and received from him a grateful tribute. The poet, charmed with the singing of Leonora Baroni, — who is said to have never since been surpassed in her skill and perfection in art, — wrote three epigrams to her in the enthusiasm of his admiration. At Naples he was taken in charge by that cherished patron of art, poetry, and learning, Manso, Marquis of Villa, the friend and biographer of Tasso and Marini. Manso signified to him that he would be glad to add largely to the service and attention which he showed him, but could not, “because I would not be more close in the matter of religion.” This matter of religion was one upon which Milton had determined from the first to follow in his travels this principle, — that he would never introduce his Protestantism among Romanists, but that if they opened the subject he would be undisguised and loyal to his convictions, standing for them in avowal and argument. He held to his principle, and though warned by some English merchants at Naples that the Jesuits at Rome had plotted against him in case he should venture to return that way, he trustfully repeated his visit, and met no harm. His plan of travel had included a visit to Sicily and Greece. We have in his own words the reason which arrested him in his course: “While I was desirous to cross into Sicily and Greece, the sad news of civil war coming from England

called me back ; for I considered it disgraceful that, while my fellow-countrymen were fighting at home for liberty, I should be travelling abroad at ease for intellectual purposes." The alarm proved to be premature, but not essentially false. Turning eastward from Florence, he made a short visit to Venice. Here he availed himself of an opportunity to ship homeward some of the bookish treasures which he had gathered on his way. Among the friendly memorials which he greatly prized, were two richly engraved cups, a gift from Manso. His Italian Sonnets are probably to be referred to this time. Passing through Geneva he enjoyed a brief intercourse with the famous John Diodati, Spanheim, and other eminent Protestants, and reached his native shore after an absence of a year and three months. He brought back with him unstained the purity of morals which he had preserved from youth. We are indebted, as before, to the reckless insinuations of a baffled maligner of Milton, for the avowal drawn forth from his own pen in self-defence: "I again take God to witness, that in all those places where so many things are considered lawful, I lived sound and untouched from all profligacy and vice, having this thought perpetually with me, that, though I might escape the eyes of men, I certainly could not the eyes of God."

With this sentence Professor Masson fitly closes his volume. He has laid in it, deep and solid, the foundations for the superstructure of Milton's true life and activity. To an attentive reader the author's plan of three volumes for the three distinct periods of Milton's career is an actual necessity in the production of his biography. Those three periods are marked and distinguished by his works, and by phases of his character. His writings are coursed by three veins of organic affinity with his stages of development, culture, and public employment. The productions of his early years, until he left college, are freighted with the learning of the young student, and characterized by the solemn introspectiveness of a reserved and high-toned life. The influences of rural repose and serenity have passed into the sweet pastoral pieces wrought out amid the natural loveliness of Horton, and its learned leisure irradiated by musical pastimes. The polemic treatises of his ripe manhood have the sternness and vehemence of a soul aroused

for the vindication of dishonored truths. His last works, the fruits of a broken repose and an anxious seclusion, with some sad retrospects and some bleeding wounds of heart, unite the characteristics of all his previous productions.

ART. VI.—BUNSEN ON CHANNING.

Gott in der Geschichte, oder der Fortschritt des Glaubens an eine sittliche Weltordnung. Von CHRISTIAN CARL JOSIAS BUNSEN. In sechs Büchern. Dritter Theil. Fünftes und sechstes Buch. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1858. *1. 16. 16. 16. 16. 16.*

SINCE the publication of the last number of this journal, we have received the third part, comprising the fifth and sixth books, of Bunsen's *God in History*, of which the first and second parts were duly noticed, as they appeared, in our reviews of current literature. The present volume embraces a survey of the history of Christianity, that is, of the spiritual, intellectual, and ecclesiastical history of the Christian world, as the last illustration of the general theme,—the Consciousness of God in the History of Mankind. This third part completes a work which we do not hesitate to pronounce the most thorough and scientific compend extant of the history of religion and religious ideas. It is more than that,—it is a rich magazine of literary, biographical, and historical facts; but chiefly it is a history of religion. The amazing industry of the author, who within the space of less than two years has found time to achieve a work like this in addition to his *Bibelwerk*,—a stupendous undertaking now in progress,—and other literary and official labors, is a marvel which reminds one more of the literary heroes of other days than of any recent phenomenon in the field of letters. Nor is the industry disproportioned to the erudition and philosophical insight in whose service it has wrought. The work stands there in its completeness, one of the richest contributions which this century has added to the world's treasury of thought and knowledge. A disgrace it will be to the literary character and book-trade, both of Great Britain and the United States, if within

a few years this work does not circulate in both countries in an English dress. The work of translation will be difficult, but ought, with the aid of an enterprising book-merchant, to remunerate the best talent and experience that either country can command for that service.

The sixth and last book of this volume, and of the work, is a summing up of the historical, religious, philosophical, and other results of the whole, with the consequences, scientific, political, pedagogic, &c., to be deduced therefrom. The preceding fifth book, which occupies the larger portion of the volume, has for its main topic, "The God-Consciousness of the Christian Arians." Under this general head, after important introductory matter, occupying nearly fifty pages, the first grand division is, "The God-Consciousness of the persecuted Communion of the Arians and their Prophets." The second is, "The God-Consciousness of the dominant priestly Church and her Prophets." The third is, "The God-Consciousness of the Christian Arians and their Prophets of the Presence of God in History since the Reformation." Of prophets "from the theological stand-point" named by Bunsen under this head, there are five,—Luther, Calvin, Jacob Boehme, Schleiermacher, Channing. To us the canon seems incomplete without the addition at least of Milton and of Swedenborg.

But what especially interests us in this enumeration is the name of Channing. The *Christian Examiner* need offer no apology for inserting here at full length the judgment passed by one of the greatest of living scholars and thinkers on the finest spirit that has ever illustrated its own pages,—the finest that has spoken within the domain of religion to this generation. Simultaneously with the destruction of one monument of the great departed,—the church edifice in which he ministered for so many years with apostolic simplicity and power,—arises this new monument in the writings of a kindred spirit over the seas, the noblest monument yet reared to him, next to his own works. Our readers will understand that Baron Bunsen is no Unitarian, but a member of the Orthodox Lutheran Church; the tribute, therefore, which we now translate into English, is as much a monument to the candor and liberality of the writer, as it is to the shining merits of its subject.

CHANNING.

Channing, the citizen of New England, born 1780, preacher to a Unitarian congregation from 1803 until his death, 1842, is the prophet for the United States of the consciousness of God in humanity. He appeared as clergyman of a Unitarian communion, and declared himself, like Locke and like the great Newton, against the Athanasian conception of the Biblical doctrine of the Father, Son, and Spirit, as unbiblical and contrary to reason. But he was far from substituting an Arian formula of faith in the place of the ecclesiastical one. According to his intuition, dogmatics in general are a very imperfect expression of Biblical truths, and an inadequate representation of the revelation given in the Scripture. Christianity is divine life and the power of the Spirit in human society.* The basis of Christian communion, according to him, is a living and efficient faith, manifesting itself in love to the brethren, and in a life of sacrifice to humanity; it is the filial relation to God, the root of true brotherhood among men. This doctrine he found throughout the Bible, but especially in the writings of the New Covenant, and above all in the Gospels. The Bible to him was the written word of divine revelation, not a dogmatic system, but presupposing religious and moral consciousness. In his endeavors to establish this thought, we must not expect to find in Channing either profound metaphysical speculation, or any remarkable acuteness of historical criticism in his interpretation of the Biblical books. But an almost infallible, sound common-sense, accompanied by the purest moral earnestness, animated with a burning desire for the furtherance of the divine in his own country and in humanity generally, and inspired by self-sacrificing love to his neighbor, is associated in him with a sober historical faith in the word of God contained in the Bible. His great significance, so far as the interpretation of the Bible is concerned, consists therefore in two points. The first is, that while he held fast unconditionally the principle of rational interpretation, he finds in the Scripture that regulative, fundamentally essential

* Literally, in the congregation of mankind.

religious import which the rationalizing Unitarians* could recognize only incidentally and collaterally, and only within the limits of ordinary practical morality. The second is, that with him the great congregation of humanity, with its rational conscience, stands related to the Bible as the judge is related to the statute-book; and this congregation, in his view, is humanity, arranged according to law in families, nations, and states.

Inasmuch as Channing practically exemplified these principles to his own people by popular and fearless speech in word and writing, the significance of this personality for Christians of the English tongue cannot be sufficiently estimated. And hence it has come to pass that the man whom the elder Unitarians in the United States and in England regarded with distrust, whom Calvinists and Methodists abhorred, whom the friends and advocates of slavery feared and hated, even now, a few years after his death, as well on account of his moderation and sobriety as on account of his classical eloquence, which reminds one of the finest of the old models, is honored in all parts of his vast country as a great Christian character and man of the spirit; nay, even as a prophet of the Christian consciousness of the future. Assuredly he is destined to exert an increasing influence on the spiritual, theoretical conception, and the practical, earnest application of Christianity in the United States.†

Channing is an antique man, with a Christian heart; in humanity a Greek, in citizenship a Roman, in Christianity an apostle. It would be a misapprehension to conceive of him as a learned and speculative theologian. Had he been so, he would have known how to unite the ideas of redemption and

* This is true, we think, only of Unitarians of the Belsham and Wakefield type, now no longer extant. — Eds.

† I have had before me in these remarks the thirteenth edition of Channing's Works, Boston and New York, 1854. The reader will find a spirited narrative of the life of this great and good man in the "*Œuvres Sociales de Channing*" (Paris, 1854), by M. Edouard Laboulaye, which was followed, in 1855, by the treatise "*De l'Esclavage*," and, in 1857, by the first part of the "*Traité Religieux*." A genial English lady has given an excellent representation of the man in French (Paris, 1857), with an introduction by Charles de Rémusat. The German translation of his works (in twelve small volumes), by Schulze and *Prediger* Sydow (Berlin, 1851), has deservedly found a generally favorable reception, and has been diffused through many circles.

atonement, and to conceive and represent his Christ as the Redeemer in his divine sublimity and singularity,—a yet unsatisfied want of the Unitarian congregations in England and the United States, and perhaps the cause of their languescence.

Accordingly, we are not to expect from this prophet of the presence of God in humanity a scientific solution of the problem. But the consciousness of that Divine presence radiates from him whenever he touches the actual, not only through his incorruptible love of truth and his moral courage, but also through his God-filled treatment of his theme. Thereto belongs, above all, his conception of religion as a personal concern, and his founding of all education on the consciousness of personal moral accountableness.

His conviction of the necessity of a progressive reformation by demolition of the wall of division between the spiritual and the worldly, by enforcement of the claims of religion, and consequent enhancement of its moral earnestness and import, he expresses eloquently in his remarkable sermon on *Spiritual Freedom*, 1830.*

If such a man, whose way of life in the face of all his fellow-citizens corresponded with the earnestness of his Christian words, and stands there without spot, is not a Christian prophet of the presence of God in humanity, then I know of none. Theologically, his prophetic ground-thought is this,—that communion has no other foundation than the self-consciousness of Jesus and his Gospel, and that intellectual expositions of metaphysical points are neither the only nor the highest symbol of this communion. On the contrary, he would have Christianity hallow and purify all the relations of actual life, and all communal and ecclesiastical institutions aim at that as a God-given goal, regarding equally the claims of the individual and the community. This, it appears to me, is Channing's significance in the world's history.

* Here follow, in the original, copious extracts, in the German translation, from the Sermon above named; from "Remarks on the Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte"; and from "The Duty of the Free States."

ART. VII.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY AND CHURCH HISTORY.

It is an interesting circumstance, that the last elaborate work on theology comes to us from an eminent physician of Paris, and is devoted to vindicate the "emancipation of faith" from theology or philosophy, accepting as the best statement of it the simple reverent ascription of the Lord's Prayer.* "Born in London, of a German father and an English mother," and passing most of his life at the French capital, Dr. Schedel had an outfit of three "mother tongues," as a basis for the remarkable linguistic attainments he seems to have made. Gifted with an eager and intrepid intellect, he rapidly distinguished himself in his profession, learned under the most eminent professors in most of the leading universities of Europe; studied cutaneous disorders (his own specialty) in Paris hospitals, hydropathy at Graefenberg, and intermittent fever in the ill-omened island of Walcheren, leaving works of standard authority upon each; was a restless and adventurous traveller, and at length lost his life in exploring by moonlight, against all warning and without a guide, the treacherous crags of Mount Pilatus. Attracted by the announcement of an English prize for an essay on the origin of theology, and its harmony with science and philosophy, he composed this treatise,—making his singular facility in the tongues the groundwork of studies in "Arabic, Persian, Hebrew," in addition to a confident and clear acquaintance with the more familiar fields of scholarship.

It is needless to say, that in great part his knowledge is non-professional, and adds not much to the information or the arguments already well known to theologians; and that one chief merit of his work is independent outside testimony in behalf of a liberal Christian faith. Still it is more than a mere phenomenon. Even scholars may learn something from the clear and energetic form of statement; and on the common ground of scholarship, there are fields with which the work displays a very remarkable amount of first-hand knowledge. We cannot easily point to a work—certainly one of so positive and high-toned religious character—which shows so clear and comprehensive a judgment of the recent schools of thought represented by such names as Hamilton, Comte, and Stuart Mill; while to many parts of the discussion a peculiar interest is given by the writer's intimate and professional acquaintance with modern physics. The chapters on the development of English speculation, from Bacon to Hume and Reid, and then the relations of it with the great schools of German speculation, occupy nearly the whole of the first volume. A large portion of the second is taken up with an exposition of the remote and dim mythologies of the East, and with a discussion of the several forms of Christian belief. The author's aim is, in great measure, to popularize a large mass of learning and speculation,—to write for the people, rather than for pro-

* *The Emancipation of Faith.* By the late HENRY EDWARD SCHEDEL. 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

fessed metaphysicians and scholars ; and we are not prepared as yet to pronounce on the independent value of his researches.

The work impresses us as that of a singularly energetic, richly stored, and deeply reverent intellect. Its cardinal position is Christianity, as a positive revelation of the Almighty. The threatened despotism of philosophic, or scientific, or socialistic creeds, it considers, would enslave man to his own conceptions, under a yoke far more insupportable than that of theology, since this did at least retain the belief in a God and a Saviour. But no compromise is possible either with the Church of Rome or with Protestant intolerance. The only reliance is on a faith emancipated from all narrow intellectual conditions, "and not only from such, but from human conception altogether,"—consisting in loyalty of the heart to God, leaving thought and life free,—professing no other supernaturalism than the revelation of God's existence, and no other creed than Christ the Word of God.

THE new Dictionary of Theology * which Didot has recently issued, is intended primarily for Catholics and "seculars." It will be found very convenient by Protestants and members of the clerical profession. It condenses a great deal of information, and in a very admirable manner. It is not merely a Biblical Dictionary, but a cyclopædia of the subjects and the terms employed in theological or ecclesiastical investigations. It treats of everything connected with the Church, whether in its customs, its ritual, its dogmas, or its history. Many of the articles, of course, are very short ; but we have found every title that we have looked for, and some that lack full treatment even in the larger cyclopædias. The stand-point of the writer might lead us to suppose that heretics and their affairs would not be correctly judged. An examination of the book, nevertheless, enables us to say, that M. Jacquin is quite as impartial as most compilers in this kind. He confines himself usually to the statement of facts, and rarely obtrudes his individual opinion. We make no objection to the legendary lore with which he enriches many of his articles, but rather regard it as adding to the value of the work. In general, he has availed himself of the most recent discoveries of modern scholars, though in some cases he has been rather too willing to rely upon what are considered by the Church the standard authorities. The articles on Hell, on Faith, and on the Resurrection of the Body, are instances of this imperfect treatment. As an example of M. Jacquin's method, we give his article on "Sacrilège."

"This is an abuse made of things holy or consecrated, by profaning them. Thus there are three kinds of sacrilege, namely, personal, local, and real, because there are three kinds of holy or consecrated things ; viz. *the person*, as, for instance, the clergy in sacred orders ; *the place*, as, for instance, a church, a cemetery, etc. ; and *things dedicated* by the Church for God's worship, as the sacraments, the sacred vessels, vestments of the ministers at the altar, the sacred books, the property of the Church, etc. One is guilty of sacrilege, therefore, 1st, in striking

* Dictionnaire de Théologie, à l'Usage des Gens du Monde. Par M. L'ABBÉ JACQUIN. Paris : Didot. 1858. 12mo. pp. 544.

or outraging by blows an ecclesiastic who is in holy orders, or a monk, or a nun ; 2d, in profaning altars, churches, cemeteries, and other sacred places, that is to say, in doing in them actions contrary to the respect which is due to them, such as homicide, mutilation, larceny ; 3d, in profaning the Holy Scripture, the sacraments, the sacred vessels, the cross, the relics, and the images of saints ; 4th, in employing for profane uses any altar, vestments of priests, or anything which serves for the decoration of altars and churches ; 5th, in seizing or unjustly holding the property of the Church. Although sacrilege, by its nature, is a mortal sin, it may be venial by reason of the slightness of the matter, or by inadvertence."

HENGSTENBERG, of Berlin, the watchdog of modern German orthodoxy, in conversation not long since with an American gentleman, congratulated the church of the United States on the acquisition of Dr. Schaff as a timely spiritual savior. He saw no hope for American theology, degenerated so sadly from the strong faith of the fathers, except in the Mercersburg Seminary. It is possible that great results may come from that Seminary, and from the labors of Dr. Schaff ; but the first instalment of his *History of the Church*, which has recently appeared,* does not raise our expectation, or realize what the prophecy of Hengstenberg might lead us to hope. The merits of the *History*, though real, are superficial ; while the defects are radical. From the tone and theory of this volume it is evident that an impartial history of the Christian Church cannot be expected from the Mercersburg Professor. The merits of the *History* are, an excellent scientific method ; a judicious, if not picturesque, grouping of parts ; fulness of reference, without redundant annotation ; bibliographic prefaces to each division and chapter, giving a list of the writers and works connected with that subject (which list, however, is not always as complete as it ought to be) ; an easy and flowing style, quite remarkable in a work originally written in German, and translated by another hand ; and a spirit of Christian earnestness and enthusiasm. To those who sympathize with the author's theological opinions, the work will appear the most satisfactory, perhaps the most interesting, history of the first three centuries that has appeared in an English dress. Milman's work may be more eloquent and fascinating ; but the arrangement of Dr. Schaff's work will seem more fit, and its material better digested.

We might also commend the purpose of the volume as it is stated in the Preface, were it not that that purpose is not carried out in the subsequent pages. Our praise of the book must stop with its form and structure. We cannot praise it as a faithful and unprejudiced history, whether of doctrines, institutions, monuments, or men. We cannot commend its assumptions, its logic, or its philosophy. It is inconsistent in its arguments ; it is extravagant in many of its statements ; it gives fancies in the place of facts ; and its pictures of the Apostolic Church,

* *History of the Christian Church*. By PHILIP SCHAFF, D. D. From the Birth of Christ to the Reign of Constantine, A.D. 1-311. New York: Charles Scribner. 1859. 8vo. pp. 549.

not less than of the later churches of Alexandria, Carthage, and Rome, are inadequate, not to say inexact. The criticism of documents is not that of broad and free scholarship, but of slavery to a creed. Indeed, the fault of the whole work is that the writer remembers his orthodoxy. His theology guides his pen, and rules his investigations. Where he cannot make the facts in the case sustain his view, he supplies the lack by more confident assumption. This is most striking in his account of the doctrine of the Trinity. He asserts that this doctrine is abundantly taught in the Scriptures; yet admits that the *baptismal formula* and the *Apostolic benediction* are "the clearest statements" of it. Now, whatever may be the implication, there is certainly no clear statement of the doctrine of the Trinity in either of these passages. He goes on to say, that this doctrine "has been looked upon in all ages as the sacred symbol and the fundamental doctrine of the Christian Church." In this assumption he does not hesitate to confound the later Church doctrine with the earlier, and leave it to his readers to infer that what he and his friends mean by the "Trinity" is what the Fathers meant by it. His argument is, that the Trinity *must* have been the Christian doctrine; therefore, it was that doctrine. Yet when Dr. Schaff comes to furnish the proofs that this doctrine of all ages was held in the first three centuries, we find that, according to his admission, *not one* of the men whose writings have come down to us from those centuries held fairly the equality of Christ with the Father, or taught that Christ was God in any but a "subordination" sense. The only passage quoted by him, which teaches absolutely the triad of hypostases — a real personal distinction of the three members of the Godhead — is a fragment of Dionysius of Rome, contained in the writings of Athanasius. Never was there a lamer proof of a more gratuitous assumption.

Equally destitute of proof is Dr. Schaff's assertion, that "the Socinian and rationalistic opinion that the Church doctrine of the Trinity sprang from Platonism and Neo-Platonism, is radically false." He bases this assertion on the fact that the doctrine is Scriptural; therefore, as he says, it cannot be Platonic. Yet he admits in the Hellenic philosophy a "presentiment of a threefold distinction in the divine essence." Though he continually asserts that the doctrines of the Divinity of Christ and of the Holy Ghost were taught from the very beginning as essential, he nevertheless says (p. 284): "As the doctrines of the Divinity of Christ and of the Holy Ghost were but imperfectly developed in logical precision in the ante-Nicene period, the doctrine of the Trinity, founded on them, cannot be expected to be more clear." In fact, all his reasoning on these themes of the Trinity, Christ, and the Holy Ghost, is strangely inconsequential. We could not, however, expect consistency of reasoning from one who says (p. 571), "The Divinity of Christ, and his whole mission as Redeemer, is an article of faith, and, as such, above logical or mathematical demonstration"; or who boldly affirms (p. 83) that, on all the points of the Apostles' Creed, "the Apostles are perfectly unanimous, so far as their writings have come down to us"; or who feels it necessary to qualify his statement (p. 93) that "in contents and form the Bible is thoroughly human," by the parenthetical remark, "*though without error.*"

The tone, too, which Dr. Schaff employs in speaking of the opponents of Christianity, of the rationalist critics, and, indeed, of any who are not willing to presume that the Scriptures are of divine composition, is neither dignified nor just. He says of Celsus, that "his book is, on the whole, a very superficial, loose, and light-minded work, and gives striking proof of the inability of the natural reason to understand the Christian truth. It has no savor of humility, no sense of the corruption of human nature and man's need of redemption; and it could *therefore* not in the slightest degree appreciate the glory of the Redeemer and his work." Yet Dr. Schaff is quite willing to make use of the testimonies of just such men as Celsus when they happen to praise Christ. He sneers at the rationalistic and mythical methods of explaining the Gospels, as "really explaining nothing at all"; and misrepresents them by saying that "they substitute for the super-rational and supernatural miracle, in which they will not believe, an irrational and unnatural wonder; they make the great fact of the universal Christian Church a stream without a source, a house without a foundation, an effect without a cause, a pure absurdity." Such language as this may be fit for a partisan pamphlet, but is out of place in a respectable history. Its weakness is made more pitiful by the succeeding sentence, which parades the testimony of Napoleon to General Bertrand, "in full view of his own unrivalled career of victory and defeat": "I know men," said he, "and I tell you, Christ was not a man."

Dr. Schaff finds "an unanswerable argument for the divinity of Christ" in the fact that such numbers of men have "freely died" for "the name of Jesus." He forgets that the same argument would prove the divinity of Brahma and Buddha, and Baal, and Mahomet. The truth of any faith cannot be proved by the conduct of men in regard to it. Such an argument is a fair specimen of Dr. Schaff's style of generalizing. Other remarkable instances are in his apologies for the Apostles. He admits that they were "not without defect"; but "they were as nearly perfect as it was possible to be in a sinful world." Peter was wrong at Antioch, and was justly reprovved by Paul; "but the fault he committed on that occasion being only one of practice, not of theory, — only a weakness of character, not an error in doctrine, — proves nothing against his inspiration and infallibility." Peter's Epistle is among the Antilegomena; yet "as it contains nothing which Peter might not have written," it may as well be received; — and Dr. Schaff does receive it, and quotes from it to show how Peter became reconciled to Paul. The Epistle to the Hebrews is also doubted as a canonical work; nor does Dr. Schaff venture to say that the weight of critical evidence is in its favor. Yet he makes the strange assertion, that the Epistle stands completely on Pauline ground; that it is a genial product of the Pauline spirit; and that it is so full of unction, and teaches with such authority, that "we cannot be satisfied to ascribe it even to a disciple of Paul, like Luke or Apollos or Clement, without allowing the great Apostle of the Gentiles at least an indirect concern with its contents, though not with its literary form." In all that Dr. Schaff says about the Apostles, there is a positiveness of assertion which is entirely

arbitrary and unwarranted. How does he know that "they *never* exercised their authority in arbitrary and despotic style"? What reason has he for calling the Apostolic Church a "generation of demigods"? He says that "God drew a broad line of demarcation between the century of miracles and the succeeding ages, to show, by the abrupt transition and the striking contrast, the difference between the work of God and the work of man." And yet, in another place, he confesses that it is impossible to define, in the history of the Church, the exact, or even the approximate, time when miracles ceased.

We might extend these instances of Dr. Schaff's loose reasoning; but we have said enough to show that this new History of the Church, readable as it is, is yet narrow, partial, and unsatisfactory.

RECENT GERMAN WORKS.

The following are the German publications of chief interest, of the last half-year.

Heppé's History of Protestantism ends with the fourth volume. It is a work full of new investigations, but somewhat loosely arranged.

Origin and Development of Christian Church Architecture, by *W. Weingärtner*. Leipzig: Weigel. A thorough and finished work, whose aim is to unfold the relation of the ecclesiastical style to that of the ethnic thought.

Keil's Introduction to the Old Testament. (2d edition, first part. The whole to appear in the course of the year.) This second edition is no improvement on the first, and is altogether behind the times.

Mekring's work on the Epistle to the Romans — of which the first volume (Chap. I. — V.) has been published by Nahmer, Stettin — is recommended as a work of philological and critical merit.

Dr. M. Wolff's Philosophy of Philo (2d enlarged edition, Bonnier, Gothenburg) is an admirable introduction to the views of that Jewish philosopher, who, living at the time of Christ, and standing at the head of Jewish speculation, serves in various ways to make us acquainted with the background of apostolic, and especially of Pauline views.

Teubner's last volume contains the *Deipnosophistæ* of Athenæus, edited by *Meineke*, the veteran and masterly critic. We shall probably have before long the Aristotle of *Bonitz* in the same collection.

Ernst Curtius's Greek History, of which Weidmann in Berlin has published the first volume of the 2d edition, is distinguished alike by its erudition and its manner of presenting the subject, and well deserves an English translation, since Grote's work is by no means up to the latest investigations in Hellenic antiquities.

Richry, author of a book on Deuteronomy (denying its Mosaic authorship), has published a work on the doctrine of the Epistle to the Hebrews, which throws much light on that Epistle, especially from Old Testament sources.

Another work on Romans by *Theodore Schott* of Erlangen, although essentially opposed to Baur, yet vindicates that critic against his assailants.

Joel of Berlin has published the first number of a Psychological Dictionary, alphabetically arranged.

Microcosmos. Ideas towards a Natural History of Humanity; or, Attempt at an Anthropology. By *Hermann Lotze*. Vol. I. Body, Soul, Life. Vol. II. Man, Spirit, the World. The able and genial author, writing from the stand-point of Herbart's philosophy, has brought together under this title the results of his abundant studies, with a charm of manner and a masterly handling peculiar to himself. He opposes the prevailing materialism of the day.

Fischer's Essay on the History of the Reformation in Poland. The best that has yet been written on the subject.

Störm's History of Philosophy in the Time of the Fathers, with special reference to the speculative Anthropology of that Age. A useful work on the Roman Catholic side.

L. Häusser's German History, from the death of Frederic II. to the formation of the German League. 2d edition, amended and enlarged. Weidmann, Berlin. One of the best and most thorough of German historical works, uniting liberality with sobriety of opinion. A book of permanent value.

The seventh edition of *Tischendorf's* New Testament appears in two forms, — a larger for the purposes of scientific exegesis, and a smaller and cheaper for common use.

Pestalozzi's Heinrich Bellinger, in the collection of Biographies of Reformers introduced by Hagenbach, is much recommended.

The second volume of *Diaconus Feuerlein's* Philosophical Ethics embraces the modern civilized nations. A useful and laborious work, in the spirit of the Hegelians.

An Atlas for the History of the Old Testament, with six excellent maps, by *F. H. Kurz*. Berlin: Wohlgemuth.

Steinthal's Treatise on the Origin of Language, a work of great pretension, appears at the same time with the fourth edition of that of *Jacob Grimm*.

A. Planck's "Schelling's Posthumous Works and their Philosophical Significance," is little more than a *résumé* of the recent volumes of Schelling.

The "Christian Philosophy" of *Heinrich Ritter*, author of the History of Philosophy, (Göttingen, Dietrich,) is brought down to Raimond of Sebonde. A work distinguished by clear statement and noble views. An excellent book to translate into English.

Julian Schmidt's History of German Literature since Lessing's Death, is much improved in thoroughness and accuracy in the present fourth edition, of which the first two numbers have now appeared. The vivacious manner of exhibiting men and things in this work has secured to it a permanent interest.

Modern German Literature, in its Ethical and Religious Aspects, by *Gelzer*, (Part I., 8d edition, Leipzig, Hirzel,) supplies by its delicate Christian sense a defect of the foregoing.

Rückert's Text-Book of Universal History, organically represented. Vol. I. No. 1. (To consist of two volumes.) A colorless exhibition, difficult to follow, but crowded with matter.

History of the Primeval World (*Urwelt*), by *Andreas Wagner*,

Professor of Zoölogy in Munich. 2d enlarged edition. The second part treats especially of Races. The author advocates the Mosaic account of creation, and the unity of the human race.

Meyer, the well-known commentator, has put forth another edition of his "Romans," and has in press a commentary on the Apocalypse.

By *Marx*, an admirable biography of Beethoven.

Karl Köstlin has published from posthumous papers *Schwegler's* History of Greek Philosophy, — a work not to be compared, in thoroughness, with that of *Zeller*, of the second edition of which the second volume has just appeared, containing Socrates, the Socratics, Plato, and the elder Academics. Greatly enlarged from the first edition.

"Das Heilige Köln," by *Bork*, is the first number of a splendid work, descriptive of the treasures of mediæval art in the churches and sacristies of Cologne.

Ezekiel's Vision of the Temple, by *Balmer Rineck*, with five plates and a chart, is valuable for its architectonic illustrations.

Paul de Lagorde is editing the works of Hippolytus, concerning whom we have recently heard so much in connection with the recent discovery of the Philosophoumena.

Pott, who stands next to Bopp as a comparative linguist, has begun a new edition of his Etymological Investigations, by which he became famous a quarter of a century ago. The first volume (pp. 858) treats of the prepositions alone of the Indo-Germanic languages.

The third volume of *Hefele's* History of Councils brings us to the time of Charlemagne. With great learning and sagacity, the author occasionally betrays a partiality in the interest of Romanism, which leads to inaccuracy, if not distortion.

Fr. Ochler, the editor of Tertullian, has given us at length the first part of his edition of Epiphanius (pp. 717), — Greek with Latin translation. Not a mere reprint, but variously emended.

Laemmer, a theological "Privatdocent" in Berlin, author of a work much praised, — "The Ante-Tridentine Catholic Theology," — has recently gone over to the Roman Church, — an event which would have made a great sensation, but that fortunately the public mind in Prussia is preoccupied with the ministerial crisis.

By *H. Ewald*, a work on the Origin, Contents, &c. of the Sibylline Books (Göttingen, 1858). The best that has yet been said respecting this collection, which carries us back to the Essenes before Christ, and exhibits points of contact between Essenism and Christianity.

Schneider's Compendium of the Ancient Church History, Part I. including the first three centuries, (Berlin, W. Schultz, 1859,) on account of its availability as a work for beginners, is likely to be translated, and to circulate widely. The writer, a follower of Neander, has diligently investigated original sources, without needlessly thrusting them before the reader.

An Essay by *F. C. Baur*, on the Tübingen School and its Opponents, — treating in particular the question of the genuineness of John's Gospel, and defending the author's views against his later critics, will excite the curiosity of all interested in the history of recent criticism. (Tübingen. Fues. pp. 168.)

J. H. Allen SCIENCE.

SOME of the ablest thinkers and writers of the recent English school are hardly known by name to the general public. We remember, rather dimly, perhaps, some vein of bold speculation, some striking scientific essay or generalization, some far-reaching hint or half-developed fragment of a truth that sheds a singular side-light on the chaos of common things: then presently our memory is refreshed, and we recognize the clear, accomplished intellect, when a goodly volume gathers up the fragments, and a new name is added to our catalogue of authors. Several papers in the "Leader" had struck us in this way, as well as in the "Westminster," "National," and other organs of free English thought; and now some of the more striking are gathered under the name of Herbert Spencer,* — a name new to many this side the Atlantic, but for some time recognized in England as "by far the most able recent writer of his school." His more elaborate works, on "Social Statics," and "The Principles of Psychology," demand a full review rather than a passing reference; — a service which we hope some day to render to our readers. Meanwhile, we recognize among the contents of this volume some of the most suggestive and valuable papers of recent British journalism. The essay on "Progress, its Law and Cause," we have before noticed. That on "Transcendental Physiology" appeared in the "National Review," under the title of "The Ultimate Laws of Physiology." It is perhaps the most striking and valuable in the volume. In "The Haythorne Papers," (collected here from the columns of the "Leader,") are some of the more popular illustrations of the writer's subtle and generalizing habit of thought, — for example, those on music as a natural language, and on the development hypothesis. The merit of this class of thinkers is in the ample and rich illustrations they bring to bear on the wider truths of science, and the interpretation, often extremely curious and suggestive, which they put upon ordinary neglected facts. Their fault or danger is a hard, excessively intellectual, somewhat dry and materialistic way of regarding the phenomena of human life, passion, will, and history. The volume of Mr. Spencer's is in the same class with "The Senses and the Intellect" of Alexander Bain, — a work to which we have already briefly called attention, and which eminently deserves the careful study of every one who is himself either a learner or a teacher in that field. The exhaustive analysis, the bold, clear, sagacious application of the principles and methods of science to human life, the masterly grasp of the principles and details in the order of thought they handle, give to this school of thinkers a unique and a very high position in the history and development of opinion.

MR. WELLS's annual report of science † is equally interesting to

* Essays: Scientific, Political, and Speculative. By HERBERT SPENCER. Reprinted chiefly from the Quarterly Reviews. London: Longman. 8vo. pp. 435.

† Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1859. Edited by DAVID A. WELLS. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

the philosopher and to the mere hunter after facts. It combines very judiciously with the progress of discovery and invention a pretty full account of what has been said and thought among men of science. It keeps us posted in the higher generalizations and the course of more refined speculation in this province, as well as its ever-shifting and strange phenomena; and so sums up for us the contribution which physics yearly make to metaphysics. Coleridge once attended a course of chemical lectures so as "to lay in a new stock of metaphors." And we think it part of a philosopher's or theologian's duty to avail himself of the fertile suggestions and the intellectual help furnished by the extraordinary progress of knowledge in this direction.

The address of Professor Owen is a capital example of what we mean; and few can read it carefully without a fresh sense of the great revolution in human thought, silently prepared by the last century of speculation and discovery. This, as well as Lord Brougham's *Discourse on Sir Isaac Newton*, and Faraday's on *Science as a branch of education*, are valuable features of the present volume.

Some of the facts here shown are as beautiful to the imagination as they are magnificent in the scale on which they are displayed. Thus (p. 23), independent series of observations have disclosed a coincidence as unexpected as it is striking between the "magnetic storms" that so perplex our observations, and the recurrence of the solar spots, — following together, it appears, a cycle of about eleven years. For a multitude of facts, of the highest interest to the thinker as well as the practical man, we should not know where else to look; and we commend the editor's judgment in including, besides his registry of these, several examples — such as those respecting the light of comets (p. 386) and the secretion of the parotid glands (p. 356) — of what are as yet only hypotheses or hints, but which show the course inquiry is to take. Some of our chronologists may be a little startled at the argument (p. 35) that communities of men existed in Egypt about 13,400 years ago, — a date curiously corresponding, by the way, with the 11,340 years which the Egyptian priests twenty-two centuries ago assured Herodotus had passed, in their recorded generations of men (Herod., Book II. ch. 142). Among the more remarkable things here recorded, are the progress of the tunnel, more than eight miles long (p. 60), that is to connect France with Piedmont, — an alliance faster and deeper than that which now embroils the politics of Europe; the application of the gyroscope to secure steady observations on shipboard (p. 171); the artificial production of the aroma of wine, and delicate fruit-flavors, and precious gems (pp. 208, 211, 239); the actual success, on a large scale, of the Bessemer process for forging steel (p. 224); the autographic telegraph (p. 114); the production of gorgeous dyes from coal-tar and guano (p. 233); the fabrication of ships of steel, together with that uncouth curiosity, the "Winans steamship" (p. 48); and the enormous bomb-shells of more than a ton's weight (p. 85), to be thrown from thirty-six-inch mortars, showing immense economy in the destruction of the strongest fortresses! It is shown, by an elaborate argument, that Mr. Ruskin was quite within bounds when he said that Turner's hand was true within the thou-

sandth of an inch (p. 195); and while we are upon the infinitesimals, we may mention the Waltham factory of watches, where certain parts of the mechanism are registered and classed by a scale of ten-thousandths of an inch (p. 65). We learn that the Romans were nearer right than we in the shape of those thin bricks which we crumble in our fingers among the ruins of the Colosseum. The calculations of this same busy year, it seems, have brought us some nine million miles nearer the sun than we supposed ourselves (p. 393); and the somewhat appalling question is raised (p. 295), whether the waters of the earth are not drying up, so that the period is visibly approaching when there shall be no more sea. We had noted many other facts from this curious storehouse; but this miscellany will give at least a hint of the quality and variety of them, and the nature of the service rendered in so faithful and skilful a gathering of them.

MR. RUNKLE'S *Mathematical Monthly** has reached the seventh month of its existence, and may be considered an established fact in our periodical literature. We chanced recently to see an extended and very flattering notice of Mr. Runkle's labors in a French journal of similar character, and a phrase used by the Parisian reminded us of our duty as editors of a religious journal. The Frenchman expresses the wish that the *Mathematical Monthly* may long continue to be a "preacher of holy doctrine." The wish thus uttered is, under Mr. Runkle's editorship, likely to be fulfilled. Perhaps the most prominent feature in the journal is its devotion to the cause of education, the assistance which it gives to its readers in guiding themselves, or children under their charge, to a knowledge of mathematical ideas, — the true types upon which the material universe is formed. As theology is simply the highest aspect of all science, there is a light in which the mathematics are definitely and emphatically theological. The April number of the *Monthly*, for example, contains an absolute demonstration of the wisdom of God displayed in the forms of the vegetable world. Faith does not need such a demonstration, because the point thus proved is one of the axioms of faith. But taking men as they are, leaning for the most part more upon the understanding than upon the reason, such illustrations of our power to perceive the harmony and perfection of the Divine plan add greatly to their vividness of faith, and to the clearness and intensity of their spiritual life. Mr. Runkle's journal is not only appreciated on the other side of the Atlantic, but has a wide circulation here. It was in its pages that the popular account of Donati's Comet, by George P. Bond, Director of the Observatory at Harvard College, first appeared, beautifully illustrated by wood-cuts and engravings. The lesson which that wonder of the northwestern sky gave to all beholders is in these pages of Mr. Bond pleasantly recalled; and, with our contemporary at Paris, we would say, long and widely may the lesson be taught.

* The *Mathematical Monthly*. Edited by J. D. RUNKLE, A. M., A. A. S. Nos. I. — VII. October, 1858, to April, 1859. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 4to. pp. 264.

Holland
GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

Few of those who admire Mr. Bryant as a poet do justice to his capacity as a writer of graceful, expressive, classical prose, pure from all those perversions to which daily journalists are exposed, and free from any poetical extravagances. His "Letters of a Traveller" * are models of their kind; many of them the solaces of solitude and the pastime of unoccupied hours, they have all the freshness of new experiences and the variety of constant motion. As only one letter is given to Holland, one to Switzerland, one to Algiers, one to Rome, the admirable plan is pursued of saying nothing when there is nothing special to say, and of relating what is worthy of report in as concise form as possible. The body of the book is a leisurely journey through Spain, giving a lifelike picture of the leading towns, from San Sebastian to Malaga, and enriching our Saints' Calendar with this history of a Spanish philanthropist: —

"I saw at Alicante what interested me more than almost anything else which I met with in Spain, the monument of a man more remarkable for active and disinterested beneficence, Don Trino Gonzalez de Quijano, who was governor of the province while the cholera was carrying off its thousands, from the 22d of August, 1852, to the 16th of September of the same year. Immediately upon his arrival at Alicante, he entered actively upon the work of mercy, superintending in person every measure adopted for the relief of the sick and their families, attending at their bedsides, administering the prescribed medicines, providing for the necessitous out of his private fortune, and, when that was exhausted, dispensing the contributions of those incited to generosity by his generous example. As the circle of the pestilence extended, he passed from one town to another, sometimes in the night, sometimes in the midst of tempests, carrying wherever he went succor and consolation. When his friends expressed fear lest his humane labors might cost him his life, 'It is very likely,' said he, 'but my duty is plain, and if I can check the cholera by laying down my life, I shall do it very cheerfully.' He was attacked at length by the distemper; but not till he had the satisfaction of seeing its violence greatly abated. 'Do not call in the physicians,' were his last words, 'it will create a panic and make new victims; let it not be known, if you can help it, that I died of the cholera.'"

Two statements of Mr. Bryant surprised us, that the monastic orders are extinct in Spain, where once they were the most numerous; and that piracy is still frequent along its ancient haunts in the Mediterranean. The volume closes with that tribute to the lamented Miss Waterston, so eloquent in its truth, its simplicity, and its feeling, which, besides comforting those who are so sorely bereaved, may save many other lives exposed to the same perils at treacherous Naples.

THE constant republication of the works of Henry Beyle † shows that there is a French public which prefers severe sobriety of taste to the glittering epigrams and high-colored pictures which mark the present

* Letters of a Traveller. Second Series. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. New York: Appleton & Co. 1859.

† De STENDHAL (HENRY BEYLE). Promenades dans Rome. 2^{me} Série. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1858. 18mo. pp. 379.

style of French romance. Beyle, though he has written one of the most remarkable novels of this century, "The Chartreuse of Parma," is nevertheless, a sober and thoughtful writer, and restrains rather than gives way to his imagination. His "Promenades in Rome," originally published in 1829, still remains the most perfect guide-book to all that is worth seeing in that city. It is the work of a scholar, a critic, a liberal mind, and a man of genius. Sometimes a quiet humor breaks out, but the prevailing tone is that of grave, wise, and candid truthfulness. The edition which Lévy has recently issued is greatly improved from that of thirty years ago. Much of the matter is altogether new. We advise any one who would make acquaintance with the soul and life, not less than with the body and form of the Eternal City, to get this book. The only objection to it is its somewhat loose arrangement of topics, and the want of method in its descriptions.

UNDER the playful nickname of "Foreign Devil,"* Dr. Wood has given a homespun, matter-of-fact statement of Mr. Harris's mission to Siam and Japan, of the English struggle with the Chinese, and of the crying sins of our United States naval service. He does not add anything to what we already knew, his opportunity of intercourse was limited to the shore, his style has no peculiar attractiveness, his pages are not popularized by wood-cuts and engravings; still, Fankwei is a sensible, reliable, critical narrative; its testimony to the excellent impression made by the elevated lives of the Siamese missionaries, notwithstanding their small success in making converts, is deserved and valuable; his statement of the horrible exposure of dead bodies in the same kingdom is sufficient proof of its inherent barbarism; his exposure of the degrading influences exerted by many of the regulations of our service upon both officers and men, deserves general attention, and demands further reform. We would refer the reader to the twenty-second chapter, entitled "Hong Kong."

FEW names in the literature of missions are better known than that of the author of "Polynesian Researches." A large and handsome volume on Madagascar† — that great island, "larger than Great Britain and Ireland together," so commanding in its place on the map, and so obscurely known to most of us — raises more curiosity than an ordinary book of travels, — curiosity, we are bound to say, not quite fully gratified. In the times of "Paul and Virginia," the impression seems to have been that that island was quite impregnable to European races, by reason of incessant putrid fevers. But the self-sacrifice of missions will penetrate where the self-interest of commerce dare not. In spite of a climate once thought deadly, and a barbarous despotism, and the persecutions of thirty years ago, when martyrs were burnt alive or dashed in pieces for their Christian faith, we hear a favorable report of

* Fankwei; or the San Jacinto in the Seas of India, China, and Japan. By WILLIAM M. WOOD, M.D., U.S.N. New York: Harpers and Brothers. 1859.

† Three Visits to Madagascar, during the Years 1853, '54, '56. By Rev. WILLIAM ELLIS. New York: Harper and Brothers.

progress in arts and civilization,—the abolition of the slave-trade, the study and development of the native tongues, and a thirst for knowledge among the poor barbarians, that is fast throwing down all barriers, and introducing the “Madawesy” among the family of nations. Some representations of the native arts, as the smelting of iron in their rude, imperfect way (p. 294), are very curious. So also are some incidental notices of the language, the cattle-trade, the chase of wild cattle, the venom of snakes and its antidote, the agriculture and fruit-raising, the bounties of the forest, and the temper and manners of the people in presence of their European guests. So too the striking picture of Mauritius, in Chap. III.,—its missions and trade, and the story of the cholera there, setting at naught all hygienic rules. But the volume is too bulky for its matter. A very large part of it is detailed and weary journalizing. And we crave the clear sketch or the living picture of the land and people, which might easily have been given in less than half the space.

E. H. B.

A FRENCH book about America may always be expected to be amusing. Parisian wit finds an ample field for its sallies and its extravagances in the roughness, the grotesqueness, and the various freedoms of American life. The last specimen of this Parisian criticism upon American manners and affairs which has come under our notice, is the work of M. Oscar Commettant.* It is in fairness, in good sense, and in acuteness of observation, a great improvement upon the very amusing, but very absurd, book of Madame Manoël de Grandfort, published a year or two since. The topics of the two volumes are the same in many particulars. M. Commettant has a keen eye for the ludicrous side of American society, and lets no chance slip of raising a laugh at our expense. We cannot learn from the book that he travelled very far. His sketches are illustrated chiefly by what he saw in New York and its environs, or what he read in the journals of that city. The table of contents has a dignified show, and suggests a philosophical treatise, as solid as that of De Tocqueville; but, in reality, the book ought rather to be ranked with the “Yellow-Plush Correspondence,” or the “Pickwick Papers.” Its humor is of the richest kind, and its wise, and on the whole fair strictures, are enveloped in an atmosphere of the most radiant fun. The *Foreigner in America*, *Business*, *Amusements*, *The Spirit of Liberty*, *Humbug*, *The Fine Arts*, *Mechanics and Machines*, *Navigation*, *Religions*, *Associations*, *Journals*, *Medicine*, *The Fourth of July*, *Comfort*, *Public Education*, *Balls*, *Christmas*, *New-Year's Day* and *Valentine's*, *Thieves and Villains*, and *The Physiognomy of the Southern States*,—these grave headings introduce a series of comic criticisms quite worthy of Dickens. The satire is impartially distributed, and nothing escapes; but the praise is hearty. Of course, there are a good many mistakes, and M. Commettant's imagination has invented some of his most remarkable facts. A great allowance in this

* OSCAR COMMETTANT. *Trois Ans aux États-Unis, Étude des Mœurs et Coutumes Américaines*. Paris: Pagnerre. 1858. 12mo. pp. 392.

direction may be made to a musical enthusiast, which we infer M. Commettant to be, from the allusions in his book. He tells a story of a young man who became a proselyte to the Catholic Church, in order to have the right to play cards after twelve o'clock on Saturday night, — Puritanism not permitting that; — says that the Boston ladies cover the legs of their pianos, out of *extreme modesty*; — suggests that the fine views which the dead get at "Greenwood" may be a reason for the location of that cemetery; — calls the Methodists the coldest and most monotonous of all the Puritan sects, likening their chapels to a family vault, the worshippers to embalmed corpses, and the music to the most dreadful of penances; — states that the Quakers throw themselves flat on the floor before preaching, getting in that posture a more perfect illumination of the Holy Spirit; — gives an instance, which we venture to call wholly apocryphal, of a very popular and estimable gentleman whom he knew at New York "perfectly well," who was successively a Lutheran minister, an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, and finally a Catholic priest. "What is very singular," he adds of this last case, "is, that this estimable prelate, whose address is fascinating and full of unction, was fortunate enough, in his last conversion, to convert at the same time all his hearers. On one Sunday, he officiated as Presbyterian minister in the church, which was his personal property; and the next Sunday, in that same church, he said mass in the midst of his flock, who, like himself, have turned Catholic, rather than give up so charming a preacher."

M. Commettant is not usually inclined to understate the sins of the Americans, but in some cases his judgment may be regarded as too favorable. It may console us for the insult, that "our religious customs are only the double mask of hypocrisy and speculation," to learn that "slander and calumny are quite unknown among our people." Our lack in high art is compensated by our eminence in practical mechanics, in useful inventions, and in skilful engraving, which M. Commettant cheerfully recognizes. He knows of only one American sculptor, M. *Powers*, whose Greek Slave is "a poetical inspiration worthy of the great masters," — and only *two* galleries of paintings in New York, one of these in the house of the French Consul. Yet he is amazed at the beauty of design on the bank-bills and the advertising cards. We should be glad to render into equivalent verse the translation of his catalogue of American religious sects, which we append to this notice.

"Must we visit this crowd of churches, — which everybody builds, white, red, or gray; — Moravian, Universal, Jew, Presbyterian; — Reformed Protestant, Quaker, Lutheran; — Unitarian and Mormon, Roman and Methodist; — Baptist, Episcopal, Congregationalist; — Millerite, Shaker, and Swedenborgian; — Calvinist, Dunker, and Bachelorian; — Baptists liberal, and Baptists peaceable; — Baptists repentants, Free Christians, and Glassists; — Baptists separate, Baptists strict; — Baptists Puritan, Baptists populous; — Scotch Baptists, Baptists of glory; — Christians rebaptized, priests of victory; — Iron-armed Baptists, German Reformed; — Seventh-day Baptists, Wologans, Anglicans; — Brothers of Unity, Dalsites, Campbellites; — Disciples of Rongé, Seeklers, and Baldalites; — Jumpers, Walkers, Shakers, and Scandomanians;

— New Connexists, Ancient Romanians, Blue and Black Baptists, Primitive Inghanites; — Brothers of Exile, Agapemonites; — Grand Brothers of Plymouth, Muggletonians; — New Illuminati, and New Socinians; — Huntingonians joined by the Red Cross; — Grand Whifoldites, the Moss-covered Fry; — Northern Barrens, Southern Fruitfuls; — Talkers, Mutes, and Ramanodi.*

61. 76. 13.

FICTION.

WE had supposed that the height of impudence was reached by that burlesque of the New Testament history entitled "The Prince of the House of David," of which a new edition, containing the correction of fifteen hundred errors, is just announced. But the absurdity of that production is fairly matched by the travesty of the Book of Exodus, which the same writer has now added to his long list of blazing fictions.* Mr. Ingraham naively declares that his purpose in these works is to call attention to the Scriptures. He is afraid that the Bible is not read as much as it ought to be; and a profound sense of duty requires him, therefore, to apply his extraordinary inventive genius to the rescue of this neglected book. He has kindly supplied the defects of the sacred writer, has adapted the story of Moses to the tastes of a novel-reading generation, and has given to the annals of the Hebrew age the appropriate dress of the nineteenth century. In a curious Appendix, which seems to be the companion joke to the Preface, he observes that he does not write "for scholars or men learned in Egyptian lore"; — an observation which a perusal of the book renders quite unnecessary. He remarks, moreover, that "he will be grateful to any judicious and respectable scholar, who will kindly point out errors, — proving them to be such." The reception which his former rigmarole met with at the hands of scholars evidently forewarned him of the fate of the present volume.

A book like this would be beneath the notice of any respectable critic, were it not that the puffery of newspapers and its quasi-religious character will probably give it so wide a circulation. It will, we doubt not, like "The Prince of the House of David," find admission into thousands of Sunday Schools, just as "Lafitte" and its company of piratical romances found their way into all the circulating libraries. It is strange that no publisher of a weekly flash paper has engaged Ingraham to conduct a "religious department" in his columns. We can allow space in this notice only for a few choice bits, which may show the quality of the book as a Scriptural tale. We leave aside altogether the question of Egyptian chronology, merely remarking that it is a pity that the writer has not made better use of the learned works which he professes to have "consulted."

The book is in three parts. The first part contains twenty-five letters, purporting to be written by Prince Sesostris from Egypt to his family in Tyre; the second, a series of seven letters of Remeses-Moses, and his brother Aaron; and the third, after an interval of forty-six years, a series of twelve letters from Remeses of Damascus to his father, Sesostris. These letters purport to relate the whole life of Moses, from

* The Pillar of Fire, or Israel in Bondage. By Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM. New York: Putney and Russell. 1859. 12mo. pp. 600.

his birth to the giving of the Law from Sinai. They certainly do add most marvellous things to the account in Exodus. Not only every foolish fable that legend has added to the history of Moses, (such, for instance, as the story of his expedition to Ethiopia,) is used and embellished, but the fancy of the author promptly responds to his need of something original. *Moses* (for so he says the Hebrews pronounced the name "Moshéh"!) is brought up as the heir to the Egyptian throne, under the name of "Remeses"; and we have a dazzling description of the brilliancy of his prospects, of his wonderful genius and his rare physical gifts. Mr. Ingraham is a master in drawing features as well as costumes, and we learn the color of the eyes and hair and beards, and particularly the shape of the noses, of all his characters. Most of the individuals in this volume have noses either "strongly" or "slightly" *aquiline*, or "aquiline" (for he spells this word, as many others, in two ways). The interviews of Moses with his supposed mother, Amense, the daughter of Pharaoh, are extremely affecting, and that portion of his history which supplements the Scripture is wrought up in the highest style. We are constrained to say, however, that the Moses of Mr. Ingraham differs from the Moses of the Exodus far more widely than does the statue of Michel Angelo. Not all the assistance which Stephen and the writer to the Hebrews add to the Old Testament account can warrant this new story of Moses's life in the house of Amense, or of his marine adventure, or of the number of children that he lost in Midian.

And the same remark will apply to the other Scripture characters which are forced into the story. The "venerable Prince Job of Uz" makes journeys which are not mentioned in the Biblical poem, though they may be contained in that copy of his life by Remeses-Moses, written and rewritten, which Mr. Ingraham seems to have used. "Prince Noah's" tomb in the great Pyramid, as related by the fair Osiria, is strangely omitted from the account of that patriarch in Genesis. About "Prince Alvam" and "Prince Joseph" many curious details are given, for which we look in vain in the Hebrew chronicle. We learn (p. 458) the process by which Lot's wife was transformed. Remeses saw, on the shore of the "Lake of Bitumen," "that extraordinary statue of an incrustated woman, on whom the shower of salt fell until it had encased her alive and transfixed her to the spot, as if hewn from a column of salt." Aaron's wife (p. 507) is called the "*daughter*" of Naason! Job's youngest daughter, "Keren-happuch," gets a husband in the land of Midian in a very pleasing and satisfactory manner. The Egyptian name which Mr. Ingraham gives to Joseph, "Hermes," is easier to pronounce, but less justified by history, than the name of Zaphnath-Paneah; nor is there Scripture authority for the statement, that on the day after the darkness the priests "waved incense to Osiris-Moses under the name of Musæ-usiris." Indeed, Mr. Ingraham's liberties with names are unaccountable. "Isis" is usually supposed to be feminine, but he has to change it into *Isia*. Luxora and Osiria are names which we venture to think will not be found on any cartouch of obelisk or temple, as they are certainly not found in Smith's Dictionary.

The Scripture account says nothing of "the sort of sarcophagus on wheels, drawn by twelve oxen," and shadowed by the Shekinah, which contained the body of Joseph, and was carried in front of the Israelite host in their exodus. If Mr. Ingraham had read carefully the work of Dr. Hawks, which he cites as one of his authorities, he would not have ventured to put Joseph's body into a sarcophagus of such extraordinary weight. The Hebrew word "*aron*" means a *coffin of wood*. In the plagues, too, which came upon Egypt, Mr. Ingraham is not content with reasonable miracle, but he loads on epithets which not only nullify the sense of the Hebrew text, but inflate the events themselves into the most preposterous monstrosities. He represents the fountains as "spouting blood"; tells how "scalding rain" fell in the great hail-storm; and describes the "darkness" which came upon Egypt as so intense and total, that not only none but Hebrews miraculously guided could make their way through it, but even *fire would not burn*. He fails to show how life could be supported for three days in an atmosphere which would not permit combustion. Physiology, however, is of as little importance as history or common sense to one who aims to illustrate the glory of God by sensation novels.

Mr. Ingraham's peculiar faculty of contradicting his own statements is shown in his dreadfully grand picture of the Red Sea crossing. When the Israelites crossed (p. 586), the bed of the sea was *hard and dry sand*, smooth as the paved avenue from Memphis to the Pyramids. Two pages farther on, when Pharaoh's hosts were in the watery defile, between those walls of "congealed" water, hewn "as if from marble," "their chariot-wheels sunk in the *deep clay* which the wagons of the Hebrews had cut up, and came off"! In the bewildering chaos of his superlatives, the contradictions in his descriptions of buildings, banquets, and religious rites will not be so readily noted. It is quite evident that Mr. Ingraham knows nothing of the monuments of Egypt by personal inspection. The anachronisms to which he seems to plead guilty, claiming a right to them for purposes of his art, are by no means the worst mistakes in his pictures of Egypt under the Pharaohs.

We may grant to the author's pathetic request the right to use later names and terms to describe the men and places and things which existed before these names were invented, — when no other terms can make the meaning clear. We may even allow Sesostris to have in his chamber "a bureau covered with hieroglyphics," and Prince Moeris to give a "toast" at an Egyptian dinner-party. With more reluctance we can suffer the hail-storm to be called a "*chamsin* of heaven, such as earth never before felt upon her bosom." But this license may go too far. It will not do to say that the Egyptian cavalry "*trotted* past in splendid array," or that granite is finished and decorated with the "pencil," or to call Joppa "Jaffa." A correct use of terms, too, may be considered desirable. Mr. Ingraham uses *dromos* as if it were plural. On page forty-six he speaks of "another *dromo*." The rules of good rhetoric are violated all through the volume; but on page 204 we find a paragraph which, in its disregard of grammar, would vex the shade of Lindley Murray. On page 142 it is mentioned that the ruins of Jacob's house in Goshen are "visible a little *ways* off to the east."

These are but a few specimens of this delectable attempt to adapt Scripture to the public taste. The praiseworthy task is not yet, it is said to say, complete. One more volume of equal size, which shall "do up" the reigns of David and Solomon, is promised, to finish this glorious trinity of Ingraham's Hebrew heroes. We do not see, however, that so insipid a writer can honorably stop there. Why will he not take pity on a benighted world, and reveal the facts of the antediluvian times, supply the narrative of Genesis, tell us the form of Eve's bureau, the shape of Adam's nose, and the stature of Elohim, walking in the garden in the cool of the day? We do not despair of a respectable Paradise, while such a seer as the Rector of Christ's Church, Holly Springs, Miss., can look it into shape and adapt it to the wants of the American public. No writer is more suitable to give a correct likeness of the old serpent, and his experience in dealing with assassins and bloody crimes will enable him to do full justice to the affair of Cain and Abel. We would suggest that, after David and Solomon are finished, Adam and his family come in to complete the square.

THE English school system differs utterly, we suppose, from anything ever known elsewhere upon earth, — so picturesque in its lights and shadows, — such a paradox and puzzle to our judgment, — such contrasts of manly honor with brutal tyranny or brutal vice, of the most degrading modes of discipline with the most impatient sense of dignity and independence. Such knowledge as we, at a distance, can get of it, almost consists of a series of pictures, — some of them mere caricatures in outline, mere blotches in shade and color, — some drawn with vigorous and skilful touches, and tempered with the tenderest Christian conscience and human sympathy. From "Nicholas Nickleby" to "Eric" or "Tom Brown" there is a wide interval indeed, — an interval marked by the public appreciation and honor of Thomas Arnold. The two small volumes whose titles we register below* are fruits of the religious thoughtfulness which is passing judgment on institutions and methods, that went too long unchallenged. The first, the "Foster Brothers," attempts to be a review or exhibition of all grades of a customary English education, — from the charity or dame-school up to the University and the Military College, — along with a running comment of the relation between the aristocratic and plebeian classes. It is excellent in tone and purpose, and skilful enough in execution. But on the whole, and allowing for some points of considerable skill and beauty, it fails by grasping at too much. It does not linger long enough on a scene, or a group, to warm it into life. It becomes a sort of satire in disguise, — a "Tirocinium or Review of Schools," under the cloak of personal adventure. It unconsciously falls into the mood and tone of satire, is warped by some class prejudice or personal bitterness, paints in dark and exaggerated hues, and commits what we fervently hope to

* The Foster Brothers; or, The School and College Life of Two Young Men. Eric, or Little by Little: a Tale of Roslyn School. By F. W. FARRAR. New York: Rudd and Carleton.

be the injustice of a monstrous caricature of the system it seeks to exhibit. It is as if the writer had suffered too much by it himself to judge it calmly,—as if the book were a picture of personal griefs and wrongs. Mere dens of despotism, profligacy, and meanness, what good thing can possibly come out of them? we ask. Yet we know that a great deal of good has come from them, and that their essential features have found wise and good men to defend them. We are bound to believe facts which the writer says are facts,—and these are often very shocking,—but we cannot easily believe that the picture fairly represents the fact. Its chief merit is as a story following the fortunes of a household; and as such it is very interesting, and at times beautiful and affecting.

“Eric” we are inclined to rate as the best of its class,—so tender and true in tone,—so single in its purpose of tracing the moral life of the boy under the mixed influences of the school,—so skilful in its drawing of local scenery and incidents,—so felicitous in exhibiting the temper and dialect of school-boys,—tempering so exquisitely the painful progress of the tale with a tender religious spirit, as well as relieving it by exhibitions of manly heroism and moral beauty. There seems no purpose to condemn the school system as such. No query is suggested as to the discipline, and the teachers seem to be wise, firm, and conscientious beyond the average of men. All the more we are amazed at one or two things in it, which seem to be assumed as things of course. No protest is uttered or implied against corporal punishment, yet every instance of it but one is clearly enough degrading and mischievous,—none the less when most deserved, and inflicted on the dunce and bully of the school. Again, it seems incredible that one boy should work such deep mischief, so long, so shamefully, so lawlessly as is represented here,—the school lying at his mercy for months,—and that the corps of teachers suspecting him should have neither skill, vigilance, nor force to interfere. Granting these as part of the normal condition of things in “Roslyn School,” and the development of the story seems to us what we have said,—singularly beautiful and skilful, refined and wholesome in its moral tone, and among the most precious in its exhibitions of religious feeling and faith among the very perplexing class of human beings with which it deals.

ESSAYS, ETC.

WE are glad to announce the appearance of an American edition of the “*Essay on Intuitive Morals*.”* We have already given, at full length, our very high estimate of the excellence of the *Essay*,—an estimate heightened by repeated perusal. It grapples, as we think successfully, with the difficulties which most theorists on the subject have thrown about it. Fettered by no false deference to the authority of

* An *Essay on Intuitive Morals*, being an Attempt to popularize Ethical Science. Part I. *Theory of Morals*. First American Edition, with Additions and Corrections by the Author. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co.

great names, nor yet by the superstitious Bibliolatry of the past or the present, it is yet marked by the most devout reverence for truth; and its argument rises at times to the inspiration of a lofty piety, as well as the fervor of genuine eloquence. The theory of the Essay seems to us the only one at once true to the best consciousness of mankind, and to the teachings of Him whose Gospel would be the light of the world, were it not for the perversions of a false theology.

We congratulate the American public that this admirable Essay can now be had in a form even better than the English, and at a price which ought to insure it a wide circulation. The "additions and corrections" are chiefly apparent in the notes, which are very full, and some of them of great value and interest.

We can at present only record the publication of the noble volume of Sir William Hamilton's *Lectures on Metaphysics*.* The prodigious learning of the illustrious lecturer; his intimate knowledge of the abstrusest metaphysical systems; the style of his intellect, so wide in grasp, so catholic in temper, and so keen in critical discrimination,—these, as well as a style in his other writings often very technical and hard, and the nature of the topics he deals with, make this more popular exposition very desirable and timely. It consists of forty-six Lectures, an Appendix of six chapters, and a full Index. The editors have done good service in registering, with a minuteness both praiseworthy and astonishing, the sources of the multifarious scholarship which not even the most fugitive essay or the briefest argument of Sir William Hamilton can fail to make evident. The direct and manly speech, the noble earnestness in vindicating his favorite studies; the clear, upright, and healthy moral tone; the manly piety and practical wisdom, which are best shown in this form of personal address to classes of young men,—are qualities almost equally rare with that wealth of erudition which has given him the name of the most learned metaphysician of his time, and still more commanding. Particularly valuable is this work to our half-educated public, as the only thoroughly reliable guide in English over that broad border-ground which connects the average thought of average men, and the commonplaces of enlightened common-sense, with those wonder-striking speculations, whether of ancient Greece or modern Germany, which very few even of scholars have either learning, time, or brain to comprehend. To the more thoughtful class of readers a rare privilege is held forth in the announcement of this book.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE volume of the *Révue des Deux Mondes* † for the first two months of the present year is of remarkable interest. The first article, by Charles de Rémusat, is a broad and generous statement of the position

* *Lectures on Metaphysics*. By SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

† *Révue des Deux Mondes*. Tom. XIX. Janvier et Février, 1859. 8vo gr.1nd. pp. 1008.

of the various liberal schools in English theology, particularly those represented by F. W. Newman, James Martineau, and William R. Greg. The same philosophical insight and candor which marked M. Rémusat's treatment of Channing are conspicuous in this new essay. Mr. Martineau finds from this nominal Catholic an appreciation which he has not found from all his Unitarian brethren. Justice, too, is done to "The Creed of Christendom," a book which has been more misunderstood and abused than almost any book of the present century. And the article closes with a discussion of the Evangelical Alliance and its influence, from which it is easy to see that M. Rémusat has no faith in any narrow sectarianism as the basis of religious union or the foundation of the Church of the Future.

Mr. Trelawny's book on Byron and Shelley is reviewed by an acute critic, M. Edmond de Guerle. M. Montégut, who has usually the charge of reviewing English and American literature, handles, in his articles in the present volume, two new French personal narratives. The first is the Autobiography of M. Quinet, which is made the text of a hearty yet discriminating tribute of praise to a writer whose modesty is as remarkable as his industry and genius. The second book is the "Religious Physiology" of Prosper Enfantin, which is dissected and shown up with the most merciless sarcasm. The theory of M. Enfantin is a gross sort of Pantheism. His anthropology is of the most sensual and disgusting character, resembling that of the Hindoo poems; and his doctrine of *immortality*, which he seems to regard as the crowning excellence of his system, is summed up by M. Montégut in these three propositions:—"1st. M. Enfantin believes in molecular eternity, in the atomistic immortality of every parcel of his physical being. 2d. He believes in the ideal eternity of his intellectual life: he will live eternally in the works which he has done, in the ideas which he has scattered, in the future good which these works and these ideas shall produce, in the men who shall have reaped their benefits. 3d. Is the *individual soul* eternal? M. Enfantin does not seem to believe this of other men, but he believes it firmly of himself. He has already lived in the past, and he will live eternally in the future." M. Enfantin, in fact, is a Pythagorean, and is able to tell who he was in a pre-existent state. He claims to have been St. Paul, in whom the "Enfantin eternal" dwelt, as it will afterward dwell in the body of some great prophet. Another proposition of this singular metaphysician is, that a man deceased *lives again in the second husband of his wife*. M. Montégut calls the reasoning of Enfantin "an admirable specimen of metaphysical *blague*," which is French for *humbug*.

M. Edward du Hailly contributes to this volume a series of three papers upon California, its history, its climate and production, its commercial development, its mines, its social life and customs, and its probable future. In these papers we have the shrewd conclusions of one who has seen with his own eyes the scenes which he describes, and whose eye is quick to see what is ludicrous. Good sense restrains a wit which is constantly provoked. M. Theodore Pavie has added two more to his brilliant series of sketches of the Last Days of the Mogul

Empire. M. L. de Carné, an indefatigable antiquary, continues the results of his researches concerning the Monarchy of Louis XV. In this volume he tells of the government of Madame de Pompadour and of the Duc de Choiseul, and completes what will be one of the most valuable of recent French historical works. The "Australian Continent" forms the theme of a very able and picturesque article by M. Alfred Jacobs; and Madame Pfeiffer's last book of travels gives M. Charles Lavollée a chance for a capital sketch of Borneo and the adjacent islands. There is an article on "Chateaubriand," by M. Pontalis, which seems to us much too favorable in its judgment of that famous man as a statesman, though it admits his mistakes, his failures, and his malignant motives. An article on "Biot," by M. Auguste Laugel, gives a view of Scientific History from the days of Copernicus, Galileo, and Newton.

Each number of this *Révue* ought to contain at least one article about France, in its present condition and needs. In the present volume, which contains four numbers, we have four articles of this kind. There is a description of Cherbourg, the new naval arsenal of France; there is a most timely and thorough discussion of the replanting of forests, as a means of preventing inundations; there is a statement and history of *communal property* in France; and there is an earnest plea for the mutual dependence of commerce and agriculture, of the merchant *marine* and the class of cultivators. M. V. de Mars furnishes a paper on the improvements in war steamers, and the employment of steam in Continental wars. M. Marizy discusses the system of "Mutual Banking," especially in Belgium and Germany. M. Albert Gaudry brings to notice the travels and labors of Alcide d'Orbigny, the geologist and naturalist. His article makes an interesting chapter in the recent history of science. M. Joel Cherbuliez's account of "Geneva and Genevese Society under the Radical Government" is very interesting, in spite of the strong prejudice which colors its statements. He does not despair of the republic, although the signs of the times seem to him very dark. He dwells upon one remarkable fact, the rapidity with which foreigners coming to reside at Geneva become nationalized, forget their former customs and language, and adopt at once all the manners and opinions of this insulated community. While Geneva is a composite of many elements, no city in Europe has a more marked and positive public character.

The *Révue des Deux Mondes* not only contains articles on every variety of topic, but means also to issue original works of poetry and fiction. In the present volume, Achard has contributed a new story entitled *Marguerite de Tanlay*, pleasantly written, but not very striking; Autran has given seven sea-songs, — musical and melancholy, — one of them, *Le Feu d'Épaves*, (The Fire of Drift-wood,) addressed to Longfellow, and imitated in measure and tone from him. André Theuriet has given a series of elegiac verses, one portion imitated from Hood; and George Sand has contributed one of her most scandalous novels, relating, under feigned names, her own former illicit connection with that crazy and licentious sot and brilliant poet, Alfred de Musset. The

story entitled "Elle et Lui" is a disgrace to such a review, and the ability of the composition by no means redeems its essential immorality.

The ablest articles in the *Révue*, in our judgment, are the political articles of M. Mazade and M. Forcade. Both of these writers have uncommon force of style and breadth of observation; and the second of them speaks with a boldness of criticism and liberalism which is equally amazing and welcome. One or the other, and sometimes both, give, at the end of each fortnight, a chronicle of political events at home and abroad; and M. Forcade will be fortunate if the views which he has dared to express in his recent discussions do not lead to his banishment from France. He has a special article in this volume on the Italian question, which is superior to anything we have seen in the English reviews. Altogether, this twenty-ninth year of the great French review opens with signal ability. Out of thirty-nine articles and one thousand pages, none are dull, and most have rare merit.

PAMPHLETS.

WE have registered the titles of four Funeral Discourses of peculiar interest, a more full notice of which we are reluctantly compelled to defer.

NOTE.

IN our last number, in an article on Mather and Franklin, we said that we had not found Mather's anonymous tract there alluded to, in any public library in Boston, New York, or Philadelphia. We understand that our failure in our applications at the Massachusetts Historical Library was due to some misapprehension: that Library has now two copies of the original edition. We learn still further, and with great pleasure, that the distinguished President of that Society has discovered a copy of the tract, which has escaped any of De Foe's editors, to which we alluded in the same article. We trust we may soon see some account of it from his pen.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

The Emancipation of Faith. By the late Henry Edward Schedel, M.D. Edited by George Schedel. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 470, 482. (See p. 436.)

Selections from the Writings of Fénelon; with a Memoir of his Life. By Mrs. Follen. New edition. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 374.

First Things: or, The Development of Church Life. By Baron Stow. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 282.

The Precious Stones of the Heavenly Foundations. By Augusta Browne Garrett. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 328.

Sermons preached and revised by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. 5th Series. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 454.

A Treatise on Theism, and on the Modern Sceptical Theories. By Francis Wharton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 395.

ESSAYS, ETC.

Man and his Dwelling-Place: an Essay towards the Interpretation of Nature. New York: Redfield. 12mo. pp. 391.

Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements considered. By John Lord Campbell, LL.D., in a Letter to J. Payne Collier. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 146.

Lectures on Metaphysics. By Sir William Hamilton. Edited by Rev. H. L. Mansel and John Veitch. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 8vo. pp. 718. (See p. 456.)

Plan of the Creation: or, Other Worlds and Who inhabit them. By Rev. C. L. Hequembourg. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 12mo. pp. 396.

On the Probable Fall in the Value of Gold: the Commercial and Social Consequences which may ensue, and the Measures which it invites. By Michel Chevalier. Translated from the French, with Preface, by Richard Cobden. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 211.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of John Milton; narrated in Connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time. By David Masson, Professor of English Literature in University College, London. With Portraits and Specimens of his Handwriting at different Periods. Vol. I. 1608-1639. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 8vo. pp. 658. (Reviewed, p. 401.)

The Pioneer Bishop; or, The Life and Times of Francis Asbury. By W. P. Strickland. With an Introduction by Nathan Bangs, D.D. New York: Carlton & Porter. 12mo. pp. 496. (Reviewed, p. 382.)

The Life of Frederick William Von Steuben, Major-General in the Revolutionary Army. By Friedrich Kapp. With an Introduction by George Bancroft. New York: Mason Brothers. 12mo. pp. 735.

Portrait of a Christian, drawn from Life: a Memoir of Mary Elizabeth Clapp. By her Pastor, Chandler Robbins. 4th Edition. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 12mo. pp. 134.

Palmy the Potter; or, The Huguenot Artist and Martyr. A true Narrative. By C. L. Brightwell. New York: Carlton & Porter. 18mo. pp. 235. (Illustrated.)

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

Letters of a Traveller. 2d Series: By William Cullen Bryant. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 277.

Three Visits to Madagascar, during the years 1853, 1854, 1856; including a Journey to the Capital, with Notices of the Natural History of the Country, and of the Present Civilization of the People. By Rev. William Ellis, F. H. S. (Author of "Polynesian Researches"). Illustrated by wood-cuts from photographs, &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 514. (See p. 448.)

POETRY AND FICTION.

Poetry of the Bells. Collected by Samuel Batchelder, Jr. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 72.

Poems. By Albert Sutcliffe. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 144.

Life Memories, and other Poems. By Edward Sprague Rand. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 176.

Poems. By Albert Loughton. Boston: Brown, Taggard, & Chase. 16mo. pp. 135.

The Romance and its Hero. By the Author of "Magdalen Stafford." New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 424.

Frank Elliott; or, Wells in the Desert. By James Challen. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son. 12mo. pp. 347. (A religious and argumentative tale.)

Adam Bede. By George Eliot. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 496.

Onward, or The Mountain Clamberers; a Tale of Progress. By Jane Anne Winscom. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 333. (A religious tale, designed especially for the young.)

Alice Learmont; or, A Mother's Love. With Illustrations. Boston: Mayhew & Baker. 12mo. pp. 166. (One of the charming tales by the author of "John Halifax.")

The Foster Brothers; being a History of the School and College Life of Two Young Men. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 405. (See p. 454.)

Waverley Novels. Household Edition. The Surgeon's Daughter, etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Kenilworth. The Antiquary. By Sir Walter Scott. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. (Paper, cheap.)

The Avenger, a Narrative; and Other Papers. By Thomas De Quincey. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16mo. pp. 327.

JUVENILE.

Pleasant Pathways; or, Persuasives to Early Piety. By Daniel Wise. pp. 285.

The Rainbow Side; a Sequel to "The Itinerant." By Mrs. C. M. Edwards. pp. 296.

The Ministry of Life. By Maria Louisa Charlesworth. New York: Carlton & Porter. 12mo. pp. 465.

Agnes Hopetoun's Schools and Holidays. By Mrs. Oliphant. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 18mo. pp. 300.

More about Jesus. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. pp. 246.

Daily Thoughts for a Child. By Mrs. Thomas Geldart. New York: Sheldon & Co. 18mo. pp. 170.

Ben Sylvester's Word. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 141.

A Mother's Gift to her Little Ones at Home. New York: Carlton & Porter. 16mo. pp. 131.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The New American Cyclopædia, a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Vol. V. Chartreuse — Cougar. 8vo. pp. 776.

The American Home Garden; being Principles and Rules for the Culture of Vegetables, Fruits, Flowers, and Shrubbery. To which are added Brief Notes on Farm Crops, with a Table of their average Product and Chemical Constituents. By Alexander Watson. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 531.

The Gorgias of Plato, chiefly according to Stallbaum's Text. With Notes, by T. D. Woolsey, President of Yale College. New Edition, with Additions. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 242.

The Agamemnon of Æschylus, with Notes and a Metrical Table. New Edition, Revised. By C. C. Felton. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 185.

The Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book, for the Service of Song in the House of the Lord. New York: Mason Brothers. 8vo. pp. 511.

A Practical Grammar of the German Language. By Charles Follen. 21st Revised Edition. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 283.

The Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1859. Edited by David A. Wells. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. (See p. 444.)

Arithmetic for Beginners; being an Introduction to Cornwell and Fitch's Science of Arithmetic. By the same Authors. 2d Edition. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 24mo. pp. 144.

The Life of North American Insects. By B. Jaeger. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 319.

Report of the Commissioner of Patents, for the Year 1857. Agriculture. Washington: W. A. Harris. 8vo. pp. 552.

Mothers and Infants, — Nurses and Nursing. Translation from the French of Dr. Al. Donné. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 12mo. pp. 303.

The Homœopathic Domestic Physician and Traveller's Medical Companion. By Dr. Ferd. Gustav. Oehme. Concord: E. C. Eastman. 24mo. pp. 165.

PAMPHLETS.

Sovereign and Subject: in Six Sermons, preached at Shrewsbury, Mass. By N. F. Williams. Andover: W. F. Draper. pp. 104.

The New Jerusalem: a Discourse preached at the Dedication of the New Jerusalem House of Worship, 35th Street, New York, Feb. 6, 1859. By W. M. Fernald. New York. pp. 36.

The Christian Union of Harvard University. March, 1859. Boston: Ed. Balch. pp. 8.

Fourteenth Annual Report on Public Schools in Rhode Island. Providence: Knowles, Anthony, & Co. pp. 43.

Report of the Meeting held to celebrate the Centenary of the Birthday of Robert Burns. Boston: John Wilson & Son. pp. 47.

A Sermon delivered at Plymouth at the Funeral of Rev. James Kendall, D. D., Sunday, March 20, 1859. By George W. Briggs. Boston: William White. pp. 38.

A Sermon preached in the Parish Church, Concord, Dec. 10, 1858, at the Burial of Rev. Barzillai Frost. By Henry A. Miles. Cambridge: Metcalf & Co. pp. 23.

A Sermon occasioned by the Death of Rev. George Bradford, preached in the First Church, Watertown, Mass., Feb. 27, 1859. By A. P. Putnam. Boston: Alfred Mudge. pp. 21.

A Funeral Discourse delivered in the Unitarian Church of Charleston (S. C.), on the Death of Rev. James R. McFarland, late Pastor of the Church. By Rev. C. B. Thomas. (Charleston Courier.)

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CHRISTIAN EXAMINER ADVERTISER.

JANUARY, 1859.

 THE attention of the readers of the Christian Examiner is particularly called to this Advertiser. It is the intention of the Proprietor to devote it, as far as practicable, to announcements of new and valuable publications, and other matters of literary interest. By so doing he hopes to increase the value of the Examiner to Subscribers, and to make it desirable as an advertising medium to Publishers.

NEW AND INTERESTING VOLUMES, JUST ISSUED BY TICKNOR AND FIELDS, BOSTON.

Rev. F. W. Robertson's Lectures and Addresses on Literary and Social Topics. Uniform with the Sermons. \$1.00.

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The Life and Letters of Douglas Jerrold. By his Son, Blanchard Jerrold. 1 volume. 16mo.

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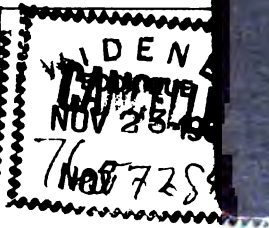
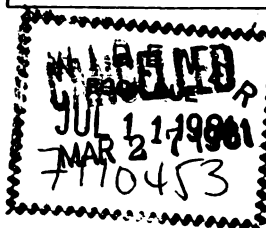
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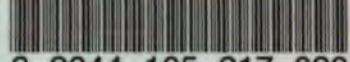
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